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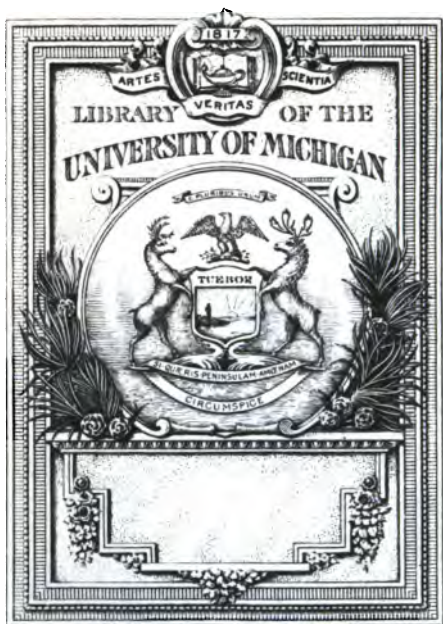
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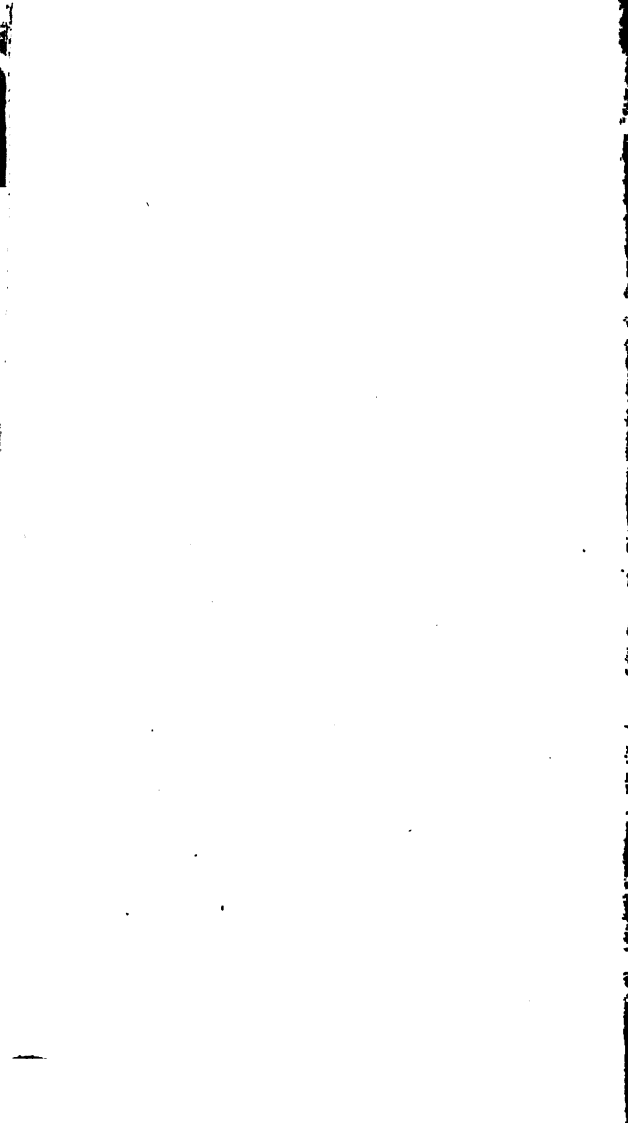


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HYMEN'S PRÆLUDIA!

O R,

Love's Master-Piece :

Being that SO-MUCH-ADMIR'D

R O M A N C E,

I N T I T L E D,

CLEOPATRA.

I N T W E L V E P A R T S.

Written Originally in FRENCH, and now Elegantly
render'd into ENGLISH,

By **ROBERT LOVEDAY.**

E V A N D.

*Quid magis optaret CLEOPATRA Parentibus orta
Conspicuis. Comiti quàm placuisse Thori?*

V O L. VI.

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Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART VIII. BOOK III.



SOME Sparks of Hope failed not to kindle, that the Bruit of this War, with her personal Appearance therein, might cause *Alcimedon* to appear, signalizing and reconciling himself to her by some gallant Action, or some wound receiv'd for her Interest; this Hope, which was not without a Foundation, rendred her more gay than ordinary, and made her prepare for this Expedition with much Resolution; and, the Queen permitting, she covered her Body with a Cuirasse, and her fair Face with a terrible Helmer, and built herself up into an *Amazon* nothing less courageous or vigorous, than the most gallant of those valiant Women, who have fill'd the Earth with their Reputation.

I will hold you no longer with these Preparations: This great Armada conducted by the Queen, the Princess, and so many Princes, dislodged from the Place where the Rendezvous had been kept, and in a gallant Posture, marched towards *Scythia*, which it entered by the Province of the *Napeens*, where *Amalthea* carrying Fire and Sword, desolated whatever she found in her Passage: But meeting with nothing capable of staying her upon the Frontiers, she march'd towards the capital City, with great Confidence of subjecting this powerful Kingdom under the Dominion of the *Dacians*.

The King *Orontes*, who supposed *Dacia* more inflamed by the Arms of the *Sarmates* than it was, and who could not imagine *Amalthea* would be so soon in a Condition of bringing the War into his Country with so great a Power, had been a little slow in putting himself in a Posture of Defence, and had not fortified his Frontiers against the Enemies Arrival, as he might; yet being one of the greatest Kings of the World, and commanding a greater Number of Provinces, furnished with Martial Men, having sent Orders to the *Sarcarians*, *Napeens*, *Massagetes*, *Issedons*, *Dabes*, *Arimaspes*, *Rimnicians*, *Pescians*, *Amordiens*, *Histians*, *Edonians*, *Enchatians*, *Cokers*, *Cameenes*, *Antraians*, and many other Nations which composed his Monarchy; he raised quickly above thirty thousand Horse, and fifty thousand Foot. 'Tis true, that before these Troops were fit to serve him, according to his Intent, those of the Queen of *Dacia* were far advanced in his Country, and had every where left the cruel Marks of her Passage. The King *Orontes*, a brave and valiant Captain, having reduced his Army into a gallant Posture, and believing that although his Number was inferior to that of his Enemies, yet the *Scythian* Valour

four would supply the default; so not expecting the *Dacians* in the Metropolis, he march'd in excellent Order towards the Enemy, resolving to give them Battel.

Now was his Soul fill'd with Grief for the Absence of *Alcarnenes*, and this Son on whom he had founded such fair Hopes, or rather from whom he expected the Victory, and the Defence of his Estates, appeared not in a Time wherein his Assistance was absolutely necessary; and the King knowing he wanted no Courage to seek such Dangers, nor Affection for his Father and Country, feared lest by some sad Accident he were lost for ever, and knew not how to accuse him as ungrateful or unnatural, lest he should accuse an Innocent, and possibly a Prince who was no more in being; a hundred Times did this sad Remembrance draw sighs from his Breast, and his whole Kingdom, who had adored the fair Beginnings of *Alcarnenes*, universally participated of his Resentments, highly regretting the Absence of their valiant Defender.

In the mean while the King being advanced to the City *Nicea*, a Place very fair and strongly fortified, incompassed with a great Plain, where he quartered his whole Army, resolved to attend the Enemy, who lay not above two Days march from thence, and who approached him with all Diligence. The King resolving to give them Battel, divides his Army into four Bodies: The first composed of *Massagetes*, *Dahes*, *Sagues* and *Napeens*, he gave to be commanded by *Medates* Prince of the *Massagetes*: The second composed of *Arimaspes*, *Rimnicians*, *Pescians* and *Amordiens*, to *Cleogaris* Prince of the *Amordiens*: The third consisting of the *Etbeens*, *Histians*, *Edonians*, *Engbateeens* and *Ariaces*, to *Alcastes* Prince of the *Etbeens*; and retained the fourth for himself, formed

of the *Iffedons*, *Cameens*, *Antraians*, *Camaces*, *Satarchiens*, *Aseens*, *Agrippeens*, *Tauro-Scythes*, and divers others Nations.

The Queen *Amalthea* bestirring herself in this War, and giving Orders by the Counsel of the Prince *Barzanes*, having first called all the other Princes, advanced within the sight of *Nicea*, and encamped in that great Plain, within fifty Stades of the *Scythians*.

The King of *Scythia* sent out Scouts to discover the Enemy, who skirmishing upon the Place, hindered the commodious Lodging of *Amalthea's* Troops, and their Preparation to give Battel the Day following. *Orontes* might have further incommoded his Enemy, by seizing some Places of Advantage, whereby he might have disputed their Passage, but having no Design to draw this War out at length, and confiding marvellously in the Valour of his *Scythians*, he gave the Enemy all Convenience to lodge, and prepare for the Battel so much desired by both Parties.

The morrow, *Amalthea* having gathered all the Princes into her Tent, and by their Counsel given the last Order for the Battel, and having learnt the Disposition of the *Scythian* Army, by the Counsel of *Barzanes*, she divides hers into four Bodies, after the Enemies Example; *Pbrataphernes* and *Orosmenes*, with the Inhabitants of *Pont*, and the *Basternes*, commanded the first; *Barzanes* alone, with the *Dacians*, *Getes* and *Gelons* (Subjects of *Amalthea*) made the second; *Phernaces* and *Orchomenes*, with the *Sarmates* and *Nomades*, their Subjects, took the third Place; and *Merodates*, who had learnt that *Orontes* was in the fourth Body, would be his Opposite, hoping to terminate this War by his Valour, and the *Scythian* King's Death; and *Euardes* being joined to him,

com-

composed their fourth Body of the *Bythinians* and *Tauriques*. All agreed that on the Day of Battle (as the Queen's Representative) the Prince *Barzanes* should be General, yet not to claim a Propriety of the Place for the future; and they rather chose to submit to him, than that the Pretenders to *Menalippa* should obey each other. This Army was stronger by a fifth part, than that of the *Scythians*, and commanded by valiant Princes, each of which might with Reason entertain Hopes of Victory.

The Queen of *Dacia* could not without trembling think of the Event of this great Day, and had she not believed the Oracles, which promised the Crown of *Scythia* to the Princess *Menalippa*, her Perplexity had been far greater.

All the pretending Princes made a Parade before their Princess, and there was not one of them that promised her not the King *Orontes's* Head; they all seemed very angry that the Prince *Alcarnenes* was not in the Enemies Camp, against whom they had so many Menaces, and upon whose Death they hoped to raise Trophies of Reputation. *Amalthea*, who had heard the Valour of the *Scythian* Prince spoken of with Fear and Admiration, received the News of his Absence with a proportionate Joy, and a happy Omen of a good Success; of her own *Dacians*, she retained four thousand for hers, and the Princess's Guard, causing them to stand in Battalia before their Tents, which she ordered to be invironed with a Ditch, such a one as could be cast up in so short a Time.

At length both Armies being drawn into Battalia, the Chiefs of each marched towards each other in excellent Order; but when they came in Sight, they sent their Salutes by dreadful Shouts and Exclamations.

Orontes and *Barzanes* having quitted their particular Charges to give general Orders, caused the Signal of Battel to be given, so that *Phrataphernes* and *Orosmenes* on the one side, and *Mandates* Prince of the *Massagetes* on the other, began this cruel Day. They amused themselves for a while with a Combat of Arrows; but both Parties being experienced, and the Impatience of their Chiefs which breathed nothing but Victory, the one in a just Defence of his Country, the other for the Conquest of *Menalippa*, brought them quickly to a Conjunction; and here it was that the Fight became terrible and bloody.

The second Bodies followed the first, and after those the rest, impatient for the Danger, and consequently for the Glory, hardly expected Orders for the on-set, but falling on with a terrible Impetuosity, gave Death a perfect Dominion on every side.

It will be hard for me (great Ladies) and troublesome to you, to relate all the Particulars of this Battel; I will pass over that which is not necessary for you to know, and relate only what imports much the Continuation of this History, and that which composeth one of the most remarkable Parts thereof.

The Plain was already covered with dead Bodies, and drowned with Blood on all sides; the Air resounded with the Cries of wounded and dying Men, and every where the Battel put on a terrible and hideous Face. Here the *Dacians* sunk under the Arms of the *Scythians*, and there the *Scythians* turned their Backs to the *Dacians*; the Mixture of different Nations, and their different Manner of fighting increased the Confusion, and a great Part of the Day was past, ere it could be discerned to which side the Victory would incline; when the Princes, Rivals in *Menalippa's* Love, im-
patient

patient of the Victory, and desiring to signalize themselves in carrying the Prize of this glorious Day, began to make extraordinary Assaults; the Princes of the *Satarcheens* and *Arimaspes*, fell under the Swords of *Phrataphern* and *Orosmenes*; those of the *Aseens* and *Edoniens* lost their Lives by the Hand of *Euardes* and *Pharnaces*: *Orchomenes*, wicked as he was, fought with very much Valour; But the brave *Merodates*, though he had already slain the Chiefs of the *Agripeens* and *Antarians*, and defeated the Enemy whithersoever he address himself; yet not satisfied with his Valour, unless it had performed some more important Service; and knowing that the Death of the King of *Scythia* was the Price of *Menalippa*, it being the most equal Revenge of the King her Father's Death; he fought him on every side, and desired nothing more than to sacrifice his Life to *Amalthea's* Resentments. Not was it hard to find him, for this valiant Prince, maugre the Dignity of his Age, which (though still vigorous) might well have cooled that boiling Heat, that commonly hurries Men into such Dangers, ran from Rank to Rank, carrying Death and Victory wherever he went, and bathing himself in the Blood of his Enemies.

Merodates having pierced many Squadrons and Battalions, met him at last, and knowing him by divers Marks: ' King of *Scythia*, cry'd he, I come
' to receive Death from thy Hands, or to sacrifice
' thee to the Ghost of *Decebalus*, and the Resent-
' ments of *Amalthea*; disdain not to turn thine
' Arms against me, I am *Merodates* King of the
' *Taurique Chersonese*.

The King of *Scythia* had neither Intent nor Leisure to answer these Words, but covering himself with his Buckler, prepared to receive his powerful

Adversary, and to overthrow with him the Effect of this cruel Menace.

At the first Strokes these two Princes mutually knew each other's Valour, and though *Merodates* was in the flower of his Youth, and valiant amongst the most valiant, yet he soon understood that this Victory was not so soon or easily to be obtained, as he imagined; but whilst these two Princes fought obstinately, in despite of the throng of those who endeavoured to part them, and *Orontes*, busied wholly to defend his Life against the Fury of *Merodates*, was constrained to quit the Function of a General, *Barzanes* taking Advantage of this Disorder, charged the *Scythian* Troops with so much Vigour, and was so well seconded by *Pbrataphernes*, *Euardes*, *Pharnaces*, and *Orosmenes*, that defeating the *Etheens*, *Cameens*, and the *Hiftians*, with their Princes, made the *Scythian* Army stagger, and at length visibly give ground.

Barzanes and his valiant Companions knowing their Advantage, made use thereof with Prudence and Courage, and at last perceived a large Path to Victory; but on that side where the King *Orontes* fought with *Merodates* advantageously enough, they saw appear a Body of Cavalry of some two thousand Horse, conducted by a Man covered with black Arms, who entering the Battel with an Impetuosity, to which the already wearied Troops were forced to give Place, carrying a terrible Disorder to that side against which he address himself, he that headed the succours struck like lightning, or something more terrible, nor could such blows be expected from a Mortal.

This Unknown having learnt Intelligence of the Combat wherein the King was engaged with *Merodates*, spurr'd forward with an irresistible Fury, where *Orontes*, yielding to the youthful Vigour of
Mero-

Merodates, disputed his Life with more Courage than Hope, and rushing in between them, let so powerful a Stroke upon the Head of *Merothes*, that staggering in his Saddle, he had not Force to oppose his Buckler to a second Blow, which ling also with a Fury greater than the first, the *Merodates*, valiant as he was, under his Horse's Feet.

The Prince of the *Tauriques* was no sooner fallen but the Name of *Alcamenes* resounded on every side and running from Mouth to Mouth, gave as much Courage to the *Scythians*, as Terror to their Enemies.

After the Fall of *Merodates*, *Alcamenes* (for it was he) having plac'd the wearied Part of his Men at the King, to favour the Refreshment his weariness required, threw himself with an incomparable fury upon the Princes his Enemies, and knowing that by divers tokens, disdained to bear his Force against the rest, but carried his Resentments wholly against them.

Euardes and *Orosmenes* were so unhappy as to be found in his Passage, and the fierce *Scythians* knowing them, sent forth a furious Cry, as a Prologue to their fate, and seconded it with a Blow which laid *Euardes* with his Horse upon the Ground, and striking a reverse Blow upon the Head of *Orosmenes*, clave it in two Pieces, and threw him breathless amongst the Feet of the Combatants. Then turning towards *Euardes*, whose followers endeavoured to lift him up, and despair to regain so entire a Victory: ' *Euardes* (said ' thou shalt possibly see before the End of this War ' whether or no it be easy to chain *Alcamenes*.

He stayed no longer on this side, but seek his Rivals every where, met with *Phrataphers* and with a Blow of his Sword laid him upon Earth, forcing him to seek his Safety among

the Soldiers of *Pharnaces* and *Orosmenes*. After these great Actions, which changed the Face of the Battel, running with this valiant Troop in all Places where his Succours were necessary, encouraging the Fearful, and strengthening the Feeble; so raising the Affairs of his Party, that the Victory which but now declared itself for the *Dacians*, stood in an equal Balance for some Time, and a little after began to turn on the *Scythian* Side. But the Day already declining, the Night prevented the entire Decision of the Quarrel.

If *Alcamenes* had not the Glory, through want of Time to carry away an entire Victory, yet he justly had that of preserving his Side, his Country, and possibly the Life of the King his Father: He saw *Barzanes* often in the Throng, and knew him by his Charge, and divers other Marks; but instead of turning his Sword against him, he defended him from his own Party, and assur'd his Life so much as it was possible for him.

The Darknefs had not been able to separate the Combatants, if the King of *Scythia* of the one Side, and Prince *Barzanes* on the other, had not sound-ed a Retreat, and compell'd the Soldiers to return to the Camp. The *Scythians* lost thirty thousand Men, and the *Dacians* almost forty thousand, beside the great Number of wounded, which were by either Side during the Obscurity of the Night, drawn out from the rest of the Army.

The King *Orontes* having performed all Things which the Necessity of his Affairs required, either to favour his Retreat, or to give necessary Orders for the wounded, wearied with the Travel of the Day, and the Incommodity of some light Wounds he had received, retired to his Tent, where he resolved to lodge, and not to enter the Town, though
he

he might have quartered there with more Commodity and Assurance.

If he entertained some Displeasure for the Loss of his Men, and through the Apprehensions which this Day's Success imprinted in his Mind, yet the last Events thereof became a refreshing Comfort; and understanding by the common Voice, that he was delivered out of the Hands of *Merodates* by *Alcamenes*, whose Name he heard resounded on all Sides; and that *Alcamenes*, whose Absence he lamented, or rather whose Loss he deplored, was the Person by whose Valour alone the Success of the Battle was chang'd, and the Destiny of *Scythia* in that Battle, this filled him with Transports of Joy, and an Impatience to receive this beloved Son, from whom he had received so signal and opportune Succours; scarce had he given Way to the first Motions of those delightful Passions, when he saw the Prince enter his Tent, followed by the Chief of those who had been Partakers and Witnesses of his brave Actions. *Alcamenes* taking off his Casque, threw himself at the King's Feet, kissing his Hand with a profound Respect; and the King transported with an Excess of Joy, cast his Arms about his Neck with a thousand Embraces full of Love and Tenderness.

My Lord, said *Alcamenes*, I am culpable, and scarce can I hope even from your Bounty any pardon for my Fault.

My Son, reply'd the King, if your Departure possess me with Grief, your Return has not brought a less Consolation, nor could you have rendred it more dear and remarkable, than in the Safety of your Father, and his whole Army.

Alcamenes repli'd to this Discourse with much Respect and Modesty, and the King rendred him
all

all the Careſſes due to ſuch a Son as the great *Alcamenes*, to whom he had ſuch freſh Obligations.

A little after caſting his Eyes upon the Prince's Face, he beheld a very great Change, and obſerved there the Footſteps of that Grief which had of late tormented his Soul, but reſerved the Enquiry of the Cauſe to a better Leiſure; and as the Life of his Son was dearer to him than his own, the Care of himſelf gave place to that of *Alcamenes*, and ſcarce would he ſuffer thoſe light Wounds he received to be ſearched, till he ſaw his Son in perfect Health.

The Prince abus'd not his Bounty, and would not leave the King till he had ſeen his Wounds dreſt.

After he had received the good Night, he retired to his Chamber, where almoſt all the Officers of the Army (transported with the Joy of his Return) came to kiſs his Hands ere he went to Bed, having not the Patience to expect till Morning ſo deſired a Sight; nor could *Alcamenes* deny them, what Incommodity ſoever it might produce. I ſee, *Great Princeſs*, that you are aſtoniſhed to find *Alcamenes* with his Father, without knowing how he came thither, and ignorant of what happened to him ſince his Departure from *Tenafia*, and it being juſt, that I relate ſomething of it, I will ſuccinctly do it, without wandring much from the Thread of my Diſcourſe.

The deſperate Prince left *Tenafia* in a moſt deplorable Condition, and haſting from the Place whence *Menalippa* had baniſhed him, with all poſſible diligence, ſo that in one Night and the Day following, he was diſtant from *Tenafia* more than three ordinary Days Journeys; he choſe no Path nor Retreat: In the Eſtate wherein he was, nothing being more odious to him than Life, which he neglected, that few Days would have put an End thereto,

thereto, had not the diligence of his Squires prevented. He left off those fair and famous Arms which under the Name of *Alcimedon* had rendred him so well known in *Dacia*, and all other Places where he carried them, and delivering them to his Esquires to keep, he covered himself with black ones in their Scad, embroidered they were with Branches of Silver underneath, by which he doubted not to remain unknown. I will not relate his continual Sorrows, wherein he always reserved a profound Respect for *Menalippa*; nor permitting himself the Consolation of a mutmur against her Commands.

At length he arrived upon the Frontiers of *Dacia*, and his Esquires (not knowing what would be his Design) saw him fall sick of a Disease which proceeded from his Grief, and had like to have brought him to his Grave: They found the Commodity to conduct him to a little Town though against his Will, where they concealed both his true Name, and also that of *Alcimedon* by his own Order, and there they serv'd him so carefully, that what neglect soever he had for his Life, they preserved it by their Diligence and Intreaties, yet could not this Health be restored in some Months, during which Time, though he yielded to the Will of his Esquires, and received the Succours of Nourishment which they gave, yet he lived in such a Manner, that his Life could not be properly called any other than a continual Death.

In the mean while, the great Discourse was concerning the Preparations against *Scythia*, and being perfectly cured of the Indisposition of his Body, he left the little Town to continue his Journey, hearing that the Rival Princes had joined their Troops with those of the Queen of *Dacia*, and had begun their march towards *Scythia*:

What

What Despair soever possessed his Soul, and how great an Indifference he shewed to all Things that regarded not the Cause of his Grief, he could not but kindle at this Report; and as he loved Honour as dearly as *Menalippa*, and always preserved great Tendernesses and Respects for his Father, the almost extinguish'd Flame of Courage began to rekindle; neither could his mortal Sadness forbid him to go whither his Honour and Paternal Love, and the Hatred he bore to those presumptuous Rivals, called him.

He found himself daily more and more confirmed in this Resolution, but it was resisted by the love of *Menalippa*; and considering, that he could not take up Arms for his Father, without turning them against his Princess, he knew not how to satisfy both his Duty and his Love, nor please the one, without offending the other. How! would he say, shall I not succour the King my Father against those unworthy Rivals, who perhaps aim more at his Life, than his Kingdom? And alas! *reply'd he*, How shall I fight against *Menalippa*, to whom maugre her Cruelty, I will preserve a Faith inviolable so long as I live. But ah! I must not leave the King my Father without Assistance, in the Extremities to which his Life may be expos'd, so long as I can hold a Sword; and yet shall I carry my Arms against *Menalippa*? No, the Duties of Nature cannot disingage me from those of Love.

With these Contests he grievously tormented himself, visiting many unknown Provinces, or rather many Forests and horrible Desarts where he ordinarily sought his Retreats, unable to take any certain Resolution, and I think he would have remained irresolute to the End, without being able to declare either against Love or Nature, if in passing

sing near a Temple of *Apollo* (famous for the Oracle it gave) he had not consulted that God, at the Sollicitations of his Esquires, whose Answer was thus.

The ORACLE,

Go,

Thy Father help, thy Mistress see;

And so,

Repress that Grief which presseth thee.

This Answer so clear beyond the Custom of the Oracle, wrought very much upon the Spirit of *Alcarnenes*, and resolved the Doubt of what Resolution he ought to take, and something elevated his abated Hopes; he resolved therefore without weighing the Business any further, to march and succour his Father and Country; and he fancied that by the Command of the Oracle which enjoined him to revisit his Princess, he ought to hope for a Change in his Fortune, the Storm of that Anger which made her banish him, being blown over.

These Meditations dissipating part of his Sadness, gave his Health entire Forces, and put him into a Condition of serving his Father against the Lovers of *Menalippa*. He entered *Scythia* a few Days after, covered with the same black Arms he had born ever since his Departure from *Tenafia*; and march'd directly to the City of *Serice*, where the King made his Abode, but before he got thither, he understood that the King was gone to meet the Enemy, and by good Fortune, lighting upon two or three thousand Horse which were the last Levies of the Province of the *Iffedons*, and the Choice of *Orontes's* Cavalry, *Alcarnenes* made himself known unto them, and putting himself at their Head, march'd with all possible speed to
Nicea,

Nicen, and reach'd it on the Day of Battle as I have related.

On this Manner the Prince *Alcarnenes* pass'd his Life since his Departure from *Tenasia*, and because there happened nothing memorable to him, during that Time, I have compris'd it in a few Words, but will relate at large the following Events, which seem to me more worthy your Attention.

Scarce had the Prince, whose Resentments were divided betwixt Love and Duty, rendred as he thought what was due to the one, but he felt himself sollicit'd to do the same Justice to the other; and as in succouring the King his Father, he had obeyed part of the Command of the Gods, he believ'd so that whereby they commanded him to see the Princess *Menalippa* was due an equal Obedience, and he found himself powerfully enough carried by his Inclination, though he had not been oblig'd thereto by Religion.

He already resolv'd of the Order he ought to take, though it was not without trembling, that he dispos'd himself to appear before *Menalippa*, and it may be (valiant as he was) he would never had the Assurance to have done it, if by the Command of the Gods, he had not been encouraged, and by the Success of the beginning, he had not expected a like Event to the last Effects of his Obedience.

The morrow so soon as he was up, he call'd *Cleomenes*, a young Man whom he lov'd dearly, and who had been nourish'd with him; in Age and Person so like they were, that a great part of the *Scythians* suppos'd him a surreptitious Child of the King *Orontes*; he had indeed exceedingly the Air of the Prince, whereby you might judge him (next to *Alcarnenes*) the handsomest Man among the *Scythians*; he wait'd not on *Alcarnenes* in

in his Travels, because he was not with him in the Province whence he departed, having a little before sent him to the King his Father upon an important Affair.

And besides that *Cleomenes* could not but be lovely since he resembled *Alcamenes*, so was he also valiant and hardy, having given on divers Occasions great Proofs of his Courage.

Alcamenes no sooner saw him, than (through the Confidence he had in his Discretion and Fidelity, and the need he was in of his Service) he declared part of his Mind concerning what he intended to do.

Cleomenes received with great respect the Prince's Confidence; and dispos'd himself to render him all the Service he could desire; nor could *Alcamenes* serve himself with either of those Esquires that waited on him in his Journey, both having been extreamly wounded in the Battle, fighting near his Person, nor would be in Case to quit their Beds in many Days, without danger of their Lives. At the Door of his Tent he caused Excuses to be made to all those that came to visit him, then arming himself in those Arms he left off when he departed from *Scythia*, and bearing on his Arm the Buckler, by whose Device he was so well known to the *Dacians*, and taking ~~him~~ early, he ordered them to tell the King he was gone to visit the Quarters, expecting his awaking, and would return immediately; divers Persons would have accompanied him, but he would admit only *Cleomenes*; and covering his Buckler with a Cloth, lest it should be too much observed by the *Scythians*, he visited first some Quarters, and having made a little Circuit, he march'd towards the *Dacian* Camp, and the Queen's Tents.

It was in this Camp that Rage and Fury bore sway; for the Queen was afflicted, that a Victory which she supposed fast in her Arms, should escape by the Arrival of *Alcamenes*, and that she had lost more Men than the King of *Scythia*; and all those Princes who a little before that made so many Menaces against *Alcamenes*, and who had been in this Encounter knock'd down, chased and wounded by his Sword, without any difficulty joined their particular Discontents to the general Displeasure, and full of Shame, Anger and Grief, laid the Cause of their Misfortune upon him that was no way culpable.

He had abated the Fury of *Merodates*, the Pride of *Euardes* and valiant *Phraterphern*, *Orosmenes* he had slain, and made *Pharnaces* and *Orchomenes* fly; so that the greatest Consolation they could find, was, that the Disgrace was epidemical and common to them all, and that there was not one amongst them that could deride his Companions. *Barzanes* alone was exempt from their Destiny, nor did he scruple to say, That he knew well (though he ignored the Cause) that *Alcamenes* spared him.

So soon as it was Morning, the Queen *Amalthea* proposed a Truce to the King of *Scythia* by the Counsel of *Barzanes* for three Days to bury the slain of both Parties, and particularly the Prince of the *Basternes*, whose Loss was very much regretted, and to whom they would render Honours proportionable to his Quality.

A little after *Amalthea* call'd 'an Assembly of the Princes, and although *Phrataphernes* and *Pharnaces* were a little wounded, they would assist and appear amongst the rest.

Never was a less pleasant Assembly seen, and if the Queen could not dissemble her Displeasures, to
see

see her fair Hopes so recoil, the Princes could not hide the Rage, and much less the Shame of their Misfortunes, not daring to lift their Eyes to *Menalippa*, to whom they had so often promised the Head of *Alcamenes*.

This Lady, though she interested herself in the Displeasures of the Queen her Mother, and in that she had formerly entertained very much Aversion to *Alcamenes*, which received an Access by this last Action, having in a few Moments ruined a great Part of their Expectations, yet could she not afflict herself for the Misfortunes of the Princes; and as her Aversion against, was greater than her Inclinations for them, all her Affection being centred in *Alcimedon*, she could not but be troubled to see the Event of what that Prince had foretold, and viewed with a kind of malignant Joy, the Confusion she beheld in their Faces.

After the Queen had made some Propositions concerning the State of Affairs, and deliberated upon what was most pressing; *Merodates* burning with Choler, and rack'd with different Passions, his Eyes sparkling with a transport of Fury, broke Silence with an Action altogether terrible, and addressing himself to the Queen, ' Madam, (*said*
' *he*) I dare confidently say, that without the coming of *Alcamenes*, the Victory had been yours,
' and for that which regards my particular, I dare
' say again that, I had revenged you upon *Orontes*,
' if the Arrival of *Alcamenes* had not snatch'd,
' with the Victory, the Life of his Father out of
' my Hands. *Alcamenes* is valiant without doubt,
' but it is certain, that he surpris'd me in the Combat, not giving me Time to defend myself; nor
' are his Forces so much superior to mine, that
' had he not assaulted me, when I had another valiant Enemy before, and wearied already as I was,
' by,

' by a long Combat, he had not laid me on the
 ' Ground with two Blows of his Sword. I think
 ' myself as strong and valiant as he, and I have a
 ' Design, if you please to permit, to measure my
 ' Forces with his in an equal Combat, whereto I
 ' will defy him: For beside my particular Resent-
 ' ments, I am carried by your Interests much
 ' more; and in repairing my Honour, as I hope,
 ' I shall take away the most puissant Obstacle of
 ' your Design, who will always dispute the Vic-
 ' tory, which you might easily obtain, were he
 ' either Absent or Dead. Doubt not of what I
 ' say, 'tis *Alcarnenes* alone can traverse you more
 ' than all the rest of *Scythia*; and that Man who
 ' takes him out of the World, will do a more con-
 ' siderable Service, than if he had reduced half
 ' *Scythia* under your Obedience. This Day (with
 ' your leave) I will send a Herald to their Camp,
 ' and demand the Combat, and I promise myself
 ' so far from his Courage, that he will not refuse
 ' it to a Prince, whose Birth is no way inferior to
 ' his, and whose Valour possibly is not so little
 ' known, but that he may hope for some Honour
 ' from the Victory, if Fortune favours him with it.

Thus spake *Merodates*, and the Queen, who
 entered into his Resentments, and judged that in
 hazarding the Life of one Soldier, she should en-
 danger his, whom she feared more than all the
 Forces of *Scythia*, disposed herself to praise this
 courageous Proposition, when the proud *Eurides*
 rising from his Seat, and beholding *Merodates* with
 some Marks of Resentment. ' You have Reason,
 ' *Merodates*, said he, to endeavour against *Alca-*
 ' *menes* in a single Combat, the Reparation of
 ' what you lost against him, in a Tumult and Dis-
 ' order; and I esteem sufficiently your Valour, to
 ' believe, that you could make him partake of the
 ' Peril

Peril so well as the Advantage ; yet I hope no less from my own Sword than from yours, and since that by the Default of my Horse, rather than my own, I have been subject to the Misfortune with you, I will also try the Combat against *Alcámenes*, and for the same Reasons which you alledge, I believe, I shall be accepted so well as you. And I (*added Phrataphern, rising up*) do protest, that although you prevented me in the Declaration, yet not at all in the Design of defeating *Alcámenes*, and although *Merodates* first proposed it, yet have I Courage and Resentments enough to perform it so well as he, and to attempt the same Hazard for the Queen's Service, and my own particular Revenge.' Scarce had *Phrataphern* spoken, when *Pharnaces* with as much Boldness as the rest, demanded the same Advantage ; and the wicked *Orchomenes*, though he waxed pale at the Proposition, and could not but tremble at the Remembrance of *Alcámenes's* Fury, not daring to do less than his Companions, demanded the Combat with the same earnestness. *Amalthea*, to whom the Death of *Alcámenes* was of far greater importance than the Life of either of these Princes, was not troubled at this Contest ; but *Merodates*, who made the first Proposition, swell'd with Rage, to see himself traversed in his intent, not enduring that any should so much as demand the Combat against *Alcámenes*, save himself.

At last, the Queen having hearkned to all their Reasons, and prais'd the noble Ardor which carried them to so generous a Contest, ordered that the Pretences should be decided by Lot ; and so flattered *Merodates* with the Aid of *Menalippa*, that he permitted his Name with the Names of the
four

four other Princes, to be written in Billers, and drawn out of a Casque.

But as they began to write, they heard divers Times the Name of *Alcimedon* repeated at the Entry of the Chamber, and a little after they acquainted the Queen, that *Alcimedon* was at the Chamber-door, and desired Permission to kiss her Hand.

Amalthea at this News, arose from her Seat, transported with Joy, and cry'd with precipitation, *Let him enter*, and ran to meet him as far as the Chamber-door: The Princes grew pale with Anger, at the Arrival of a Man whom they loved not, whose Valour umbraged theirs, and whose Words they had found so true to their Confusion. But had they observed *Menalippa's* Face, they might have perceived, that this Return of *Alcimedon* touch'd her very Heart; she was so surprized and troubled, that unable to master the Agitations of her Soul and Body, she remained upon her Seat, with the Countenance of a Person quite non-plus'd and confounded.

Alcamenes, entred the Chamber, with that Grace and Majesty which was naturally in his Gait, and all his Actions; and scarce was his Foot in, when the Queen cast her Arms about his Neck, with all the Marks of a true Amity.

The Prince put one Knee to the Ground, and saluting the Queen with a profound Submission, received her Caresses: *Alcimedon*, said she, (having embraced and raised him up) 'Your Departure
' hath sensibly afflicted me, but your Return is in
' a Time, wherein you may with Glory enough
' repair the Fault which you have only committed
' to merit its Pardon.

' Madam, (*reply'd Alcamenes*) the Necessity
' which forced me to leave you, when I was un-
' pro-

“ profitable, could not retain me when I believed
“ my Hand necessary; behold me then with the
“ same Zeal and the same Affections, which have
“ link’d me to your Interests; and dispose (Madam)
“ of the Life and Fortune of *Alcimedon*, who will
“ spare neither the one nor the other in the Glory
“ of serving you.” The Queen reply’d to those
Words in a most obliging Manner, and taking
him by the Hand, presented him to the Princess
Menalippa, who striving to overcome the Trouble
which possess’d her, rose from her Seat with an un-
assured Countenance. *Alcimedon* threw himself at
her Feet, kissing her Hand, without the Courage to
speak one Word; and the Princess, who was in no
better Condition than he, only rais’d him, unable
to testify either by Word or Action, her Joy to
see him.

The Prince began to interpret this Reception as
a Continuation of her Anger, and complain’d with-
in himself, that he had been abused by the Promise
of the Gods; but he had no Leisure to reason, for
he was scarce risen from *Menalippa*’s Feet, but he
saw himself in the Arms of *Barzanes*.

This Prince made him a thousand affectionate
Caresses, and what Cause soever he had to com-
plain of his Departure, and the whole Ingratitude
which he had apparently testified, yet his Inclina-
tion being more predominate than his Resentments,
he beheld him as his Son, and embraced him with
all the Marks of Tenderness and Affection.

The Princess, though unsatisfied with his Arri-
val, and full of ill intents towards him, yet fear-
ing to disoblige the Queen, saluted him with Civi-
lity enough, and *Orchomenes* himself (who in this
Moment designed his Ruin) received him with an
open Countenance.

After those first Ceremonies, which interrupted the Business which *Alcámenes* found them about; the Queen, who minded her Interests more than any Thing else, addressing herself to *Alcimedon*,
 ‘ You come fitly, *said she*, to participate a Glory
 ‘ which all these brave Princes have disputed for;
 ‘ They are upon drawing Lots upon an Account so
 ‘ honourable, that I am confident you will be joyful to turn also an Adventurer.

Alcámenes doubted not, but that this Occasion of Glory, was some Design against his Father and himself, and finding no way to avoid the Queen’s Proposition, he answered with much respect, that he should esteem himself too happy, to enter with those great Princes into an Occasion of serving her, and commanded at the same Time his Name to be put into the Casque, amongst those of the Princes. But *Merodates* beholding all his Actions with Envy, began to murmur, and signified to the Queen, that being all of them either Kings or Kings Sons, she ought not to rank any other with them, save Persons of their own Quality. *Alcimedon* knew their Intention, and turning his Eyes upon them with a noble Fierceness, ‘ My Lords,
 ‘ *said he*, make no difficulty to receive me for a
 ‘ Companion in the Glory which you seek, and
 ‘ believe it, before the End of this War, you shall
 ‘ possibly see that my Birth is nothing inferior to
 ‘ yours.

The Princes were not contented with this Discourse, and had perhaps disputed with *Alcimedon* the Title he pretended to; but they feared to displease the Queen, who made this Proposition, and who (believing her Interests more secure in the Hands of *Alcimedon* than any others) insisted still in her Resolution.

At last, the Name of *Alcimedon* was put into the Casque amongst the rest; and as Fortune, or some higher Power would have it, *Alcimedon* was drawn to fight with *Alcamenes*.

All the Princes testified a sensible Displeasure, though it may be there were some amongst them, to whom this Election of Fortune was not disagreeable.

But the Princess *Menalippa*, (what Confidence soever she had in the Valour of *Alcimedon*) wax'd pale with Fear, and sighed, knowing how redoubtable the Forces of *Alcamenes* were: But the Queen (what Love soever she bore to *Alcimedon*) knew she could not bestow on *Alcamenes* a more valiant Enemy, and so much rejoiced at this Effect of Hazard, that she could not dissemble her satisfaction. ' *Alcimedon*, said she, I know very well that the Greatness of the Peril cannot divert you from a glorious Enterprize, and upon the knowledge I have of your Valour, I know you rejoice to understand, that your Lot is to defy the Prince *Alcamenes*, to a single Combat, and to deprive the *Scythians* by your Courage, of the Succours of so powerful a Friend.' These Words so troubled *Alcamenes*, that not knowing what Answer to make, or what Resolution to take in so strange an Adventure, he remained a great while quite confounded, searching some Invention to draw himself out of this phantastick Labyrinth, wherein Fortune had shewn how capricious she could be. At last, fearing lest his Silence, and the Astonishment which appeared on his Face, might be ill interpreted, he endeavoured to compose himself; and beholding the Queen with as much Assurance as he could possibly, ' Madam, said he, I have been perhaps too slow, in testifying the Joy I conceive for the Honour you have procured me; yet have

' I for a few Moments entertained some Doubts,
 ' that in Case the Prince *Alcamenes* be as scrupu-
 ' lous as these Princes, he will difficultly be drawn
 ' to measure his Sword with that of a Man, who
 ' passeth but for a private Person: But I know the
 ' Spirit and Courage of *Alcamenes*, and I assure
 ' myself he will receive me, as though I were
 ' known to be the Son of a King, and will not
 ' hope for less Honour from me, than from a King
 ' of the *Nomades*, or a Prince of *Bythinia*. I can-
 ' not make a longer Stay here, being call'd away
 ' by an Affair for the rest of this Day, which very
 ' much concerns me; I beseech you therefore, Ma-
 ' dam, to send a Herald to the *Scythian* Camp, to
 ' defy *Alcamenes*, and I will not fail to morrow,
 ' an Hour after Sun-rising, to render myself upon
 ' the Place of Combat, by you appointed; the
 ' Judges such as you shall chuse, and the Condi-
 ' tions such as you desire.

The Queen approved the Discourse of *Alcimedon*,
 and understanding more particularly that an im-
 portant Necessity forced him to leave the Camp (for
 the rest of that Day,) she took upon her the Charge
 of defying *Alcamenes*, and providing Things ne-
 cessary for the Combat.

The News was spread over all the Camp, that
Alcimedon was come; and that it was he that must
 fight with *Alcamenes* on the morrow: And as the
 Valour of *Alcimedon* was known with Admiration
 amongst the *Dacians*, they all praised the Justice
 of Fortune; but there were some, who comparing
 the grand Actions of *Alcimedon*, performed against
 the *Sarmates*, with the terrible Efforts of *Alca-*
menes against them the Day before, were in doubt
 from which of the two to expect the Victory, and
 were unassured of their Champion in so dangerous
 an Enterprize.

Alci-

Alcimedon having taken leave of the Queen by some Words, and of the Princess by a passionate Regard, went out of the Tent, and finding *Cleomenes* at the Gate, he took Horse, and with difficulty disengaging himself, from the Embraces of those whom the Name of *Alcimedon*, and the Love they bore him, drew thither from all Parts, he left the Queen's Tents, and traversing the Camp (where by reason of his known Arms, he was saluted by all as he passed) he made towards a high Wood, which he saw some thirty Stades from the Camp.

He had Recourse to divers Intentions, whereby he might keep his Word as *Alcimedon*, and save his Honour as *Alcmenes*, without discovering *Alcimedon* for *Alcmenes*, against whom he had observed so much Hatred in the Queen and Princess, that he could see no Reason to discover himself; his Spirit laboured so much, unable to imagine what to resolve on; but after a long Meditation, he thought he had found a good Way to draw him out of this Intricacy, and upon this Consideration, turning towards *Cleomenes*, 'My Friend, said he, 'I have need of thy Assistance, in one of the greatest Extremities of my Life, and I confide sufficiently in thee, to believe that I may escape through thy Means.

Cleomenes having upon this Discourse given him new Assurances of his Fidelity, the Prince related punctually all that had happened, and having acquainted him that he was engaged to fight against himself, 'My Friend, (pursued he) having well considered the difficulty of this Affair, there is presented to my Thoughts one only Expedient. 'Thy Make is very like mine, thy Face resembles mine very much; thou must take these Arms which I wear, which all *Dacia* knows for those

of *Alcimedon*, so that when thou art covered
 with them, no one can know thee from him :
 With these Arms thou shalt go and lodge this
 Night in some Place of this Wood, where thou
 may'st lye concealed, and to morrow render thy
 self upon the Place of Combat, assigned between
 the two Armies. I will be there also, but I will
 aim my Javelin so, and so carry my Blows, that
 they shall not wound thee : After the Combat
 hath continued some Time in this Manner, I
 will take thee in mine Arms, and, after some
 Appearance of Resistance, bear thee to the Ground,
 where thou shalt yield the Victory, and render
 thyself my Prisoner : I will carry thee along with
 me to our Camp, till thou art out of the *Dacians*
 sight, then feigning to render thee thy Liberty,
 ere thou see the King, thou mayest retire, and
 quit these Arms where thou thinkest fit : So shall
 I have the Liberty to see *Menalippa* as *Alcimedon*,
 and serve the King my Father as *Alcamenes*.
 This Invention is a little deceitful, but my Ad-
 venture is so also ; and having sufficiently medi-
 tated, I can find no other Means of Assistance, in
 so strange an Extremity.

Alcamenes would not lose Time, but having
 sought the most retired Part of the Wood, he
 alighted ; he disarmed himself of his own Arms,
 and covered *Cleomenes* with them, under which,
 he appeared so like *Alcimedon*, that *Alcimedon*
 himself might have been mistaken.

The Prince armed himself in the Armour of
Cleomenes, and when all Things were in the Con-
 dition they ought to be, *Alcamenes* having em-
 braced *Cleomenes* with Transports, which seemed
 to foretel some sinister Accident, and having again
 instructed him how to carry himself in the Com-
 bat, took leave, and followed the Path to the *Scy-
 thian*

thian Camp; but would not enter till 'twas late, because the Herald of *Amalthea* might have performed his Office before he came, fearing lest the Herald should know him, what Care soever he could take to conceal himself; and it happened as he desired, understanding as soon as he came to the King's Tent, that a Herald from the Queen of *Dacia* had been there to defy him, and that the King had returned him without an Answer. *Alcamenes* was highly satisfied that it happened thus, but the King would not by any Means consent to the Combat, alledging to the Prince his Son, that *Alcimedon* was an Unknown, against whom a Prince of *Scythia* could not draw his Sword without Offence; and that he could not without an extreme Imprudence, permit his only Son to expose himself to an uncertain Event, without any Necessity.

Alcamenes having heard the King with much respect, answered, that he had rather lose his Life, than cast the least Stain upon his Honour, which he had always dearly preserved; that he knew *Alcimedon* for a Prince full of Valour, and for a Man, whom the greatest Prince upon Earth, could not refuse without Dishonour. To these Words he added many more, so pressing, that the King (being naturally very Generous) was constrained to yield; yet much less to the Force of his Persuasions, than to the Opinion of his Valour, against which, he believed that of the unknown *Alcimedon* could make no long Resistance.

The Prince sent an Herald immediately to the Camp of the *Dacians*, to acquaint the Queen, that having received the Challenge of *Alcimedon*, which her Herald had made in his Absence, he accepted it, and would wait of him at the Place of Combat, an Hour after Sun-rising, between both Armies,

with one Judge on his Side, and only a thousand Horse for the Guard of the Field.

The Queen *Amalthea* promised the same Thing on the Behalf of her Champion, and the Business being thus settled, *Barzanes* was chosen Judge for *Alcimedon*; and the Prince of the *Massegetes*, for *Alcemenes*.

The Night passed in expectation of both Parties of the Event of so memorable a Combat, and the Knowledge they had of the Valour of each other's Champions, made them to expect this Spectacle with extraordinary Impatience. The morrow, so soon as the Day broke, all Things were prepared; though *Alcemenes* provided for this feigned Combat with a repugnance, and a Divination of some Misfortune. *Amalthea*, who was charged with all Things that concerned *Alcimedon*, made ready for him with no less diligence; but the Gods had otherwise disposed of the Event of this Day than Men had appointed, for the unfortunate *Cleomenes* covered with the Arms of *Alcimedon*, as *Patroclus* with those of *Achilles*, had a like Destiny: He departed at the Appearance of Day from a Country-House, where he had passed the Night, and, to obey the Prince, he marched with all diligence towards the *Dacian* Camp; he was so fierce under these brave Arms of his Prince, that he almost conceited he was metamorphosed into him; but this innocent Pride lasted not long, for scarce had he made some Paces in the Wood, where the Day before he had exchanged his Arms, but he saw twenty Cavaliers making towards him, who having encompassed him, before he had Time scarce to think on them, cast him to the Earth, and pierced him through with their Javelins in a Moment.

The cruel Men stopt not there, but part of them alighted, ran upon him, and lifting up the Vizor of his
his

his Helmet, they gave him several Stabs in the Face and Throat. When they thought he was dead, they took Horse, and made towards the *Dacian* Camp, not touching either his Horse or Arms.

The perfidious *Orchomenes*, Prince of the *Nomades*, the wicked Enemy of *Alcimedon*, partly for and in revenge of his Brother's Death, and partly for his own Imprisonment, had sent those Assassines to expect on the Way by which the Prince must return into the Camp (as he had learn'd) promising them for their Performance great Rewards; and these cruel Men had but too well acquitted themselves, had not the Gods (to whom the Life of *Alcamedes* was dear) prevented it by the Fall of the unfortunate *Cleomenes*. The Princess *Menalippa* having been troubled this Night with some unlucky Dreams, and being very melancholly, both for the Combat which *Alcimedon* was to undertake the next Day with *Alcamedes*, and out of the Displeasure she received, for not having spoken him to the Day before: To cure him of Fear of her Displeasure, she arose early in the Morning, seeking some Divertisement amongst her Train, which attended her: She caused a Chariot to be prepared to take the Air, and would only permit *Belisa* and the faithful *Leander* (who remained still in her Service, and who by chance was not in the Queen's Tent the Day before, and so miss'd the Happiness of seeing his Master) to wait upon her.

Menalippa accompanied with only these two Persons, giving order to tell the Queen when she awaked, that she was gone to take the Air in the Fields, and would return after the Combat between *Alcamedes* and *Alcimedon* was ended, desiring not to be present at it; after which Orders given, passing through the *Dacian* Tents, she caused her

Chariot to be guided towards that Wood, which was within Sight of the Camp, and wherein the unfortunate *Cleomenes* lay slain. As the Distance was not great, the Chariot was quickly in the Wood, and the Princess causing it to stay, alighted, and began to walk amongst the Trees, leaning upon *Belisa's* Arm; and her Spirit being possessed with sad Ideas, her Converse was full of Sadneſs, and was disposing herself to disburthen her troubled Heart, when she saw a gallant Horse saddled and bridled, feeding at Liberty, and lifting up his Head to approach the Chariot Horses, he filled the Wood with Sneezings. This Horse being that whereon *Alcimedon* used to charge, *Leander* thought he knew it, and the nearer he came, the more he was confirmed in his Opinion. He told the Princess what he thought, but she had already cast her Eyes upon a Buckler, which she saw lye some Paces from the Horse, and she no sooner beheld it, than by the Form of its famous Device, familiar to all the *Dacians*, she knew it for *Alcimedon's*. She recoiled at this Sight, and calling *Leander*, ‘Thou shewedst me *Alcimedon's* Horse (said she) and I can shew thee his Buckler, and by what we see, we may judge he is not far off.’ Scarce had she pronounced these Words, when she saw the miserable *Cleomenes* under the Arms of *Alcimedon*, and believed effectively, that she saw *Alcimedon* stretcht at the Foot of a Chestnut Tree. She thought he had been asleep, and making no Difficulty to approach him, intending to charm all Fear, which the Suspicion of her Anger might have left upon his Heart, and to make him satisfaction for the ill Treatment she had given him, when drawing near this feign’d *Alcimedon*, she saw the Ground covered with Blood round about him, and the

great

great Bubbles which issued out of the Defaults of his Cuirass, from those Wounds which he had received in the Face.

This Spectacle forc'd Cries both from *Menalippa* and *Leander*; and running on him together with Precipitation, they took off his Casque and Cuirass, and *Leander* with a Cloath wiped his Face covered with Blood and Wounds; and since in another Condition he very much resembled *Alcarnenes*, being of the same Age, and his Hair of the like Colour, 'tis not difficult to suppose, that it being now disfigured with Wounds, he might be taken for *Alcimedon*.

All the Courage of *Menalippa* made too weak Resistance against this deplorable Sight; and whilst *Leander* cast forth Cries, and tore his Hair, *Menalippa* more sensible than he (though not less courageous) lost all Sense and Knowledge, and fell in a Swoon upon the courageous pretended *Alcimedon*. *Belisa*, though excessively afflicted, ran to her Mistress, loosening her Cloaths to bring her to herself. Her Pains were of some time useless, but at last the Princess opened her Eyes, and returned from her Faintings.

She cast her self again upon this dying Body, and by chance *Leander* at the same time perceived some Remainder of Life in him: 'At least, my Lord, said she, discover those Murtherers, those Monsters, that have reduced you to this Condition.' The poor *Cleomenes* brought to his last Sigh, endeavoured to speak, and desiring, as I believe, to discover the Truth of this Adventure: *Alcarnenes, Prince of Scythia*, said he, with a Voice so low, that it was scarce intelligible: *Alcarnenes, Prince of Scythia*, repeated he, but could say no more, and Death in this Moment deprived him of both Speech and Life.

At the same time, two or three Peasants, who by the Privilege of the Truce had ventured to come and cut Wood, and who had seen all which happened in the Murder of *Cleomenes*, came and offered their Service to the Princess, and unasked told what they saw, and how that this Man was slain by more than twenty Horsemen, without having time to think of his Defence: So that *Menalippa*, at that Moment wherein she thought *Alcimedon* gave up the Ghost, remembered that she heard him name *Alcamenes* Prince of the *Scythians*, and believed he had murdered him, which the wicked Peasants also confirmed, and that he was accompanied by Twenty Men. See how strongly Fortune sported against *Alcamenes*! and think it not strange, if the afflicted Princess accused him of the Death of *Alcimedon*.

'Twas here, where Grief alone was a sufficient Conduct to the Tomb, and where the Adjuncts of Rage and Fury rather diverted and hindered, than advanced the violence of its Effects, and help'd to recal those Forces which had left her, to run to that Vengeance which she breathed, rather than to Death, which was ready to embrace her. She arose from the Ground quite furious, and casting upon this expiring Body a funest and mortal Glance, 'How, *Alcimedon* (said she) dost thou die before my Eyes, by the Treason and Cruelty of *Alcamenes*? If I love thee not sufficiently to survive thy Loss, I should be weak and cowardly to run to Death, rather than to thy Revenge. This Barbarian, whose Courage hath been so much admired, and with so much Injustice, fearing the Combat he was to maintain against thee this Day, hath murdered thee basely and inhumanly in the Obscurity of the Wood; and shall *Menalippa*, to whom, by the just

‘ just Anger of Heaven, his Treason is discover-
‘ ed, deplore like a Woman, and die weakly like
‘ one of the People, instead of executing that
‘ Vengeance for which the Gods have reserved
‘ her? Ah! no, *Alcimedon*, expect not this Im-
‘ becillity from a Courage, which was never suf-
‘ ficiently known to thee. I have it possibly
‘ comparable to that of Men, and this Arm which
‘ hath given Death to Bears and Boars, shall arm
‘ itself to destroy that Monster, who hath snatch-
‘ ed from me my *Alcimedon*.’ She stopp’d here,
rolling in her Mind a thousand furious Thoughts,
whilst *Leander* and *Belisa*, with a River of Tears,
solemnized the Funeral of *Alcimedon*, and the
Despair of *Menalippa*, who, after a long Con-
test, being resolved, and wiping off those Tears
which trickled from her fair Eyes, wherein Rage
and Grief had an equal Stock, ‘ ’Tis no Time
‘ to weep, *Menalippa*, said she) ’tis on indiffe-
‘ rent Grievs we should bestow our Tears; ours
‘ requires Blood, ’tis with Blood they must be
‘ washed away, but with *Menalippa*’s it demands
‘ also that of *Alcamenes*.’ Finishing these Words,
she turned towards *Leander*, and beholding him
with Eyes swoln, from whom, in spite of all
her Resistance, a River of Tears perpetually flowed,
‘ *Leander* (said she) *Alcimedon* is dead for me,
‘ and I ought to be reproach’d with his Death,
‘ since it was my Enemy, and my Interests that
‘ took him out of the World. I have lov’d
‘ *Alcimedon*, *Leander*, and I scruple no longer
‘ to let you know it. I have loved him living,
‘ and I love him still, dead as he is, more than
‘ I love my own Life. Oh! would to the Gods,
‘ that by the Loss of this unfortunate Life, I
‘ could save that of my Faithful, my Beloved
‘ *Alcimedon*. And oh! would that he breathed
‘ in

' in the Stead of that unfortunate Wretch, who now
 ' deplores in vain his Decease: But since it is not
 ' permitted me to recal his Breath by the exchange
 ' of mine, I will revenge his Death, for the Gods
 ' have not acquainted me with it, and discovered
 ' its Author by ways so extraordinary, but to let
 ' me understand, that to me only is reserved this
 ' Vengeance. But in telling you my Design, O *Leander*!
 ' O *Belise*! I also declare, that if you in-
 ' deavour to hinder it, you shall see me plunge
 ' this steel in my Breast, and so you'll make me
 ' doubly miserable, in taking away the Consola-
 ' tion which I hope for, before my Death: Speak
 ' not one Word therefore, to divert me from my
 ' Resolution, and help to arm me with those un-
 ' fortunate Arms, beneath which my poor *Alci-
 ' medon* hath given up the Ghost. I have strength
 ' enough to carry them, and to rule his Sword,
 ' and it was doubtless for this Action (to which
 ' the Gods reserved me) that I used myself to the
 ' Chase of wild Beasts, and Exercises more suita-
 ' ble to Men, than Persons of our Sex; it was not
 ' without Mystery that I receive from Heaven a
 ' Composition and Force of Body nothing ordi-
 ' nary, and I will make use of, in this Occasion,
 ' of that which possibly is not ordinarily placed
 ' in a Woman: When I am arm'd, and have left
 ' you, expect here my Return in two or three
 ' Hours, and if I come not in that Time, put
 ' this precious Body in the Chariot, and conduct
 ' it into our Tents, there to receive the funeral
 ' Rites. See what I have resolved, and fail not
 ' in the Obedience which I desire, if you intend
 ' not to hurry me to the utmost Extremities of
 ' Despair.

The desperate Princess speaking thus, *Belise* and
Leander observed something so terrible in her
 Eyes,

Eyes, and Face, that they lost all the Courage and Resolution they had taken to contradict her, and certainly, in those sad Moments, Love and the Graces had forsaken the Beauties of *Menalippa*, to give Place to those Furies which tormented her; and she appeared to those afflicted Persons in a Posture so terrible, that Fear overcome them, and they durst not oppose that Resolution which they condemned.

Leander, at her reiterated Command, despoil'd the cold bloody Body of its Arms, and Casque; and *Belisa* having taken from the Princess her long encumbering Habits, she covered her Head with the Casque (though bloody in some Places) and with *Leander's* Help, she buckled about her the Arms, which she kiss'd and wash'd with Tears as she put them on.

Being arm'd, she appeared like some *Bellona*, or something more dreadful, and by the Fury which doubled her Forces, she seemed no more troubled with the Arms, than if she had used them all her Life. I have told you that her Stature was extraordinary, and 'tis certain, that at this Time, the Difference was so small, that she might easily have been taken for *Alcimedon*. When the Princess saw herself in this Posture as she desired, and that *Leander* had brought the Princess's Horse and Buckler, she bowed towards the beloved Body, and took her last Adieu, with a Tenderness able to cleave with Pity the most savage Hearts; and conjuring *Leander* and *Belisa* to remember her Commands, and to declare nothing that they knew, till the Time she had prescribed, she took Horse, and being no Novice in that Exercise, she spurr'd him forward to the Address of the strongest Men, and ran with so much Impetuosity, that they presently lost Sight of her.

The

The Field of Battel was already covered with the Soldiers, of both Parties, who with great Diligence had fastened the Barriers, and erected a Scaffold, for the Judges; there were two of them, one for the King of *Scythia*, and the other for the Queen of *Dacia*, and the Princes of her Side, and the Barriers were invironed with a thousand Horse of either Army.

The Judges had already taken their Seats, with much Civility: And a little after the King *Orontes* on the one Part, although he had some Wounds which would have kept in bed any Person of a less robust Complexion; and the Queen *Amalthea* on the other, with the Princes of her Train, placed themselves upon the Scaffold, at the Sound of a hundred Trumpets that attended them, and which made the Fields of *Nice* echo. They expected only the two Combatants, who seemed a little slow; and 'tis certain, that *Alcamenes* marching not to this Combat with that Ardour and Fierceness which used to accompany him in others, it being only a Fiction and dissembled Action, was not over-hasty to take the Field; yet he appeared a little after the appointed Time, but it was not with his accustomed Boldness and Gallantry, nor with that menacing Mien, which darted Fear into the most assured. His Arms were enriched with Gold, and some Stones, his Buckler of the same, without any Device: His Casque was covered with a Shade of Plumes, and he always kept the Vizor of his Helmet down, because of *Barzanes*, who from the Scaffold might easily have known him: Though he affected nothing terrible in his Gair, yet could the God of Battels have pleaded small Advantage over him, and *Barzanes* concluded with the Prince of the *Messagetes*, that nothing could match him, unless the brave Person, who was to
fight

fight him this Day, had the good Fortune. *Alcames* walked a long Time in the Field ere his Enemy appeared, and all the World began to condemn the Sloath of *Alcimedon*; and those, to whom he was not well known, made sinister Censures on his Courage. *Amalthea*, who was out of Humour, and in some Trouble for the Princess, (the Cause of whose walk she could not divine) and prickt with delight at *Alcimedon's* Delay, and the more, in that the Princes his Enemies endeavoured to stain his Courage, and openly blamed his Sloath: The perfidious *Orchomenes*, who with the Life, would also have taken away the Honour of his Enemy, said, he knew him better than the rest; and had always made a Judgment of him, different from that of others, and that he believed he would not come at all.

Barzanes who dearly loved *Alcimedon*, supported impatiently their Murmurs, and still assured the Prince of the *Massegetes*, that he would not fail to appear, unless some important Adventure hindred; *Alcames* himself was astonish'd at the Delay of *Cleomenes*, and for some Moments, thought that he wanted Courage for this Enterprize; at last he heard the most Remote say, that *Alcimedon* was come, that *Alcimedon* was hard by, and a little after they saw him approach, or rather the furious *Menalippa* in his Arms, in a Posture so terrible, that it had been easy to have perceived, with a little Observation, that she was agitated with some other Passion than the Desire of Glory; the *Dacians* gave a great Shout at his Arrival, and *Orchomenes* believing himself betray'd by his Servants, beheld him to whom he had given the Commission, with a menacing Eye, and by an Inflamed Regard, reproach'd his Fidelity.

So soon as *Menalippa* was in the Field, not musing herself with Formalities, she rode to the End of the Barriers, and fastening herself into the Saddle, she started with a mighty Impetuosity, (imploping Assistance from the Gods, she might pass her Javelin through the Throat of her Enemy.) *Alcámenes* started at the same Time, but having no Design to hurt *Cleomenes*, he had chosen the weakest Javelin he could find, and instead of addressing it to the Vizor, or any other dangerous Place, he threw it against the middle of the Buckler, where it brake without any further Effect; *Menalippa* aim'd hers directly at *Alcámenes*'s Vizor, but whether it were by the Fury of her Course, or Passion, or the little Experience she had in the Exercise which made her fail in the Attempt, her Blow sliding by his Casque, it past without doing any harm; then drawing her Sword, she made to her Enemy, who expected her in the same Posture.

She aim'd many Blows at him, which he put by with his Buckler, and wherein he perceived, if not more Force, at least more Fury, than he could have expected from *Cleomenes*; struck only at those Places where he found her covered with her Buckler, being very careful not to hurt a Man, who only sought to serve him, and as he had not been accustomed to sport and feign in such Occasions, he was quite ashamed of the Person he represented, being obliged in this Combat to dissemble that Valour, which on all Occasions he so prodigally testified.

At last, the impatient *Menalippa*, breathing nothing but fire, made a furious Blow, which he avoiding, it fell upon her own Horse; and the Blade being exceeding good, it gave him such a Wound, that the enraged Beast ran with all his force to the End of the Field, yet not so swiftly, but the Princess had Leisure to quit her Stirrups and alight. *AL-*

camenes

camenes (joyful to see his Enemy on foot, ready to terminate the Combat after the Manner he had designed with *Cleomenes*) alighted, and approached *Menalippa*, with his drawn Sword. The desperate Princess cast herself upon him, with so much Fury, that the Prince could not prevent (her Sword meeting with the Default of his Arms) a light Wound.

Alcamenes was astonish'd at this Fury of *Cleomenes*, and seeing that all the Spectators were too far to understand what they said: 'Friend, said he, thou sparest me not, and if thou fightest long, thou wilt not represent amiss the Person of *Alcimedon*.' These Words confirmed the Princess in the Belief she had against *Alcamenes*, and not incurring a Discourse wherein he seemed to play with the Destiny of poor *Alcimedon*; 'Ah! Traytor, said she, hast thou imagined that the Obscurity of the Wood could hide thy Treason? or dost thou think to save thyself by thy Credit? Give me Death immediately, or expect to lose thy Life by the Hand of thy most mortal Enemy.

Their Casques so disguised each other's Voice, that they could not discern it; yet *Alcamenes* knew that it was not *Cleomenes*, found himself in a great Confusion, and his own Confusion turning into a Fury, which *Menalippa* was not likely to resist: 'Whatsoever thou art, said he, with a menacing Tone, thou shalt lose thy Life by the Hand of *Alcamenes*, and thou hast done ill to draw me out of an Order which might have preserved thee.' He accompanied these Words with many Blows, which put *Menalippa* into Disorder, and made her Arms bluish with some Drops of Blood.

The Judges and Spectators observed this redoubled Fury, and easily perceived a Difference between the Beginning and the End of the Combat.

The

The Princess could no longer sustain the Shower of Blows which fell upon her, which drew blood in many Places, and at last the irritated *Alcarnenes*, pressing her between his Arms, though she yielded in strength to few Men, and that she employed at this Time all that Nature had given her, he threw her to the Earth, and tearing off her Casque with Violence, *You must dye*, said he, *or yield me the Victory*. He had scarce finished these few Words, but casting his Eyes upon his Enemy's Face, he saw the Tresses of long Hair which discovered her Sex, and perceived at last, in spite of all contrary Appearances the Face of *Menalippa*.

O Gods! how great was the Prince *Alcarnenes's*, Astonishment at this Sight, and with what Motions was he seized at so unexpected a Spectacle? Truly (great Princess) it is difficult to express that, which he, that resented it, is certainly unable to relate.

Astonishment gave Place to Grief, and beside the Sorrow he received for the Wounds he gave her, and in that he had presented his threatening Sword to her fair Face, he could not see *Menalippa* metamorphosed into a Soldier for his Destruction, without becoming infinitely sensible of the hatred which carried her to so great an Extremity, imagining that she knew him as *Alcimedon*, and as *Alcarnenes*, and that *Clearnenes* had discovered or betray'd him.

Menalippa gave him Time to make this Reflection, through the Astonishment which her fall had caused, but when she was come to herself seeing that she was between the Arms of her Enemy (who had not lifted up the Vizor of his Casque, because for divers Reasons he would not shew his Face to the Judges) she indeavoured to disentangle herself; and to seize the Sword which he held in his Hand, but

but *Alcamenes* holding her Arm, and pressing hers between his, more like a Lover than an Enemy :

' Ah! *Menalippa*, said he, what hatred is this,
' that hath carried you to such violent extremities
' against *Alcamenes*? *Alcimedon* hath incurr'd
' your Displeasure, but *Alcimedon* hath been suf-
' ficiently punished; and I have made him suffer
' those Miseries, which possibly yourself would
' have been so pitiful not to have ordained him.
' Instead of culpable *Alcimedon*, receive *Alcame-
nes*, whom I present unto you, in whom you
' will find all the Love, and all the Fidelity, which
' were sometimes agreeable to you in the Person of
' *Alcimedon*; and you will find here those Advan-
' tages, which you could not have met with in the
' Person of a miserable Unknown.

- Thus spake *Alcamenes*, and it seem'd that his evil *Genius* had dictated all the Words he utter'd, so proper they were to confirm the Princess of the Manner of *Alcimedon*'s Death, and *Alcamenes*'s Treason, which working violent Effects upon her Spirit, she disintangled herself from the passionate Embraces of her Conqueror: ' Traytor, said she, since thou hast punished *Alcimedon*, punish also the unfortunate *Menalippa*, and give her Death by thy cruel Hand, or prepare thyself to receive thine from hers.' *Alcamenes* unable to hold her recoiled some Paces, and prepared to present his Breast, to satisfy her Cruelty, when he saw the Judges of the Field with him, who, during their Contest, had descended the Scaffold, and knowing *Menalippa*, they ran to separate them, and interposing between them, hindred her cruel Intent; but in a few Moments the Judges were not alone, for *Amalthæa*, with the Princes from her Scaffold, having known the Face of *Menalippa*, and seeing it was her, who fighting had received divers Wounds,
unable

unable to submit to the Empire of Reason, in the Violence of her parental Compassion, which mastered it, she cry'd Treason, and that it was not against *Alcimedon*, but *Menalippa*, that *Alcarnes* had fought; that the Princess was wounded possibly to Death; and that the cruel Man, who had put her into that Condition, ought to lose his Life as a Punishment of his Crime.

As she uttered these Words, they cry'd to Arms, (which the Queen transported with Grief, hindred not:) the thousand *Dacian* Cavaliers, who guarded the Field, overthrew the Barriers, to be revenged on *Alcarnes*; but the *Scythians*, who saw them, did as much on their side to succour their Prince; and if the most zealous of the *Dacians* took up their Princess to carry her into the Queen's Arms, the most affectionate amongst the *Scythians* covered their Prince with their Bucklers and Bodies, giving him Time to take Horse, and put himself into a fighting Condition.

The two Judges of the Field having protested their Innocency, as to the Breach of Treaty, took leave of each other, to attend their Charges, and in a short time this Field was rather the Place of a general Battel, than a particular Combat.

The King of *Scythia* beholding with Displeasure the Rupture of the Truce, ran to his Troops, and commanded all the Princes and Chiefs to their Charges, to draw the Army out, into the best Order which the Necessity of Affairs would permit.

Merodates Phratapbernes, *Euardes*, and his Companions, had performed the same on their Parts; and whilst those who mingled themselves at the Combat, in a disorderly and bloody Confusion, strove for the Victory, by little and little increasing, they saw themselves fortified by two great Armies. As they fought in Disorder, so I cannot
very

very orderly follow my Discourse; and as I oblige myself rather to the particular Actions of *Alcarnenes*, than to theirs that fought for him; I will only say, that the Prince finding himself that Day animated with the most violent Grief and Anger he had ever resented in his Life, he made those who were so unhappy as to present themselves before him, such easy Sacrifices, that they rather took him for a Fury, than any Thing mortal.

This Battel had the form of a Massacre without Choice or Distinction, Party against Party, the vanquish'd with the Vanquisher, and the dying with their Murderers, were envelop'd in the same Ruine. *Alcarnenes*, who could not fear Death, but rather through his Rage endeavoured to render his Departure more sanct to his Enemies; left every where bloody Marks of his Fury. The first of the Enemy Princes who presented himself, was the disloyal *Orchomenes*, who fierce with the Death of the pretended *Alcimedon*, march'd to the Encounter with more Boldness than before, and who (conducted by his evil Genius, and the Dæmon Revenger of Perfidies) durst with a Troop of his Men attend the furious Prince: But scarce had he seen the fall of some of them, by that redoubted Hand, but repenting his Rashness, he trembled, waxt pale under his Arms, and designed a retreat among his Soldiers, when the irritated Prince (maugre their Resistance who would have oppos'd) thrust his Sword through his Body, chasing thence his disloyal Soul, not suffering it to rejoyce in the Crime of that Day.

After the Death of *Orchomenes*, who was seconded valiantly by all his Subjects, and all cut in Pieces by that mighty Hand, which past from them amongst the *Bythinians*, and seeing the proud *Euardes* at their Head, he cast himself like a Lyon upon him,

him, and at two Blows with his Sword deprived him of Life.

The *Bythinians* lost Courage at the Death of their Prince, and falling foul on those that followed, had caused by their Disorder the loss of the whole Day, if *Barzanes* on the one side, and *Merodates* on the other, had not rallied the fugitives, and fortified those trembling Troops with the best Assurance they could; yet not so happily, but that by the Valour of *Alcimedon*, and the King his Father, and divers brave Princes, who fought under their Ensigns, a great Part of the *Dacian* Army were routed.

Day now, as the Time before, was *Alcamedes* greatest Enemy; his Victory had been intire, if the Darkness which covered the Face of the Earth had not hindered: The *Dacians* lost more than twenty five thousand Men, but the *Scythians* not above ten thousand.

Barzanes and *Merodates* caused a retreat to be sounded, and *Orontes* (whom the Effusion of so much Blood had filled with Compassion) did the like, and permitted the *Dacians* to retire to their Camp.

But doubtless, great Princesses, this long Relation hath been some trouble to you, and, if you please, I will defer the rest to another Day.

The Princesses, who had given great Attention to the Discourse of *Megacles*, would not permit him to leave off, and having, assured him, that they should hear the Continuation without Incommodity, he causing Lights to be set up in the Chamber, by Reason the Day began to fail, thus continued his Discourse.

Hymen's



Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART VIII. BOOK IV.



THE Success of this Day, in all likelihood, ought to have given as much Satisfaction to the King of *Scythia*, as Displeasure and Confusion to his Enemies; and it is certain, that by this notable Loss, and the little Hopes there was left of their remaining Forces, the *Dacians* could not expect a favourable Event to this War; this fill'd him with Joy, and fortified his Hopes, but his Content could not but be imperfect, whilst he observed the Grief, or rather the Despair of *Alcarnenes*.

This disconsolate Prince, instead of rejoicing at his Victory, and the grand Actions he had done that Day, being retired from the Place of Battel, with all the Marks of Rage and Fury in his Eyes

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and Face, entred his Chamber, which he fastned upon him, and threw himself on a Bed, not permitting any to see him, or search some light Wounds he had received. The King who was advertized thereof, went to his Chamber, and by the Privilege of his Authority saw him, and caused him to permit the dressing of his Wounds, but could not diminish his Sadness, nor cause him to enter into any Conversation.

He conceived, this violent Displeasure proceeded from the Dishonour he might fancy the fighting with a Woman had brought to his Arms; and after he had done his Endeavour to comfort him upon this Accident, supposing Time would do the rest, he bid him good Night, and retired to his Chamber. It was some Comfort to the Prince to find himself alone, and this Solitude served to represent the Cause of his Grievs more lively than before. The Sight of *Menalippa* an *Amazon*, and of *Menalippa* arm'd against his Life, had rather increased than diminish'd his Love; and the hatred of that irritated Princess, which in likelihood ought to have lessened his Affection, seemed to have given new Forces to torment him. She appeared (under those Arms, and in that Condition, wherein he had seen her subject to his victorious Sword) more charming than ordinary; but after he had some Time dwelt upon this Idea, he remembered that he had fought against this so beautiful and beloved Warrior, that he had drawn Blood from her fair Body, and offered his menacing Blade to her adored Face; this thrust him into an unsupportable Grief, and from Grief he past to a mortal Despair.

He considered how great a hatred it must be, that could drive her to such Extremities, he call'd to remembrance how fruitless all his Submissions were, after he had put himself into a Posture of approaching

ing her, and in what horrible Fury he had left her, when he was constrained to separate from her.

From thence, running over all the Circumstances of his Misfortune, seeking the Cause with incredible Torment, yet could not he imagine what it might be, unless that either *Cleomenes* had betray'd him, (which he could not imagine;) or that he had been betray'd in the Place where he lay that Night, and carried to the *Dacian* Camp, and there constrained to declare that *Alcimedon* was *Alcamenes*, and that the innocent Delusion was discovered, which he had made use of as an Evasion, in that Caprice whereinto Fortune had thrown him. He was confirmed in this Belief by the Words which *Menalippa* spake in the Combat, and by the Reproach she cast upon him for his Treasons, committed in the Obscurity of the Wood; and having sealed his Persuasions here: ' Ah me! said he, ' is *Alcimedon*, *Alcamenes*? Son to the Enemy of ' *Amalthea*? But is it true also, that *Alcamenes* is ' *Alcimedon*, who hath rendred so important Services to the Crown of *Dacia*, who hath loved ' *Menalippa* a thousand times more than his Life, ' and who hath had the Happiness to be loved by ' her. I ought to have believed (amiable and cruel ' Princess) that your Affection to *Alcimedon*, ' would not erase your hatred to *Alcamenes*, and ' that you were generous enough to stifle (in the ' Hatred of your House) a particular Affection; ' if in knowing me for *Alcamenes*, you knew me ' for the Son of your Enemy, yet you have learn'd ' thereby, that *Alcimedon* was no Impostor, when ' he profess'd himself to be a great Prince, and when ' he promised to give you the Crown of *Scythia*. ' But blind that I am, (said he, a little after) ' ought I not to remember an Evil that had cost ' me so many Tears? And have I not proved, that

' without the Assistance of *Alcamenes*, *Alcimedon*
 ' was sufficiently odious to *Menalippa*; and that
 ' cruel Banishment, wherein I have lingred so many
 ' unfortunate Days, hath it not sufficiently declared
 ' the Hatred of my Princess? And could I hope
 ' that the Knowledge of *Alcamenes*, to a Heart al-
 ' ready piqu'd against *Alcimedon*, would produce
 ' any other Effects, than those, unfortunate one I,
 ' now suffer?

' Ah! Gods, *added he*, if it might be permitted
 ' me to murmur against you, I would reproach
 ' you with the Falsity of your Promise: For if it
 ' be true that I have succoured my Father with
 ' Success, it is as true that this Sight of *Menalippa*
 ' which you ordained me, is the greatest Misfor-
 ' tune that can happen to me in my Life, since by
 ' this Visit I have found her more cruel, and in-
 ' exorable, than I could have imagined; nor have
 ' I seen her-----O Gods! but to present my Sword
 ' unto her beautiful Breast, and to draw Blood
 ' from her fair Body.

Speaking thus, he felt his Grief boil into Rage,
 and casting his Eyes by chance upon the Sword
 which he had used in the Battel, and upon which
 he might still have observed some Drops of *Me-
 nalippa's* Blood, had not the Mixture of so much
 which he had spilt that Day, confounded it: ' Per-
 ' fidious Instrument of my Crime, (*cry'd he*) the
 ' first Service thou hast rendred me, hath been
 ' sufficiently fatal to me: If I had the Sword of
 ' *Alcimedon*, which I left with *Cleomenes*, and
 ' which is now in *Menalippa's* Power, it would
 ' possibly, better than I, have known *Menalippa's*
 ' Divinity, and would have denied Obedience to
 ' the sacrilegious Hand which drew it against her;
 ' but this first Service shall be the last I will re-
 ' ceive from thee, for I shall be ashamed to wear
 ' the

‘ the criminal Steel, that hath drawn Blood from
 ‘ *Menalippa*.’ Saying thus, he brake it into several Pieces, not without a Revery of some Moments, whether it were not better to plunge it into his Breast.

Thustid he pass the Night, tormenting himself; and, the Day appearing ere he had either sought or found a Moment of rest, one of his Squires, who entred his Chamber, related that the Queen *Amalthea*, under Pretence of carrying off her Dead, demanded of the King eight Days Truce.

Alcarnenes, who well knew into what Condition the Enemy was reduced, and, that if the King would take his Advantage, he might ruine them in a Day, had Reason to fear that he would refuse the Queen’s Demand, and finding himself too culpable towards *Menalippa*, he sent, and instantly desired the King to grant *Amalthea*’s Desire. The King *Orontes*, who naturally was an excellent Prince, and who beheld with Regret this Effusion of Blood, considering also the Prayer of his Son, he thereupon granted *Amalthea* the eight Days Truce: And having given Orders to fetch off, and bury the Dead, and incamped his Army further off, by Reason of the Infection of the Air, he went into his Son’s Chamber, with a Spirit full of Tenderness, and quite bent upon a Resolution which he now discovered.

He found *Alcarnenes* in the Condition I represented him, and though he endeavoured to recal himself in the King’s Presence, yet was it difficult to hinder the whole Appearance of his Grief from him: The King having sometime entertained him with the Affairs of the War, and seeing he could not draw a Word from him which was not dissected into Sighs and Sobs, he resolved to oblige him to discover his Heart; to advance which De-

sign, he took one of his Hands, and pressing it
 between his own with much Affection: ' My Son;
 ' (*said he*) I cannot taste with Satisfaction the Ad-
 ' vantages your Valour hath given us, nor rejoyce
 ' to see in a few Days my Kingdom intirely deliver-
 ' ed from its Enemies, so long as you appear in
 ' this Condition, wherein, to my extreme Sorrow,
 ' I behold you; I always hoped better Things from
 ' your Courage, what Reason soever you had to af-
 ' flict yourself; and I must believe it exceeding-
 ' great, since it can conquer a Heart like that of
 ' *Alcarnenes*: I thought Yesterday, upon the first
 ' Observation of your Sadness, that it proceeded
 ' from drawing your Sword against a Woman;
 ' and a fair Princess, but seeing you this Day in
 ' the Extremities of the most violent Grief, I be-
 ' lieve it could not render itself so powerful over
 ' your Spirit, were it not fortified by some other
 ' Passion; and it is not impossible, but that in the
 ' Moment, wherein the fair Face of *Menalippa* ap-
 ' peared to you in the Combat, it might produce
 ' Love enough in your Soul, to resent the Violence
 ' of your Sword against her, and for having drawn
 ' some Drops of her Blood. Blush not, *Alcarnenes*
 ' (*continued the King, seeing him change Co-*
 ' *lour*) if this be the true Cause of the Sadness,
 ' wherein you appear to the Eyes of a Father who
 ' dearly loves you, you shall receive no Hindrance
 ' from him, to the completing your Felicity; and
 ' though the Action of *Menalippa* hath something
 ' in it very contrary to the Sweetness and Mode-
 ' ration of her Sex, yet hath she many Virtues,
 ' as I have heard by the common Report, which
 ' makes me look over this Action: And born she
 ' is of a Blood, and in a Fortune, which might
 ' make you hope from me an Approbation of your
 ' Love; and indeed the Heir of *Dacia* is a Person

con-

considerable enough, to surprize the Affections of the greatest Prince; and the Repose of *Alcámenes* is dear enough to me, to make me overcome those Resentments I might have against my Enemies. If your Sadness may be dispell'd by this proposition; I offer Peace to *Amalthea*, in a Time when she can no longer make War against us, and with the Peace, propose to her the Marriage of *Alcámenes* with *Menalippa*. She will not perhaps be so obstinate in her Hatred towards me, as to shut her Eyes against so great Advantages; and she will be ill advised, to refuse a Peace, when it lies in our Power to ruine her; or reject for her Daughter, the greatest and most advantageous Match she could wish.' Whilst *Alcámenes* heard the King speak thus, though he received by this Discourse but an imperfect Joy, yet could he not dissemble it, and kissing the King's Hands with a profound Reverence, and some Sighs, which he could not retain: 'My Lord, (*said he*) beside the Obligations which are common to me with all Children, I have particular ones to your Bounty, which I cannot dissemble, without Ingratitude; I will not deny to your Majesty, (since you have discovered it against my Will) that the Face of *Menalippa* inspired me with Love, when my Sword was upon the point to have given her Death; I will say no more, nor give Bounds to a Bounty too great for *Alcámenes*. But if your Majesty hath any Inclination to this Alliance, I will receive it with all the Respect I ought; I doubt only, that all the Advantages which *Amalthea* can find, will not bow the Spirit of *Menalippa*; and I beseech your Majesty, not to use the Authority of the Queen to force her Inclination.

Alcámenes said no more, and the King who knew his Intent, and who, as I told you, was weary

of the War, though it had continued but a little while, and preferring the Repose of his People before a bloody Victory, having commanded the Prince to comfort himself, and to hope all Things from his Care, left the Chamber, and past into his own: Where sending for *Amphimachus*, Prince of the *Tauro-Scythes*, he largely instructed him with his Intention, and giving him a Letter to Queen *Amalthea*, caused him to depart towards the Enemies Camp.

Here it was that Grief and Desolation put on their true shape, and if the whole Camp, groaning for the Loss of so many thousands, that had been slain that Day, for the Death of the Prince of *Bythinia*, and the King of the *Nomades*, and for that of a great Number of principal Officers, who had left their Bodies in the Field, as Trophies of *Scythian* Valour; The Queen, to the great Cause she had to regret this Loss, joined the Grief she resented at *Menalippa's* Despair.

She caused her to be carried off the Field, to be disarmed, and her Wounds drest; and though they were but light, yet the inconsolable Grief of the Princess, would have put the least bodily Distemper into a Capacity of indangering of Life.

In vain had the Queen imbraced her, and bedewed her Face with Tears; in vain had she conjured her by the most pressing Words Affection could put into her Mouth, to declare the Cause of her Despair, and surest Resolution.

The desperate Princess answered not but by Sobs and Tears, which flowed incessantly from her fair Eyes; or if the afflicted Mother could sometimes Force a few Words from her, they so savoured of Rage and Fury, that they easily discovered her Soul to be possess'd with a mortal Sadness.

But

But though *Menalippa* could not conceal her Grief, yet she would her Love; choosing rather to suffer the perpetual Demands of the Queen, than confess she had loved *Alcimedon*, and that it was for him she fought with *Alcarnenes*, and was slain into Despair. Notwithstanding the Pre-occupation of her Soul, she caused *Belisa* to order the Body of *Alcimedon* secretly to be buried (which was very easy amongst so many thousands that kept him Company) and this Maid who with *Leander* had carried it to the Camp, according to her Orders, would nevertheless divulge nothing of this Adventure, having not yet received the Princess's Commands: So she put the Body of *Cleomenes* in an unfrequented Place, where it could not be known by Reason of the Wounds in his Face, and being stript of *Alcimedon's* Arms, which might have made him observed.

Menalippa, in her Design of concealing her Love from the World, received some Satisfaction from this Discretion of *Belisa*, charging her to recommend the Secret to *Leander*, and all those who knew ought of this Adventure.

The Queen pressed her incessantly to reveal the Truth, partly to understand the Cause of her Despair, and also to know how she came by *Alcimedon's* Armour, and what was become of that valiant Man, and how he permitted her to fight in his Place; yet she could never draw the least Word out of her Mouth, that might give any Satisfaction in what she desired; and all that she could obtain, was a Promise to declare the Truth within six Days, on Condition that till then she would give her Liberty of her Tears, without troubling her for a clearer Knowledge.

The Queen, who even adored her, and placed in her only, all her Affections and Hopes, was

constrained to be satisfied with this Promise; and though she disapproved and condemned the furious Resolution and Combat of her Daughter, which she could not attribute but to a violent despair, yet durst she not blame her for this Action, as she would doubtless have done, had she been in a condition capable of Reproof.

Yet was not *Menalippa's* heart so replenisht with her own misfortunes, but there was room left to resent the Queen's; and seeing her drowned in tears at her Pillow, ' *Madam*, (says she) I render
' my self unworthy, by my folly, of that bounty
' you testify towards me: In the Name of the
' Gods, allay the troubles of your Spirit, and hope
' with me from the bounty of Heaven, that mine
' will repose it self, when yours becomes more serene.' Ah *Menalippa*? replied the Queen with a sigh, You have little reason to imagine my spirit can be at rest, whilst yours remains in the condition it now appears; and you have little valued my repose, when you exposed a Daughter, more dear to me than my own life, to the conquering Sword of the valiantest Man upon Earth. ' I am not
' (reply'd sadly *Menalippa*) the first person of my
' Sex that hath drawn a Sword against Men, and
' you your self have inspired me with warlike inclinations, by the education you gave me; however, this action may partly be excused to you,
' by the hatred which, with my Milk, you have
' made me suck against the Family of *Orontes*,
' and which I believed might reasonably transport
' me to this extremity, against the Son of my Father's Murderer, against a man, who robs us
' of the Hopes of Revenge, and of the Possession of
' *Scythia*, which the Gods had promised us, and
' against a Man, to whom for other Reasons also,
' I have an irreconcilable aversion.' It must be,
Mena-

Menalippa, (replied the Queen, and shaking her Head) that these desperate Resolutions against *Alcamenes*, have some deeper Causes, than those that are common to us both; and, were he not born of your Father's Murtherer, he hath done nothing in this War, nor in the Combat against you, but what might rather cause Esteem than Aversion. 'Pardon me, Madam, (replied *Menalippa* ' briskly) in that my resentments are not conformable to yours, and, if I have not generosity to love Virtue enough in mine Enemies.' *Amalthea* knew by the manner of pronouncing these Words, that she could not contradict her without augmenting her Affliction, and a little after going out of the Chamber, she permitted her to pass the Night (through her instant intreaties) without any other Company save that of *Belisa*.

During the remainder of this Night (which she gave wholly to sighs and tears, for unhappy *Alcimedon*) she made often reflections on the Actions and Words of *Alcamenes* in the Combat; and observing (amongst these cruel ones, whereby he owned the Death of *Alcimedon*) that he was in Love with her, and offered himself to her, with all the marks of a passionate Man, she became astonished at the quick Birth of his Love, and flattered herself possibly (notwithstanding her mortal Grief) with the Glory of such a Conquest; and of the quick and marvellous effects of her Beauty. After a long revery, 'If it be true (said she) that *Alcamenes* loves me, I praise the Gods for the occasions they have given me, of revenging his Cruelty, by that I will exercise against him; and if the Barbarian be so happy to escape the Death which I prepare for him, I will make him feel from this Heart, pre-occupied by a Passion so just, all that a just resentment can inspire me with

‘ with of most Cruel, and most conformable to the
 ‘ hatred I bear him.’

In these furious thoughts she passed the Night, and part of the next Day, receiving some nourishment, and permitting them to dress her Wounds, not out of Love to Life, but of design to employ it wholly in revenging *Alcimedon*.

Part of the Day was past, when they came to advertise the Queen, that the Prince of the *Tauro-Scythes* desired admittance from the King of *Scythia*. What hatred soever she bore his Master, yet knew she how to treat Ambassadors, especially in a time wherein Fortune had been adverse to her, and where she was forced to acknowledge, that the surety of her Troops, and safety of her Person, depended wholly upon his Bounty.

She received the Prince in the presence of *Meredates*, *Pbrataphern*, *Barzanes*, and other principal Officers of the Army. *Amphimachus* presented her with a Letter from *Orontes*, by which he hoped to incline her more than by the Mouth of his Ambassador: *Amalthea* opened it in the presence of the Princes, and read aloud these Words.

Orontes King of Scythia, to the Queen of Dacia.

‘ **I**T is not in my Power (great Queen) to blot
 ‘ out of your Memory the loss you have received by our Armies; but I can easily represent to you, that the King *Decebalus* died in the Field with his Sword in his Hand, without Treachery, Cruelty, or any Circumstance, that might inspire you with a greater hatred towards me, than other common Enemies. You have already poured forth much Blood in his Revenge, and you ought to be satisfied with the Death of a hundred thousand Men, whom you have sacrificed

‘ sacrificed to his Ghost. Few Women have so
‘ solemnly and gloriously acquitted them of their
‘ Conjugal Affection: But it is enough (Great
‘ Queen) and I demand Peace in a Time, when
‘ you may well judge I can nothing apprehend the
‘ event of the War. There is Blood enough spilt,
‘ and I have Pity both upon your Subjects and
‘ mine own: And (if you refuse it not) I desire
‘ your Amity and Alliance; the Gods, as I am in-
‘ formed, have promised the Crown of *Scythia* to
‘ the Princess *Menalippa* your Daughter, and I
‘ offer it, in presenting *Alcamenes* for her Hus-
‘ band; I believe ’tis thus the Gods would be un-
‘ derstood; and all other ways to advance her
‘ upon the Throne of our Ancestors, will be found
‘ less easy. *Menalippa* hath conquered *Scythia*
‘ in a moment, since in a moment she hath con-
‘ quered the Heart of *Alcamenes*, and this Prince,
‘ whose Life she assailed with so much animosity,
‘ lays the same Life, with the Crown I shall leave
‘ him, at her Feet. The Prince of the *Tauro-Scythes*
‘ (whom I have impowered) will negotiate ac-
‘ cording to your Commands, so soon as you let
‘ him understand them; and will testify unto you,
‘ how much I desire the Union of our Crowns,
‘ Families, and Affections.

Whilst *Amalthea* read this Letter, the divers
Agitations of her Soul were legible upon her Face,
and if on one side the resentment of the King her
Husband’s death possessed still her Spirit, filling it
with aversion to the King of *Scythia*, on the other
part, the advantage she found in his offer, and the
pitiful condition she was in through the defeat of
her Army, of which in all likelihood she could
expect nothing but the intire Ruin, disarm’d by
degrees that Revenge, which she had preserved so
many Years, forcing her to give Reason audience,
though

though hitherto she had preferred Passion and Animosity; and besides, comparing the Offer of *Orontes* with the Oracle's, which had promised the Crown of *Scythia* to the Princess her Daughter, her Eyes were opened to these appearances, and judged that it was by this Marriage, and not by Force, the Gods intended she should be Queen of *Scythia*.

Whilst she rolled these Thoughts in her Mind, without expressing them to the Company, *Merodates*, being amorous of *Menalippa*, and impatient of a proposition which destroyed his Hopes, cried with precipitation, that the offer of *Orontes* ought not to be imbraced, and that the Gods, Blood, and Nature, would be visibly offended, in case *Menalippa* should marry the Son of her Father's Murderer; *Phrataphern* (full of amorous Pretences) confirm'd his exclamation, and added whatever he thought capable to authorize it: But *Barzanes*, (more prudent than they) though he exceedingly resented the Death of the King his Brother, found no difficulty to tell the Queen (after they had conducted the Ambassador of *Scythia* into another Chamber) that she ought receive with open Arms the King's Proposition; and that this Fortune, which at this Time was very great for *Menalippa*, could not with Prudence be rejected, at a Time, wherein through the Defeat of their Army, they lay exposed to the mercy of the Enemy, where neither the Valour of *Merodates* nor *Phrataphern*, could hinder them from being cut to Pieces, if the *Scythians* had any such intent. The Reasons of *Barzanes* were confirmed by all the Officers of the Army, and by *Pharnaces*, who having a few Moments before lost all hope of re seeing their dear Country, could not hear the Proposition of so glorious a Peace, and so little expected by all appearances,

without

without protesting aloud to the Queen, (that unless she intended their intire Ruine) she would not reject it.

Amalthea hearkened to this Discourse, as unwilling to be accused of the Destruction of those Soldiers which remained, by her Obstinacy, nor could she think without some Joy, upon the Fortune which presented it self to *Menalippa*, in a conjuncture of Time, when she expected to be expos'd with her, to a multitude of Disgraces; so that, maugre the Cries of *Merodates*, and *Phrataphernes*, (who would never consent, but in a Rage departed the Chamber) she sent for the Prince of the *Tauro-Scythes*, and told him that she willingly imbraced the Peace which he offered, nor had she any repugnance to the King's Alliance: But it was just that she communicated it to her Daughter, who had herein the principal Interest, and whose consent she would demand.

Amphimachus reply'd to this Discourse of the Queen with much civility and respect, who having left him with the King of the *Sarmates*, and the principal Officers of the Army, she with *Barzanes* went into *Menalippa's* Chamber, to whom she read the King of *Scythia's* Letter, and informed her, that all the *Dacians* settled their desire on this Peace and Alliance, and herself also, who had a desire to terminate this War by an honourable Conclusion.

Amalthea hoped, that notwithstanding the hatred *Menalippa* had express'd against *Alcamenes*, she would yet submit her resentments to those of her Mother, and open her Eyes to *Orontes's* advantageous Proposition; but scarce had she discovered her Thoughts, when the irritated Princess (casting a transported regard at the Queen;) 'How Madam, said she, do you design me for the Spouse

‘ Spouse of *Orontes*’s Son, who kill’d *Decebalus*,
 ‘ and who would yesterday have taken away my
 ‘ Life in] your Presence, with the same Sword
 ‘ wherewith he hath slain three Kings, fighting in
 ‘ your Quarrel? and him, against whom you
 ‘ have inspired me with so much hatred from mine
 ‘ Infancy?’

Daughter (*replied the Queen*,) it is not just that Enmities should be Eternal, and Prudence commands us to persevere in, or change, our Resolutions and Inclinations, according as they are either Advantageous or Hurtful. *Alcarnenes* is very innocent of the King your Father’s death, and in the Death of the Kings, his Enemies, he hath done but his Duty; if he wounded you in the Combat not knowing you, he treated you with respect so soon as he knew you, and yielded to you with the Victory, both his Heart and Liberty; and beside you know, that amongst all the Princes of the Earth, only the Emperor of the *Romans* is greater than he, and the King of *Partbia* alone is equal. So that in our better Fortune you could not have hoped for a more advantageous Offer, than that which presents it self to you, now our Affairs are desperate, and when the King of *Scythia* can finish our Ruine, and render himself Master of our Destinies. The King of the *Nomades*, the King of the *Basternes*, and the King of *Bylbinia*’s Son, are dead for our Interests, and of an Army of an Hundred Thousand Men, there scarce remains Twenty Thousand, and a great Part of those wounded, who beg the Peace with as much strength as they are weak to return to the Battle. Besides all this, your Destiny calls you to it, and you have not so little Judgment, but to know that the Crown of *Scythia*, promised by the Gods to *Menalippa*, cannot be conquered by our Forces,
 nor

nor put upon *Menalippa's* Head, but by her Marriage with *Alcarnenes*.

To these Perswasions, the Queen added whatever she thought capable to bend the Princess's Mind to what she desired; and before she concluded, made her understand, that she ask'd her consent but to a thing already resolved, and to which she absolutely commanded her to conform her Obedience.

Menalippa understanding the Queen's resolution, and not daring to contradict her long, sighed with Grief, and dissembling so much as she could possibly the Rage that transported her: 'Madam, said she, I was not prepared for this Day's Tryal, nor did I think the Cause of *Orontes* and *Alcarnenes* would be handled by the Queen *Amalthea* against *Menalippa*; Respect closeth my Mouth, yet will not hinder me to demand till To-morrow, to remit my Spirit into that Obedience which it ought, in which Time, I hope so to work upon my Heart, that I may contradict you no more, but I beseech you that I may have it intirely free from the Visits of any Body.'

Amalthea believing that the Princess would submit to her Will, for the Reasons sake at least which accompanied it, easily granted what she demanded, and having kiss'd and imbraced her with all the Marks of Tenderness (to which the disconsolate Lady made no return) went forth out of her Chamber, commanding that she should be seen only by whom she would.

The Queen acquainted the King of *Scythia's* Ambassador with what had passed, intreating him to stay with her till the Morrow, that he might return to his Master with the intire Resolution of his Negotiation: The Prince obeyed, sending one of his Servants to advertise the King concerning the
State

State of Affairs, and the disposition which he had found the Queen of *Dacia* to conclude the Peace which he had proposed.

During the rest of this Day, and the Night following, the *Dacians* (the evil Estate of whose Affairs made them ardently desire a Peace, and who the Day before had feared their total Defeat, passing from mortal Fears to the sweetest Hopes) gave a thousand Testimonies of their Joy; and even those who came from burying their Brothers, or dearest Friends, could not but partake in the common Satisfaction; the Thoughts of the Commanders were conformable to those of the Soldiers; and (except *Merodates* and *Phrataphernes*) there was scarce a Man in the Army, but appeared full of Content, praising the Moderation of the King of *Scythia*. The next Morning, so soon as the Queen was Drest, she went into *Menalippa's* Chamber, imagining that her own Time of considering being expired, she was disposed to follow her Mother's Commands. But O Gods! how great was her astonishment, when approaching her Daughter's Bed, she found her not there, and only saw a large open Place in the Tent, by which she went out.

Amalthea would not give Credit to her first Fears, but going into the Chambers of the Princess's Maids, she found them all except *Belisa*, who lay with her Mistress, but could learn no News of *Menalippa*: Then in passing again into her Chamber, she saw a Letter upon the Table, which at the first sight she knew to be the Princess's Hand; she snatcht it up with precipitation, and read the Words.

Menalippa

Menalippa to the Queen Amalthea.

‘ **F**inding it impossible to obey your cruel
‘ Command, and being unable (without an
‘ extream Grief) to see my self reduced to a ne-
‘ cessity of disobeying you, I have endeavoured
‘ by my Flight to prevent the one, or other, of
‘ these Evils; and I am possibly less culpable in
‘ this Action towards you, than if I had openly
‘ opposed your Will; and towards the Gods, than
‘ if I had espoused *Alcamenes*. A Barbarian he is,
‘ whose Crimes (whereof you are ignorant) are
‘ known to me, and will be in Time declared to
‘ you; in the interim (Madam) pardon me, if I
‘ preserve those resentments wherewith you in-
‘ spired me, and if I declare that I will never
‘ marry *Alcamenes*; nor any other that cannot
‘ bring me *Alcamenes*’s Head. ’Tis to this I in-
‘ vite all those who have testified hereunto an In-
‘ clination to serve me, and to this it is that I sol-
‘ licit the valiant *Merodates* and *Phrataphernes*,
‘ and all those who believe the Possession of *Mena-*
‘ *lippa* to be a Fortune good enough to invite them
‘ to any Danger. Trouble not your self at my
‘ departure, I go before you into *Dacia*, where
‘ you shall find me, so soon as you have quitted
‘ the Design of giving me to *Alcamenes*: It is
‘ not without a sensible regret that I leave your
‘ Majesty, but I have left a far greater in my
‘ Soul, for having been so unhappily deceived in
‘ my Opinion of your Affection, which hath
‘ abandoned me in a deplorable Extremity; but
‘ this cruel Constraint (which I expected not from
‘ a Nature sometimes so full of Bounty) in taking
‘ away my last Consolations, hath not taken
‘ away from me the Resentments of that Love,
‘ Respect,

‘ Respect, and Veneration which I have hitherto
 ‘ preserved for my Mother, and will preserve to
 ‘ my Tomb.

I know not (*great Princesses*) how to express the Queen’s grief at the Reading of this Letter, and the Knowledge of *Menalippa*’s flight; all that I can say, will be so far below the Truth, that you will pardon me if I enlarge not on this Part. I will only say, that possibly never a Person so constant and courageous as *Amalthea*, gave so publick Testimonies of Grief; she poured forth a River of Tears, tore her Hair, and call’d the Gods a thousand Times for Witnesses of her Misfortunes, and uttered all that a most violent Grief could inspire a Soul less moderate than hers withal, and when the first transports were past, having sent for the Princess’s Domesticks, who were all there, except *Belisa* and *Leander*, she knew that only these two had accompanied her. You may imagine also that she failed not to cause many to take Horse, with Orders to bring her back, if it were possible, or to wait upon her into *Dacia*, if her Design was to retire thither. Part of the Army disbanded upon this Occasion, and the Camp was almost quite deserted through every one’s impatience to seek *Menalippa*. *Merodates* and *Phraptaphernes* (content with the Rupture of this Marriage, and fierce and proud at the mention *Menalippa* made of them in her Letter, and the Confidence they had in their own Valour, having protested aloud they would obey this glorious Command, that they would lose their Lives, or take away that of *Alcarnenes*) took Horse with the first, and followed according to the best conjecture the Track of *Menalippa*.

The Queen perceiving amongst the rest in her Chamber, the King of *Scythia*’s Ambassador, turning
 ing

ing towards him (her Eyes drowned in Tears) and presenting him the Letter, which she held in her hand; ' You may see my Misfortune, *said she*, ' and you may acquaint the King your Master, ' and the Prince his Son, that it is no Fault of ' mine, that the Peace and Alliance second not ' his intent; may rather, though having desired it ' with Passion, causing me to make use of my ' Authority out of Season, I have lost my Daughter, and with her, all the Consolation of my ' Life.'

The Prince of the *Tauro-Scythes* answering in Tears, which exprest the interest he took in her Afflictions: ' I hope from the Generosity of ' *Orontes* (*added she*) that he will not set upon me ' in my Misfortune, nor refuse me now a Peace ' which himself hath offered; the Alliance shall ' be (if he desires it) compleated so soon as I have ' the Disposition of my Daughter; in the mean ' Time I demand a free Retreat into my Country, ' promising him never to trouble him in his; nor ' will I ever forget how generously he hath used ' his Advantages over us.

The *Scythian* Ambassador retired, and quickly after presented himself before his Master, who understood with much astonishment the success of his Negotiation. *Alcamenes* was least astonished, but mortally afflicted; and perceiving the King uncertain in his Resolution, he conjured him to make up the Peace with *Amalthea*, and to permit her to retire peaceably with her Troops; and the King willing to comply with his Son, sent *Amphimachus* the same Day to the *Dacian* Camp, with full Power to conclude the Peace, and to favour the Retreat of the *Dacians* so much as the Queen could desire.

Amalthea

Amalthea received with Joy the Courtesy of King *Orontes*, and protested she would never be his Enemy; then giving Order for the March, she disencamped the next Morning towards *Dacia*, full of a mortal Grief for the Loss of *Menalippa*.

Thus ended that War which had been conceived and begun with so much Noise, and so fair Hopes, and that Army who expected no less than the Conquest of *Scythia*, returned inconsiderable in their Number, and pitiful in their Condition; having left the greatest Part of their Companions in that Country which a few Days before they beheld as the Field of their Victories. A little after, the King *Orontes* quitted the City of *Nicia*, and having taken leave of his now unprofitable Troops, and ordered their Princes his Vassals to lead them into their several Countries, he returned to the chief City, carrying the said *Alcamenes* along with him; which he could never have done, had not his Respect to the King made him do violence to himself.

You may imagine that his mortal Sadness received no small Increase at the reading of *Menalippa's* Letter which fell into his Hands; nor could he apprehend why this Princess (who before these last Effects of his Passion, had appeared most moderate in all her Actions) should not be content to have precipitated herself into a dangerous Combat, through the only Desire of killing him, nor content to have disobeyed the Commands of her Mother, for whom she had always preserved a profound Respect; but also by her flight to expose her Person to those Dangers which do continually threaten her Sex, declaring to the Queen her Mother and all the World, that she would never marry any Man but him who brought her *Alcamenes* his Head, he could not consider all these Things with-

out a clear Sight of *Menalippa's* Hate, which pos-
 selt him with the greatest Extremities of Grief a
 Heart ever submitted to; and as he continually
 reasoned with himself upon the Cause of his Un-
 happiness: 'Is it possible, *would he sometimes*
 'say, that my being born of *Orontes* should kin-
 'dle so much hatred in a Heart I have formerly
 'known so generous and so reasonable? And is
 'it so great a Crime for the Son of *Orontes* to love
 ' *Menalippa*? And an Offence so cruel against the
 ' Daughter of *Amalthea*, to be loved by the Son
 ' of *Orontes*, that it should render the Son a thou-
 ' sand times more odious than the Father, and in-
 'spire her with so cruel and desperate Designs
 ' against him, having never entertained but mo-
 ' derate ones against his Father; but what could
 ' be this Crime hid and unknown to the Queen
 ' her Mother, whereof she accused me in the Let-
 ' ter, unless it be the Boldness of having loved her,
 ' knowing myself to be the Son of her Enemy?
 ' After what Manner soever I examine the Action
 ' of my Life, I can find myself culpable of no other
 ' Fault, and that methinks cannot justly deserve
 ' those Punishments which the pitiless *Menalippa*
 ' ordains me, nor carry the fair Princess to such
 ' Resolutions against her faithful and innocent
 ' Adorer. The Love of *Alcameses* should appear
 ' more considerable in the Person of a Man who
 ' was Enemy to her House, and in the Person of
 ' a Prince who was conceived, born and nourish'd
 ' in the Hatred of *Menalippa*, and her Family;
 ' rather than in one who had submitted under fa-
 ' vourable Aspects, and who had no Crosses in his
 ' pretensions, neither from Fortune nor former In-
 ' nations; yet it pleased the Gods, and my cruel
 ' destiny, that this fair and just *Menalippa*, should
 ' n herself with an unknown Steel to take away
 ' my

‘ my Life, exposing her own to Danger to destroy
 ‘ mine, and arming the whole World against me.

He stopt some Moments upon this Consideration, which had almost awaked Resentments in his Soul able to combat his Love; but he found himself too weak to undertake it, for although the comfortless Prince apprehended in the unjust Proceedings of *Menalippa*, a just Occasion to revolt from his Love, yet could he not bring it about, or scarce form a Desire towards it: ‘ If I consult my
 ‘ Reason, (*said he*) if I consult my Courage, they
 ‘ will tell me, that I ought no longer to love this
 ‘ cruel Person, who arms herself against my Life
 ‘ with such obstinate Inhumanity: But though
 ‘ my Reason and Courage are Counsellors strong
 ‘ enough, yet are they unable to assist me, and it
 ‘ is Assistance I want, when Counsels are unnecessary. Depart then all other Thoughts, all other
 ‘ Resolutions, save those of dying for *Menalippa*;
 ‘ ’tis my Life I must give her, since ’tis my
 ‘ Life she demands; it is unnecessary to arm *Phra-*
 ‘ *taphernes* or *Merodates* to procure my Death,
 ‘ for *Alcarnenes* himself will serve you more faithfully and more powerfully, and through his Means
 ‘ you will doubtless obtain that whereof by other
 ‘ Means you will be very uncertain, I will go and
 ‘ pierce in your Presence this unfortunate Heart,
 ‘ whose Flames are so criminal; and will satisfy
 ‘ your Eyes and Desires, if it be possible, with a
 ‘ Spectacle able to cleave with Pity any other Heart
 ‘ but *Menalippa’s*.’ This was his last Resolution, nor did he weigh the Design of killing himself before *Menalippa’s* Eyes, and of presenting her with that odious Head which she demanded.

He was prepared for this funest Voyage, and the Day was already come, when he saw an Herald arrive, who (having demanded of the King the accustomed

accustomed Sureries) defied the Prince *Alcmenes* in the Behalf of *Phrataphernes* and *Merodates*: The King was exceeding angry at this Defiance, and had he not been withheld by his Virtue, as well as by the Law of Nations, he would have exemplarily chastised this Boldness; he spake to the Herald in Terms which made him tremble, and told him, he was not resolved to permit his Son to Fight against those Princes, whose Lives he had granted a few Days before, and who possess neither Life nor Liberty but by his Bounty alone; that such Combats were not ordinary amongst Persons of *Alcmenes's* Quality; and that through his facility he would not introduce the damnable Custom of defying Princes in their own Courts. To this he spake many things full of Choler, and his Resentments were approved by the whole Court, who murmured highly at the Liberty of these Strangers. But *Alcmenes* appeased this Tumult by his Authority, and respectfully opposing himself to the Resentments of the King his Father, said aloud. That he knew no Reason why this Combat should be dispensed with being demanded by Princes of an equal Quality to his; and confidently protested at last to the King, that having never contradicted his Will till then) he would go seek them in their own Countries, in case he denied them to fight in Presence. *Orontes* opposed a long time the Prince's Design, with Reasons which all the World approved, yet were they too weak to resist *Alcmenes's* Resolution, and after a long contest, this desperate Prince obtained leave on the Morrow to Fight them both, one after the other, in the greatest Plain of *Serica*, not induring to divide that into two Days, which he thought he could finish in one; nay, he obtained of the King in the Herald's presence an Oath, in case he were so unhappy as to

his Life, the Princes might retire without the least harm. After this promise, and the Safe-conduct signed by the King's hand, the Herald returned to his Masters, who lodged not far from the City, and who had the liberty to enter and provide them what they thought necessary for the Combat. *Alcamenes* sent to visit them, and constrained them to profess, notwithstanding their animosity, that so brave a Prince deserved rather the Love, than the Hatred of *Menalippa*.

After *Alcamenes* had a good while consulted how he ought to carry himself in this Combat, he thought it better to testify his love and respect to *Menalippa*, by presenting his naked Breast to those whom she had sent to take away his Life, and continued some time in the design of rendering his Neck to the Sword of *Merodates*, or *Phratabernes*, since Fortune seemed to favour his Design of giving his Life to his Princess; but a little after, Choler against his Enemies awakening, and Jealousy against his Rivals, he repented his Design of giving away with his Life the Victory and Possession of *Menalippa*: No, no, said he, I will not give to these Enemies (whose hatred requires it) neither the glory nor the reward of the Victory, it shall be presented more gloriously to the Princess *Menalippa* by the hand of *Alcamenes*. This was his last Resolution, and scarce had the next Morning light appeared, when he was covered with Arms the very same he wore in the Combat against *Menalippa*, and not amusing himself with many formalities to render the Action more pompous, he marched towards the Place appointed, accompanied by all the Persons of Quality of the Court, who would needs have the Honour to wait upon him.

The

The People of *Serica* had already filled the Place; unless that patch which was invironed by the Barriers, and intended for the Combatants: The Judges (whereof the one was Prince of the *Tauro-Scythes*, and the other a Prince of *Pbrataphernes's* Kindred) had already taken their Places, and the two stranger Princes appeared almost at the same Time, covered with proud Arms, and advantageously mounted; they had determined by lot who should fight first; and it happened to *Pbrataphernes*: Which *Merodates* impatiently suffered, though he believed there would be Valour enough to employ his against. He remained at the further end of the Barriers, whilst *Pbrataphernes* advanced in the Lists, with an Action which made every one behold him as a Valiant Man. After they had divided the Sun, and observed several other formalities, the two Warriors parted at the third Signal of the Trumpet, and having travers'd the Space which separated them with exceeding swiftness, they found themselves in the middle of the Lists, with an equal force, but a different fortune: *Alcamenes* was slightly wounded in the Shoulder, there where the Casque joins to the extreams of the Cuirass; but having directed the point of his Javelin to the Vizor of *Pbrataphernes*, he thrust the murdering Steel to hinder Part of this unfortunate Prince's Head, who fell without Life over the Crupper of his Horse.

The *Scythians* cast forth a cry of joy for their Prince's Victory, and those of the Train of *Pbrataphernes* bewailed with a mournful murmur, the Destiny of their deplorable Master; they entered the Lists to take away the Body, nor could *Alcamenes* behold their Action without testifying some marks of Grief and Pity.

But he had not time to make great Demonstrations of his Resentments; for scarce had he given some moments to the consideration of that misfortune, which within a few Days had made him spill so much Blood, when he was drawn out of it by the impatient *Merodates*, who desiring rather to offer Blood than Tears, to the Ghost of his Companion, spurr'd into the Lists with a menacing Posture; but before he could put himself into a condition to fight, a Man passing amongst the Servants of *Phrataphernes*, ascosted him, presenting him with a Letter. *Merodates*, who treated no Treachery from his Enemy, made no difficulty to read it.

Alcarnenes casting his eyes upon the Messenger's Face, observed some Features which were not altogether unknown to him, and a little after knew him for the same *Leander* who had been his Esquire, and whom he had left in *Dacia*, to give his Letter to *Menalippa*. *Merodates* having quickly read the Billet: ' *Alcarnenes*, said he, you may
' see the orders I have received for our Combat,
' and by the conditions they impose upon me, you
' ought well to defend your Head: ' *Alcarnenes*
having received the Billet without Reply, saw with a mighty surprize that it was *Menalippa's* hand; but his astonishment was increased, when having cast his eyes upon it with sighs, he read these words.

Menalippa to Merodates.

' **R** Emember, *Merodates*, that it is not your
' Victory, but the Head of *Alcarnenes*,
' that I require; you must die or kill that Barbarian, there being no other way to conquer *Menalippa*.

At

At the sight of this known Character, and reading those cruel words, the disconsolate *Alcmenes* had almost lost Courage, and it is not without wonder, that in the grief which oppressed him, he could be able to fight with one of the most valiant Men of the World; he lifted up his eyes to Heaven with an Action full of pity, nor could his just Resentments hinder him from bearing this Billet to his Mouth, reverencing that Princess whom he adored even in those marks of her inhumanity. ‘It is just, *Menalippa*, (said he, with a voice despatched into sighs) that this odious *Alcmenes* should lose that life so much detested by you; but it must be from *Alcmenes*, not from *Merodates*, that this heart-burning for you must receive its mortal wounds; and you will be little obliged to me, if any other hand, save mine own, should offer you this agreeable victim.’ He would possibly have said more, when *Merodates* retook his Billet: ‘*Alcmenes* (said he) you see the hard conditions of our Combat, and that there is no favour to be shewn or hoped for, since I must obey *Menalippa*.’ *Alcmenes*, mangle the grief which transported him, beheld *Merodates* with a smile full of sharpness and disdain. ‘Use thy Victory, if the Gods give it thee, said he, but I do not fear to see *Alcmenes* this day soliciting the Clemency of *Merodates*.’ They said no more, but separating towards the extremities of the Lists, that they might take their Career, they parted at the same time with an equal fury, and joined with a success little unequal, their Javelins breaking without any effect upon their Bucklers; then drawing their Swords, they dealt blows worthy the hands that discharged them.

As *Merodates* was Valiant amongst the most Valiant, so this Combat became brave and long,

and sometimes doubtful; but it will be difficult to relate all the particulars of this Combat, and having already in this Story described very many Combats, it will perhaps be unpleasant to you: I will only say, that an hour pass'd ere Victory declared it self on either side; and as *Merodates* to his ordinary Valour added Resolution either to conquer or die, he often put the life of *Alcamenes* into great danger, and saw not his own blood run down his Armour, without making his Enemy's bluish with the same tincture. Those to whom *Alcamenes*'s Valour was known, wondered to see that of *Merodates* little inferior; and there were some moments wherein the King *Orontes* trembled and waxed pale, repenting that he had not utterly opposed this Combat. But the Genius of *Alcamenes* was stronger than that of *Merodates*, and the Victory was due to him, and reserved for him.

Merodates perceived the diminution of his strength, and it seem'd to him that the force of *Alcamenes* received an increase, (nor was it a wonder that he grew so weak, having lost so much blood.) *Alcamenes* desirous of the Victory, gave him no respite whilst he thought him able to dispute it, and dealt him at last so many wounds, that having no more force to hold himself upon his Saddle, he was too weak to resist the powerful Arms of his Adversary, who imbracing him about the middle, drew him from the Saddle, and thrw him upon the Earth. *Merodates* had no power to rise, and *Alcamenes* having alighted almost so soon as he was down, the vanquish'd Prince doubted not but that he was coming to execute with rigour the conditions of the Combat. This thought made him lose no Courage, and beholding *Alcamenes* with an assured eye: 'Finish, said

be,

‘ he, thy Victory, and take away from me a shameful life, which I neither can, nor will ask of thee.’ Thou shalt not ask it, *replied Alcarnenes*, but thou shalt receive it from him in whose Power it is to take it away; and I will leave thee so glorious, that thou shalt be able to present it to *Menalippa* without shame, to whom I will testify the brave thing thou hast done to obey her.

Merodates sighing with grief, received this favour, and beholding the Prince with resentments which had nothing of the Enemy in them; ‘ I know not, *said he*, by what misfortune a Man so virtuous could have incurred the hatred of *Menalippa*; but the respects which I preserve for her, shall never more arm me against you; and if I escape these wounds you have given me, I shall behold you as my Conqueror, and the most generous Man upon Earth.

He had spoken more, had not the Prince, who feared the loss of his Blood would prove the loss of his Life; which he desired to preserve, caused him to be taken up, and carried to the Palace, ordering his wounds to be dress’d with as much care as they would take for his own.

But scarce had he performed this generous part, and not yet remounted, when from amongst the Throng, a Cavalier rush’d in with impetuosity, who passing through a place in the Barriers which was open, and spurring his Horse towards the Prince, accosted him with his Sword in his Hand, before he could prepare to receive him, and aiming his Sword at the default of his Cuirass, pierc’d it through his Body up to the Guards.

Thus this great Prince, Vanquisher of so many Princes, fell upon the Field, where he had obtained two so gallant Victories, and scarce could

his Soul contain it self from following a River of Blood, which covered the ground round about him: A thousand cries were raised in an instant at an Accident so strange and unlooked for. Thousands ran to the fallen Prince and his Assassin, who by a thousand Swords had lost his Life, if some prudent Persons, who knew of how great consequence it was to arrest Criminals of this Nature living, had not opposed the first fury of the Tumult, telling them that it was by punishment proportionable to the Crime, that such Monsters ought to perish; and that by Torments those things were to be drawn from them, which a sudden Death would prevent.

Thus hindred they the destruction of *Alcmenes's* Murtherer, yet they loaded him with Chains, and carried him to Prison, whence he was not likely to return, save to those Tortures which the grandeur of his wicked Action deserved.

The King, overwhelmed by this Accident, had almost lost a Courage which never yet forsook him; it so pierced his Heart, that it was difficult to know whether of the two was the more dangerously wounded. All the City, which *Alcmenes's* virtues had filled with as much love as veneration, with tears lamented his misfortune; and it seemed as if this one blow laid all the hopes of *Scythia* in its Tomb.

Those esteemed themselves happy who could lend their Arms and Care, to carry their Prince to the Palace, and the great multitudes of People who prest to succour him, had almost deprived him of all succour. The cruel Sword stuck in his Body, and scarce in drawing it out, could they hinder Life from following. The Surgeons who visited this large Wound by two Orifices, could give the King no apparent hopes, saying only they
had

had seen greater wounds cured, and that it was not impossible but that the Prince might be saved. You may imagine they employed all their Art about a Cure of that Importance, and as they were the most experienced of all *Scythia*, they made use of those Remedies which were indeed the most capable of preserving the Prince's Life; for a long time they could not recover his lost Senses, and when (by the force of Remedies) they returned, it was with so much weakness, and so little knowledge, that it increased the general fear: They dress'd also his other wounds which he received from *Merodates*, but they were inconsiderable.

The King (who always remained with him full of an unconceivable displeasure, and who by all his Courage could not render himself Master of his mortal Grief) was obliged at last to quit the Chamber, leaving the wounded Prince to his necessary repose, and passing into his own Apartment, he there committed himself to the most violent effects of his Afflictions. The remainder of this Day he gave to tears and sighs, and pass'd the whole Night in a suitable Occupation: But the next Morning to his tender Grief succeeded a just resentment, and a desire to know who was the Person guilty of so great a Crime, that he might study a proportionable Vengeance both for him and his Abettors. Therefore (though against the ordinary forms and customs of Kings, who are seldom seen by Criminals) judging that an Adventure so little common, ought to be proceeded in after an extraordinary manner, he sent for the Assassin of *Alcarnenes* to examine him himself, not confiding in his Judges upon an Affair of so great importance. They obeyed his Command, and a few Moments after, he saw the Criminal

enter in the midst of the Guards with two others, who voluntarily offered themselves Prisoners, and who confest themselves guilty of the same Fact. The King, notwithstanding all his moderation, could scarce contain himself from running on them to strangle them with his own Hands, instead of an examination. But had he not been arrested by the Dignity of his Person, the beauty which surprized him, had been a sufficient stop to the torrent of his Passions, which at the same time struck, and fill'd him with admiration and astonishment.

The Garments of the Criminal had been abused and torn by those that had taken him, and his Body so loaded with Irons, that he could scarce stand under them; but through the veil of this misery shone a Beauty so inflaming, and Eyes brighter than the Planet under which they were born, casting beams so quick and piercing, that the Soul of the afflicted King, pre-occupied as it was with grief and rage, could not refuse to this imperial Object its due respect. He remained quite confus'd and non-pluss'd; then fixing his Eyes a while upon this fair Face, and comparing *Menalippa's* cruel hate, together with so much of her Face as he had seen in her former Combat with *Alcarnenes*, he suspected it was she her self; but from suspicion he quickly past into a certainty; when this fair Person perceiving his astonishment, permitted him not to open his Mouth, but beholding him with an assured Eye, *Orestes*, said
 ' *she*, our offences are equal: Thou hast slain my
 ' Father, and I thy Son. This Discourse will in-
 ' form thee, that I am *Menalippa*; I have exe-
 ' cuted a vengeance due to my hand only, and
 ' committed a Crime in thy Opinion, whereof I
 ' neither can nor will repeat. Give that then to the
 revenge

‘ revenge of thy Son, which I have given to a
‘ Person more dear to me than ever *Alcmenes*^s
‘ was to his Father: Spill my Blood, I have spilt
‘ thy Son’s, and thou shalt see I will implore thy
‘ Clemency neither by word or sigh; but if thou
‘ thinkest any thing due to the Dignity of my
‘ Birth and Sex, suffer me no longer to languish
‘ under these shameful Irons wherewith I am
‘ laden, and preserve at my Death that honour
‘ which I have inviolably kept through the most
‘ unhappy accidents of my Life.

Thus spake *Menalippa*, with a countenance
which made *Orontes* judge that the fear of Death
was the least of her care; and he was so moved
by her Looks and Discourse, that had *Menalippa*
been guilty of any other Crime than the Assassina-
tion of *Alcmenes*, she had overthrown all his
resentments against her; but *Alcmenes* was too
dear to *Orontes*, and the Act of *Menalippa* ap-
peared too cruel, to suffer him to submit so soon
to those tenderneſſes which she might have raised in
another Heart: And beholding her with Eyes
wherein were represented the different motions of
his Passions: ‘ Cruel and inhuman Person, said
‘ he, What fury could stretch thy barbarous
‘ Arm against the Bosom of the unfortunate *Al-*
‘ *cmenes*? And what offence hast thou received
‘ from a Prince, who gave thee his Heart at that
‘ Time when thou didst assault his Life with so
‘ much inhumanity? ’Tis with too much in-
‘ justice that thou sayest our offences are equal;
‘ thou hast slain a Prince who adores thee, and
‘ who, notwithstanding the efforts thou hast
‘ made against his Life, breathes not but to love
‘ thee: And though I took away thy Father’s
‘ Life, it was when he assaulted mine, his Sword
‘ in his Hand, in a Battle, and in a posture which
‘ bath

' hath left no reproach upon my Memory, nor
 ' to thee or thine any just occasion of Resentment;
 ' but if there remains any, why fell it not up-
 ' on *Orontes*, but on the innocent *Alcarnenes*?
 ' And wherefore sparedst thou not that heart-
 ' burning, for thee to carry thy rage against thy
 ' Father's Murderer? Ah! doubtless the loss of
 ' my Life was not capable of satisfying thee, and
 ' thou hast with reason fancied, that in taking
 ' away my Son's, thou shouldest deprive me of
 ' mine, with a double portion of Torment. I
 ' have offered thee this unfortunate Prince,
 ' whom thou hast taken from me, and with him
 ' my Empire, in a Time when I could have
 ' made thee perish, with the reliques of that
 ' Army, which misguided Rage had conducted
 ' into my Country. Possibly, this offer had not
 ' been disadvantageous for *Menalippa*; and *Alca-*
 ' *menes* was great enough both by his Actions and
 ' Birth, to have found in any other Heart save
 ' thine, another manner of Acknowledgment.

The afflicted Father spake thus, and would
 have extended his reproaches to a further length,
 if *Menalippa* (who, truly touched with compas-
 sion for him, though her unhappy Error suffered
 her not to be so for *Alcarnenes*) had not inter-
 rupted him, wiping away some tears which sprink-
 led her Cheeks.

' King of *Seythia* (said she) though I will not
 ' seek an excuse for the Action which I have done,
 ' yet I protest to thee before the Gods, that it was
 ' not to be revenged on *Orontes*, that I punish'd
 ' *Alcarnenes*; and that I never entertained any
 ' hatred against thee which was not guided by
 ' Reason, or which was capable of carrying me
 ' to any particular designs either against thine or
 ' thy Son's Life; but know, that I have punish'd

Alca-

Alcarnenes for his own Fault, and that I had
 never assaulted his Life, had he not taken out
 of the World by the most unworthy and bar-
 barous Treason, all that I could love amongst
 Men, and all that could carry me to these ex-
 tremities, which may make it appear to thee
 that I am weary of my Life. Thou shalt know
 no more, and Heaven is my Witness, that I
 would never have said so much to any one else;
 dispose now of my destiny at thy Pleasure, pre-
 serve only in my Death the respect due to the
 modesty of my Sex, and the Dignity of my
 Birth.

The tears which the remembrance of *Alcarnedes*
 drew from *Menalippe's* Eye, stopp'd the course of
 her Words, and the King shaking his Head at
 her Discourse, testifying the little Credit he gave
 to it: Those reproaches of Treason and Unwor-
 thiness (*said he*) wherewith thou abusest *Alca-*
menes, will find little faith amongst Men, with
 whom his Actions are clear enough; and if he
 hath slain any one that was dear to thee, it must
 have been in Battle, or in some of those Com-
 bats which thy Rage hath raised against him.
 But *Alcarnenes* is not yet dead, and if it please
 the Gods to leave him with me, I shall have
 generosity enough to return thee free into thy Coun-
 try, and forget, in favour of thy Sex and Beauty
 and *Alcarnenes's* Love, the bloody injury thou hast
 done me. But if my Son dieth of the Wound re-
 ceived from thy Hand, by the immortal Gods I
 will not leave his Death unpunish'd; were *Alca-*
menes dead, I would lose that Life without regret,
 which I only preserve for his Ruine, and in which
 there remains nothing which can make me desire
 its conservation.

These

These Words made the King judge that the Soul of *Menalippa* was possess'd with a powerful Despair; and he began to believe that her Hatred might have another Foundation than the King her Father's Death; yet quite transported with Grief and Anger as he was, he commanded them to take away the Irons from her Hands and Feet, and to give her Garments conformable to her Sex, (if she would,) and instead of the Goal an Apartment in the Palace, with Order to guard her carefully, yet so, that she might taste nothing of Captivity save that of a Prison.

Menalippa praising the Moderation of *Orontes*, and unable to disapprove his Resentments, had some Regret for his Grief, and, being discharged of her Irons, she retired into the Apartment they offer'd her where she put on Woman's Cloaths, not those they presented, because they were her Enemies, but such as she caus'd *Belisa* to carry with her, she refusing any other Attendants. Whilst the wounded Prince disputed betwixt Life and Death, his Wound being so great that a Complexion less robust than his could not have one Moment surviv'd the cruel Stroke; he pass'd the Night with great Weakness, and the Day following when they took away the Plaisters, the Fear ceased not; and the Chyrurgeons only said, as the Day before, there were some Hopes, and though his Cure was difficult, yet was it not impossible. As they permitted not the Prince to speak, so they permitted only such to stay in his Chamber that were necessary for the present Necessity, and it was in this Solitude and Silence that they perceived this poor Prince (whose Judgment, in spite of his Feebleness and violent Fever was intire and sound) studying upon his Adventure, unable to imagine by all Conjectures that his Wound came upon any other Account save *Menalippa's*.

Menalippa's. The King would not tell him what he knew, for Fear the News should increase his Misfortune and Affliction, by letting him know that *Menalippa* had been charged with Irons, and dragged to a Prison; but that which the Princes Thoughts were most busied on, was, that the Sword wherewith he had been wounded; remaining after the Blow in his Body, he believed that by this Sword he could clear himself of Part of his Suspicions, and having called one of those which served him, he commanded to bring it to him. It was remarkable enough through the Beauty of the Hilt, to have caused some one in the Chamber to have carried it away, but by Fortune it was left, and presented to the Prince, who no sooner cast his Eyes upon it; but he knew it for the same he had a long Time worn under the Name of *Alcimedon*, and which he had given to *Cleomenes* with the rest of his Arms, and which he saw in *Menalippa's* Hand in the first Combat. This Sight made him imagine that it was by *Menalippa's* Hand he had been wounded, and calling to mind that little of her Face which appeared as she fell on him, and remembring the Letter which *Merodates* received from her by *Leander*, whom he believed to be still in her Service; he no longer doubted but that it was from *Menalippa* that he received the Wound. This Knowledge was the Parent of different Thoughts, and if it redoubled his Grief to see the Continuation of *Menalippa's* Hatred, he received also much Consolation through the Belief he had, that to please *Menalippa* before he dyed, he could not dye more gloriously than by her Hand; he rolled this Thought sometime in his Mind without speaking, at last raising his Voice with a weak and an unassured Tone: 'Ah! (said he) the Gods be praised, I dye by the Hand of *Menalippa*.' He repeated these Words
divers

divers Times: And, a little after, ' Well, *Menalippa* (*added he*) since 'tis your Will that I dye by your hand, I willingly embrace it, and shall receive my Death with an entire Joy, if I may be permitted to kiss the Hand that gave it.' He stopt at these Words, casting his Eyes sometimes on the fatal Sword, and sometimes on those that stood round about him, who conjared him to be silent, if he desired to preserve his Life; but they were much more astonished, when after he had kept Silence sometime: ' But why, *said he*, do I oppose myself to *Menalippa's* Will, since she thrust not this revenging Sword into the odious Body of *Alcmenes*, but that he should dye thereby? What should oblige me to suffer these Remedies, which are contrary to *Menalippa's* Intention?' In saying thus, he would have carried his Hand to the bindings of his Wound, to tear them off; but those which were with him, knowing his Intention, had laid hold of his Hands; which by Reason of his Weakness were easily mastered, whilst others went to advertize the King, who was in a Chamber by, and who never but almost by Force left his Son's Bed-side. *Alcmenes* stayed his Hand when he saw the King, for whom he had always a great Respect; and this afflicted Person who came to know the Cause of his Despair, telling him with Reproach full of Tenderness, that he could not neglect his own Life, without hazarding that of his Father. *Alcmenes*, instead of answering to this Discourse, beholding the King with a passionate Air: ' My Lord, (*said he*) *Menalippa* is in your Hands, in the Name of the Gods hide not from me where *Menalippa* is.' The King, who imagined he could not long conceal the Truth, confest it all, and told him that for his Sake, what Reasons soever he had to the contrary,

contrary, he had taken *Menalippa* out of Prison, dismiss'd her Chains, and given her an Apartment in the Palace, with Order to serve her like a Princess of her Birth.

Alcarnenes peaceably hearkned to the King, and when he had left speaking, 'My Lord, (said he) if you love the Life of the unfortunate *Alcarnenes*, treat *Menalippa* not as his Murthrer, but as his Princess and sovereign Queen; in taking away my Life, she only takes her own; and when she pierceth this Heart by a thousand Wounds, she only outrageth herself. In the Name of the Gods, my Lord, order, that instead of Prisons and Irons, that they give her Crowns and Scepters, if she will receive them from us; and if she refuseth them from an Enemy, detain her no longer in a Captivity which cannot but be odious to her, and cause her to be conducted into *Dacia* with an Equipage suitable to so great a Princess, and the Heir to so great a Kingdom. Do me this Favour, my Lord, if you will that I dye satisfied, or live so long as the Gods shall please to permit; and in reward of that Fidelity which I will preserve for this memorable Princess to my Tomb, obtain the Favour of her, my Lord, that, before my last Sigh, I may enjoy her Sight a Moment, though it be only to receive Reproaches from her fair Mouth, which will make me either the more contentedly dye, or give Forces to prolong this Life as you desire.' He had said more, if the King (who beheld with what Passion he made this Discourse) had not left him, promising to endeavour what he desired, on Condition that he would perform his part for the Preservation of his Life.

Alcarnenes promised the King all that he would, that he might obtain what he desired; and the tender

der King, without deferring it longer, went into the Apartment, where they guarded *Menalippa*.

This Princess, who had appeared before him with Shame in a Man's Habit, had now taken the Garments of her own Sex, and the King seeing her in a Posture wherein she had not appeared unto him, could not refuse her the Respect due to so extraordinary a Beauty, and his Heart being touched to the quick with *Alcmenes's* Desire, he accosted the Princess no more as a Criminal, but as the absolute Mistress of his Son's Destiny, and tendering her the Honour due to her Quality: Princess (*said he*) *Alcmenes* dyes as you desire, and the sooner, because you desire it; he shall dye full of Dissatisfaction, if he first sees you not free, and conducted into *Dacia*, so soon as you desire, in a Condition conformable to your Birth; I vow I should not have been so generous, as to have permitted you to depart gloriously with the Life of my Son, and of a Son worthy a better Destiny; but since it is his Will, and possibly the last Will of this unfortunate Prince, you are free, and may depart this odious Country when you please. I only ask this one Thing of you, if the Prayers of a King whom you have rendred the most unhappy Prince upon the Earth, may touch you, that you will permit *Alcmenes* to see you a Moment, and give you his last Adieu. This Favour (such as it is) is possibly due to the Reparation of the Injury you have done me; and is ought not to be refused to a Prince, who receives from you his Death's Wound with so much Respect and Resignation.

Menalippa was not only astonish'd at these Words, but she also resented a mortal Affliction to find so much Generosity in Persons against whom her Hatred ought to extend, even to the utmost Extremities; and unable to dissemble the first Resent-

ments.

ments that presented themselves to her Spirit, Immortal Gods, *cry'd she*, can it be that a Man who by so much Wickedness hath arm'd me against his Life, should testify so much Virtue in the rest of his Actions? Or must it be, that Barbarians become innocent, only to render me more guilty? My Lord, *continued she*, (*turning toward the King*) I will see *Alcarnenes*, since you desire it; not as the Price of that Life and Liberty which you offer me, and which I refuse; not to express any Repentance of the Evil I have done him, but to make him confess before you, as he confess to me in our Combat, that 'tis not the Father's Offence which hath arm'd me against the Son, and that the cruel Treason which he hath committed, is worthy of a Death less glorious than that which possibly he hath received from the Hands of *Menalippa*. Your Interest in his Misfortune hath touch'd me, and I shall be well satisfied that you learn from his Mouth, that which will partly justify the Injury I have done you. In saying these Words, she walk'd towards the Apartment of *Alcarnenes* with the King who accompanied her, followed by *Belisa*, who left her not, and gave no Time to the King, to advertise the Prince of her Coming.

The Curtains were drawn in *Alcarnenes's* Chamber to exclude the light, and the Bed was placed in a corner so obscure, that one might enter the Chamber, and approach the Bed without beholding his Face; but the passionate Prince beheld attentively that of the fair Princess, and was so stricken, that his Forces were unable to support him. *Menalippa* unwilling to make a long stay in the Chamber of *Alcarnenes's* Murderer, and desiring to explain herself in a few Words, she cast an assured Regard on that side where she saw the Prince; and doing Violence to herself that she might speak

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Alcarnenes, said she, I come at the Desire of the King thy Father, to present thee the Face of that unplaceable Enemy whom thy black Treason hath arm'd against thy Life, even to the last Moment of hers; 'tis thy Crime and thy Destiny which hath rendred me cruel, and not my Inclinations; and thou art not ignorant that that black Action which the Forests and Obscurities have hid, had made me return into thy Bosom so just a Vengeance. Declare to the King thy Father, that which thou didst confess to me, or rather discover a Crime whereof thou didst boast in our Combat. Modesty hath made me hitherto hide the Interest I have therein, even in the Extremities whereto it hath carried our Lives: I will pass by thee (whom I have no Intent to satisfy), and give thee to the Justification I owe to the King thy Father, that which I have refused to the Repose of the Queen my Mother, if the Gods will prolong thy Days, and defend them against the Arms of *Menalippa*. After the Sight and Repentance of thy Crime, thy Life will be more tranquil; and if it be their Will that thou dyest of the Wound I have given thee, thou wilt justify me amongst Men, and make that known for a just Vengeance, which by Misunderstanding passeth for an Effect of Rage and Cruelty. I am not troubled at the Loss of my Life, if in sacrificing thine I have satisfied the Ghost of him I love. Thus spake *Menalippa*, and she might long have spoken without the Prince's Interruption, for it was the ill Fortune of *Alcarnenes*, that he was fallen into a Swoon, without which he had spoken, and made himself known to *Menalippa*, and by that Discovery had finished those cruel Traverses which so long had persecuted his Life; but the Gods would not that this Hour should be the last of his Sufferings.

When

When he came to himself, and considered the Condition wherein he was, and called to mind all that had past, this Memory gave him Occasion enough to exercise all his Virtues, and he had certainly need of all his Constancy, and all the Endeavours of the King, to consent to the Care that they took of his Life, which promising to permit, he engaged the King to set *Menalippa* at Liberty, and the King gave him his Word, that the next Morning she should depart with an honourable Train, which should conduct her even into her Mother's Arms. They engaged themselves on this Manner one to the other by this mutual Promise, and if the Father sacrificed to the Love he bore his Son all his Resentments against *Menalippa*, *Alcames* divested himself for his Father's Sake of all the Aversion he had to life, and resolved to suffer those Remedies, either in hope they would be fruitful, or out of Design that, in the Case he escaped this Wound, he would seek *Menalippa* in *Dacia*, and dye there before her Eyes. When the King was gone out of his Chamber, he sent for *Sosthenes*, one of the two Squires that had served him in his Travels; the other had been killed in the first Battel, and this returned to the City but the Day before, from a Government which the King had given him. *Alcames*, by his Swooning, had lost Part of those Words which *Menalippa* spake, yet heard enough to understand that she accused him of some Wickedness and black Treason: As he knew himself blameless in any Thing save the innocent Change of his Arms, and the Supposition of *Cleamenes*; he would let *Menalippa* understand before his Death, Part of those Things he had to say to her; so that causing *Sosthenes* to draw near his Bed (whatever the Physicians could say to the contrary) he caused him to write that which with
much

much Pains he dictated, ordaining him to give it *Menalippa* after his Death. This being finished, and his Spirit left to its last resolutions, he appeared more quiet than before. He inquired concerning *Merodates's* Health, commanding their Attendance on him, with as much Care as on himself, charging his Servants to excuse him, being hindered by his Wounds from rendring him those Assistances which he ought.

He returned Thanks to all the principal *Scythians*, who stirred not from his Anti-Chamber, enquiring continually concerning his Recovery, and in all Things he gave them Reason to judge that his Spirit was much calmed; but though this appeared with Probability enough, it is also certain that *Alcarnenes's* Grief was now come to its utmost Extremity.

In the mean time, *Menalippa* having demanded Permission to visit *Merodates*, testified to him, by the most obliging Words her Grief and natural Fierceness would permit, her Acknowledgment of the Service he would have done her, and her Sorrow to see him wounded for her Interests; but she was astonish'd, when she heard *Merodates*, instead of the passionate Discourses he used to make, to speak of nothing but the Virtues of *Alcarnenes*, testifying the Displeasure he resented at the Wound she had given him, protesting that if it pleased the Gods to save him, he would divest himself for his Sake, of all those Thoughts he had entertained for her, advising her to change her Hatred into Acknowledgment and Love, and a firm Desire of rendring him Possessor of that Happiness, who of all Men breathing did most highly deserve it.

Menalippa was so angry at these Words of *Merodates* in Favour of *Alcarnenes*, and *Alcarnenes's* Murderer, that, having expressed her Resentment by

by angry Looks, she left the Chamber without Reply.

Yet could she not hinder the Strife of different Thoughts which combated in her Breast: And that Rage which she preserved against *Alcimedon's* Murderer, left room for a Reflection on the Love and Perseverance of a Prince who dyed by her Hand with so much Resignation, who desired she might be treated with so much Respect, even then when he felt the Pains of that Death which she had in-
deavoured to give him, and who in these last Sighs of his Life could never be drawn to the least Complaint against her.

Her implacable Fury could not hinder the Entertainment of some tender Thought, and it is certain, that had she believed *Alcamenes* guilty of any other Crime than the Death of *Alcimedon*, she would have given the Garland to Pity, which combated her other Resentments with a powerful Force: 'Immortal Gods (*said she*) that the wicked and
'cruel Treason of *Alcamenes* should be comparable with his Virtues! And could he, who testifies so much Valour and Generosity in Combats, so much Perseverance and Love to his pitiless Enemy, and so much Constancy in his
'Death, should be the Man who in the Obscurity of the Wood, by the help of twenty Men, should
'murder the innocent *Alcimedon*? Injurious Fortune! must the wicked and perfidious become
'virtuous, only to render me criminal? Hast thou
'not made me see, hast thou not made me love,
'hast thou not made me lose the unfortunate *Alcimedon*, all to arm me against thee as an
'fortunate *Alcamenes*?

From hence making a Reflection upon her past Fortune, and the present Condition of her Life, all her Constancy could not divert a River of Tears
which

which poured down her fair Cheeks, passing the rest of this Day, notwithstanding the Comforts her faithful *Belisa* indeavoured to give in most mournful and deplorable Imployments. But if the Day was cruel to her, the ensuing Night was nothing less sad, and having sufficiently tormented herself by the Remembrance of *Alcimedon* and *Alcarnes*, sleep at last rendred itself Master of her Senses. After many confused Visions, that *Alcimedon*, whom she had continued in her Thoughts, presented himself before her in a Dream. He appeared as he was when most dear to her Memory, though pale and covered with Blood, having his Side pierced with a great Wound like that which she had given *Alcarnes*; the beloved Prince seemed to point at the Wound with one Hand, and stretching forth the other with a passionate Action: “*Menalippa* (said he) see how you recompense my Love, behold the Performance of your special Promises! you have thrust the Steel unprofitably into my Breast, for against a Heart which hath always adored you, there needs no other Arms than those of your Hatred. Behold this Blood which you have cruelly spilt; and pour forth the rest, if you are so thirsty after it; but remember that you endeavour your own Misfortune, and that you cannot persecute my Life as you do, without submitting your own to new Afflictions: Content yourself at least, with the Evils you have already done me, seeing that even in just Occasions of Anger and Hatred, you see me always ardent, always faithful; bend your Spirit to the Pity you owe me, and the Love you owe yourself.

Thus spake the beloved Phantasm to the sleeping Princess, who was so touched with the Vision, and the passionate Discourse, that her Sleep departed, leaving

leaving such an Impression upon her, that in opening her Eyes, she fancied that the dear Image appeared. She found herself wash'd with Tears, and although after some Moments she was able to distinguish a Dream from a real Apparition, yet could she not but stretch her Arms on that side whither she thought the Spirit of *Alcimedon* retired, and calling him back with a Voice interrupted by Sighs :
' Return, my dear *Alcimedon* (*said she*) and see
' that 'tis into the Bosom of *Alcamenes* that I have
' thrust my revenging Steel, and not into thine.
' Tears were too feeble to satisfy what I owe thee,
' and since it must be Blood, whose more fit than
' thy Murderer's ? Already he draws towards his
' End, and instead of soliciting me to hasten the
' Hour, thou endeavourest to touch me with Pity
' for that inhuman Act ; but think not that I can
' be sorry for your Affassin, and consider that whether
' in abandoning a dear Mother, a flourishing
' Kingdom, and leading a Life exposed to many
' Dangers, a Reputation committed to the Opinions
' of Men, and all to revenge you, I have
' not given sufficient Testimonies that I dearly love
' you.' She made many Discourses of this Nature,
and at last changing the Subject for *Alcamenes* :
' wherefore, deluding *Alcamenes* (*said she*) dost
' thou rob me of *Alcimedon's* Face ? Is it to disarm
' me of my just Anger, whose last Effects
' thou mayest well fear ? Ah ! rather take the
' odious Shape of mine Enemy, and if thou escapest
' this Wound, live if thou canst in safety from
' *Menalippa's* Fury, which thy Submissions had
' almost disarmed.' She talked long after his Rate,
tormenting herself all the Night, and in the Morning
she rose early, but so troubled at her Dream,
and the Ideas which it had left in her Spirit, that
she was scarce capable of any Discourse.

So soon as she was dress'd, the Prince of the *Mas-fages* entered her Chamber, and told her from the King, that she might depart so soon as she pleas'd, and that if she thought fit, an honourable Train should attend her from *Serica* to the Metropolis of her Kingdom.

Menalippa was confounded at *Orontes's* Bounty, and was even upon the point of repenting the Evil she had done him, but (whilst she prepared her Answer, and was thinking in what Manner she should receive her Enemy's Offer,) she saw *Sosthenes* enter her Chamber with the Letter which *Alcamenes* had dictated.

Menalippa received, opened, and read it, not knowing what to do in the Trouble that possess'd her, and had she considered, she would not possibly have received a Letter from *Alcimedon's* Murtherer; but full of Pre-occupation, she read these Words.

The dying Alcamenes, to the pitiless Menalippa.

‘ WERE not Death more dear and more
 ‘ glorious to me from your Hand than
 ‘ mine own, I had prosecuted your Design; but
 ‘ if it be possible, I will dye by you, as I dye for
 ‘ you; and if (by the Anger of Heaven) this Glory
 ‘ is refused me, I will seek my Consolation in the
 ‘ Felicity of pleasing you, and render you in *Da-*
 ‘ *cia* this Head which you have devoted to your
 ‘ Resentments. It is not just that you should come
 ‘ to seek with so much Pain and Peril here that
 ‘ which is your own, and which I would have
 ‘ offered to you, had you not prevented me. The
 ‘ Gods know it was always my Design to obey
 ‘ you, and I desire them to abandon me to Dis-
 ‘ graces yet more great (if it be possible) than those
 ‘ I have already resented, if the Crimes you re-
 ‘ proach

' proach me of, are known to me, or if I think
 ' myself culpable of any Offence toward you, save
 ' when I lifted my sacrilegious Hand against you.
 ' I have given the better Part of my Blood towards
 ' its Reparation, and if there remains one Sigh to
 ' compleat your Satisfaction, I will chase (*O Menalippa*) the unfortunate Soul out of my dying
 ' Body, leaving it not so much as a Receptacle
 ' upon my Lips, unless to express the last Accents
 ' of the dying *Alcmenes's* Love. Go then, fair
 ' Princess, into what Place soever you will, either
 ' Dead or Alive, I will send the Spirit of *Alcimedon*
 ' to you; he will shew you the Wound
 ' which you have made, and a Heart where, in-
 ' stead of *Alcmenes* whom you seek to destroy,
 ' you can only harm *Menalippa*; pardon me the
 ' Injuries which you have received in this Barbar-
 ' ous Land, whose Crown *Alcimedon* promised to,
 ' and *Alcmenes* destined for you; and do me the
 ' Favour to believe, that you might without Dan-
 ' ger, Trouble, or Displeasure, have seen the last
 ' Moments of *Alcmenes*.

Though *Menalippa* read the beginning of that
 Letter without any particular Emotion, yet those
 Parts of it wherein he mentioned *Alcimedon*, where
 he threatned to send the Spirit of *Alcimedon*, to
 shew her the Wound she had made, so troubled her,
 partly to comprehend the Sense of those strange
 Words, and the Conformity they had with her
 Dream (the Idea of which was still fresh in her
 Memory) and wherein the Spirit of *Alcimedon*
 which *Alcmenes* threatned to send, had already
 made its first Appearance, that there scarce remain-
 ed either Reason or Discourse in her; she was ex-
 ceedingly astonish'd, how *Alcmenes* should know
 that *Alcimedon* had promised her the Crown of
Scythia, and in this Mixture of different Thoughts,

she fell into the Extremities of Confusion: 'What Fortune is mine, *said she*, within herself? And with what Manner of Man have I to deal? Who could not only kill *Alcimedon*, but also dispose of his Spirit after Death, and know the most secret of his Thoughts whilst living.' Her Spirit being embroiled on this Manner, she knew not what presented it self to her Eyes or Thoughts; at last lifting up her Eyes, which had been fix'd on the Ground, and fastening them on the Face of *Softbenes*, whom she had seen a thousand Times in *Dacia* with *Alcimedon*, she presently knew him; this Sight and Knowledge plunged her into a great Perplexity, and being forced to take her Bed through Weakness, which but a little before she had left; and casting most passionate Regards upon the Face of *Softbenes*, 'Are you not call'd *Softbenes*, *said she*, and did you not serve *Alcimedon* whilst he was in *Dacia*?' I have served him many Years, *said Softbenes*, and to him have I dedicated all the Days of my Life. 'How couldst thou then (*reply'd Menalippa*) without Horror come near his Assassin?' I have not done it, *reply'd Softbenes*, but in Obedience to his Command, and the Person of his Assassin is so dear to him, that I cannot render him a more agreeable Service, than in promoting that Passion which he will preserve for her even to his Tomb.

How, *reply'd Menalippa*? Doth the Spirit of *Alcimedon* still love the Person of his Murtherer? She stayed a while at these Words, and (not giving *Softbenes* Time to speak) 'tis no marvel, *added she*, that this generous Spirit came whilst I slept, endeavouring to disarm my Spirit against *Alcimenus*; and I begin to understand his threat of sending the Ghost of *Alcimedon* to me, though I cannot imagine what Power he hath so to do.

But

BUT, *Softbenes*, since *Alcimedon* hath so dearly loved *Menalippa*, and that *Menalippa* hath preserved so much Friendship for *Alcimedon*, wherefore, after the Loss of your Master, have you not, after *Leander's* Example, fix'd yourself in *Menalippa's* Service, but in that of *Alcamenes*? This Discourse began to trouble *Softbenes*, imagiuing (with some Movements of Pity) that Grief had disturbed *Menalippa's* Judgment; but as he was preparing a reply, *Leander* entred the Chamber, quite out of Breath, and accosted the Princess with a mighty Astonishment: Madam, *said he*, I come to tell you News, and fill you with Repentance for many of your Actions. *Menalippa*, whose Spirit was already very unsetled, had not Power to answer, which *Leander* taking for a Permission to speak: Madam, *pursued he*, in passing through the next Street, I saw two Men fighting with a mighty Animosity; I drew near to part them, but just as I came, one of the two having received a mortal Wound fell at my Feet; I drew near to help him, but whilst I was upon this friendly Office, I saw [myself incompass'd with a great Number of others, who came upon the same Account. Your Succours are unprofitable, said the wounded Person to me; I perceive I must dye; and the Gods, who at this Time have justly deserted me, have permitted this in punishment of the Murder I committed on the Person of *Alcimedon*. These Words exceedingly surprized me. How, *said I*, are you one of those that *Alcamenes* made use of to kill *Alcimedon*? *Alcamenes* (*replied this Man*) contributed nothing to the Death of *Alcimedon*, it was by the Command of *Orchomenes* King of the *Nomades*, whose Subject I am, and who with Nineteen more of my Companions, murdered that valiant man near

the City of *Nicea*. *Alcemenes* was so far from being *Alcimedon's* Murtherer, that he revenged it on the person of *Orchomenes*, whom he slew in the Battel. These words having thrust me into a marvellous astonishment; Friend (*said I*): in the Name of the Gods hide not the Truth of that Relation which you have begun, it is of so great importance, and will conduce to the Justification and Repose of some so considerable persons, that you may expect very great Rewards, if the Gods spare your Life.

I pretend no longer to life, *reply'd he*, and in the last moments thereof I should be sorry to lye, in charging my self with a Crime which will render my memory odious: That which is only like to justify me, is, that *Orchomenes* was my King, and that I am a *Nomadian* by birth, and at that time commanded those Troops, which compos'd the Life-guard. Then related he to more than Fifty persons that were present, that *Orchomenes* having nourish'd a violent hatred against *Alcimedon* for the Death of his Brother, and the Imprisonment himself suffered by his Valour, no sooner saw this Prince return to the *Dacian* Camp, but he design'd his death, and immediately after his departure from the Queen's Tents, caus'd some to observe which way he went; and being inform'd, he command'd me to take twenty more of my Companions, and attend *Alcimedon's* return, and kill him how we could, promising excessive recompences, and giving part before hand. This Order was punctually observ'd, for the innocent *Alcimedon* the next Morning cast himself into our Ambuscado, where he was borne to the Earth, and pierc'd with twenty wounds in the Face and Throat. Thus, Madam, did he declare the Circumstances;

ces ; so that there is no reason to doubt but that it was so carried ; a little after, notwithstanding all our endeavours to prolong his Life, till the end of his Confession, he dyed in our Arms, and I ran with all diligence to relate the News, which will be confirmed by more than fifty Witnesses.

This was *Leander's* Relation, and *Menalippa* had too much Confidence in his Fidelity to doubt she report, and so called no other Witnesses ; but when she made reflection upon the dying Words of *Alcimedon*, who had uttered no other Name but that of *Alcamenes*, her confusion remained, and could perceive no light in these contrary appearances. It is true (*said she aloud*) 'tis true, that *Alcamenes* hath testified too much Virgue in all his Actions, to be guilty of so black a Murther ; yet it is true, *replied she*, that *Alcimedon* did name *Alcamenes*, and *Alcamenes* himself seemed to confess the Crime, and to glory in the Death of *Alcimedon*.

The Prince of the *Massagetes*, who was present all this time, understood nothing at all, and *Softbenes* who understood a part, was ignorant of the rest, and more astonish'd than any. He knew the Prince had never told the King his Father any thing of those Adventures which happened to him under the Name of *Alcimedon* ; so that before the Prince of the *Massagetes*, he would not speak more clearly to *Menalippa*, nor utter those Things which his astonishment had put into his Mouth ; but beholding her in a strange perplexity, and mortal inquietude, ' *Madam*, (*said he*) you may believe *Leander's* Relation, and if you will but see *Alcamenes* this one time, I dare promise you that you will be certainly convinced, it was not he who

‘ *New Alcimedon.*’ The Princess (confounded) raising herself at these words : Yes, *Softhenes* said she, ‘ I will revisit *Alcamenes*, and this Truth, which I desire to know, is sufficiently important to make me pass beyond my Resentments ; I cannot understand after those Words I heard from him, how could he be innocent of *Alcimedon’s* Death ? But if he be really so, I will so repair the Cruelties which I have exercised towards him, that I am sure he will grant my pardon.’ At these words she arose, and desiring *Softhenes* to demand the Prince leave to see him, she followed him immediately, and was almost so soon there as he.

The Prince (whose wound had made many promises that day of amendment) and the King who was with him, understood with astonishment her demand ; nor could they divine the Cause, though the Prince imagined his Letter had done it ; and resolving his Spirits against any Thing cruel or funest that could arrive, he prepared to receive this second Visit of *Menalippa* with more Courage than the former, and the King thought he saw some Beams of Joy darting a good Augur from *Softhenes’s* Face.

Menalippa entered the Chamber, followed by *Leander* and *Belisa*, but it was with less fierceness, and more sweetness than formerly. The King caused a Chair to be set for her by *Alcamenes’s* Bed, where being sat, *Alcamenes* (said she, with an assured Countenance) I come to make that reparation which I owe to you, if you are innocent, or which I owe my self, if you are guilty of that Fact which I would have punished by the loss of your Life ; I will make a confession of that before the King and other Persons here present, which I refused to confess in.

in the extremities of my Life to my own Mother ; and which I would never confess to any, were my own Life only interested therein. I have loved (since I must acknowledge it) with an innocent affection the valiant *Alcimedon* ; his Birth was never known to me, though I am not ignorant that it was of the most illustrious amongst Men ; but I have loved in him all the Vertues, and with so much innocence and purity, that this asseveration makes me not blush. I have lost him by a dismal accident, on that Day he should have fought with you : I saw him mortally wounded, under those Arms known to all *Dacia* by the brave Actions he performed under them ; and as he was giving up the Ghost in my Arms, I demanded the Name of his Murderer, and could draw nothing out of his Mouth, but (the Prince of *Scythia*.) That which I owed to his revenge made me forget my Sex. Love list'd me a Soldier, and I covered my self with the Arms of my dear *Alcimedon*, to revenge him by the death of *Alcmenes* ; and it happened that, in that Combat, you spake to me of *Alcimedon*, and boasted that you had punished his boldness, uttering whatever could confirm me in the Opinion I had conceived. You know what effects it hath produced since ; Love rendred me furious to revenge him I loved ; and I have not spared your Life, having first exposed mine to all manner of disgraces. You have accused me doubtless of cruelty, but you would rather have excused me, were my passion sufficiently known to you. In brief, I have believed you the cruel Murderer of my beloved *Alcimedon* ; but this Day that belief hath been shaken by contrary appearances ; the King of the *Nomades* is accused of this Fact, and I have rather believed it of him,

than of such a Prince as *Alcarnenes*, in whom I have always found too much Virtue to have believed him so guilty, had not mine Eyes and Ears imposed a contrary Opinion. Many Things do persuade me that you are innocent, and the Spirit of *Alcarneden* it self resisted this Night the Resentments I had against you, and complained of the Wound you received from me; yet it was from *Alcarneden's* own Mouth that I learn'd his Destiny, and you yourself spake to me of *Alcarneden*, as of a Person whose most secret Thoughts you knew. My Soul is so troubled at so many contrary Appearances, that I know not whereon to relye; and I should lose my Judgment, but that *Softenes* makes me hope that you will draw me out of this cruel Uncertainty; if you are innocent of this Crime, I will repair with the last drop of my blood, the Injuries I have done you; if not, I will endeavour to satisfy *Alcarneden's* Ghost, by sacrificing my own Life, not endeavouring any thing more against yours, which after the generous Treatments which I have received from the King your Father, and yourself, I cannot attempt without Ingratitude.

Thus spake *Menalippa*. And *Alcarnenes* (who called all his Courage to his Assistance) lost not one of these Words. But! O Gods! what Expressions can represent the State of his Soul, at this Change of his Fortune! He apprehended, at the same Time, not only that he was not hated by *Menalippa*, not only that her great Soul was touched with Pity for him, and that he now ceased to be the Object of her cruel Hate, which had produced so many funest Effects; but also, that all those violent Demonstrations of her Hatred against *Alcarnenes*, were the most tender and most passionate Proofs of her Love to *Alcarneden*. In short, the Wound he had received, the Blood he had lost,

the

the Dangers he had run, both from the Hand of *Menalippa*, and all those Enemies whom she had raised against him, were so many Testimonies of the most violent love he could have desired his Princess's heart to be possessed with.

Certainly (*great Ladies*) it will be very hard to apprehend to what extremities this knowledge carried him, and if grief had almost cast him into the Tomb, joy wanted but little of producing the same effects; he strove with a long Time knowing he should need all his Forces to resist it; and though he could not become an intire Master, yet he obtained so much of his patience, as was necessary to advance his Fortune to the uttermost. He remained a long time unable to speak, and gave *Menalippa* leisure enough to interpret his silence amiss; but having dissipated part of that which impeded his Discourse: ' Yes, *Menalippa*,
' said he, *Alcmenes* hath punished the audacious
' *Alcimedon*; but *Alcimedon*, (too glorious to
' be beloved of *Menalippa*) hath forgiven *Alc-*
' *menes* those things he made him suffer! and *Al-*
' *camenes* cannot complain of *Menalippa*'s Cruelty,
' if *Menalippa* still loves her *Alcimedon*.

He spake only these few Words, and there needed no more to make *Menalippa* know the beloved Voice of *Alcimedon*. *Belisa* and *Leander* who knew it (notwithstanding the Respect of the Place) cry'd both together; and the Princess impatient, or rather transported, drew the Curtain to view *Alcmenes*'s Face, and there found, maugre its Paleness, all the Lineaments of *Alcimedon*. A while she resisted these Appearances, which she could not but suspect, comparing what she saw to what she had seen. The Prince perceived her Astonishment, and taking Courage from his good Fortune:
' Doubt not, Madam, said he, that this *Alcme-*

' *nes* whom you have so hated, is the same *Alcimedon* whom you confess to have so dearly loved; and, as you never declared to the Queen your Mother, the Affection you bore *Alcimedon*, so did I never acquaint the King my Father, that *Alcimedon* was *Alcamenes*.

Him whom you saw expire under mine Arms, was without doubt the unfortunate *Cleomenes*, whose Story you shall know hereafter; and if you remember the Words I spake to you in the Combat, you will judge that *Alcamenes* as *Alcimedon*, might speak them of *Alcimedon*: And lastly, Madam, (continued he, taking one of her fair Hands, and pressing it with a thousand fiery Kisses) the same *Alcimedon*, who promised you the Crown of *Seythia*, is still in a Condition of making you the same Offer, through his Father's Bounty; and if you will permit him to pass at your Feet the Reliques of that Life which the Gods shall afford him, you will too generously repair those Evils he hath suffered by you, and thereby render me as happy and glorious, as even now I supposed myself miserable.

Alcamenes added many Words to these, during which, the Princess was partly recovered from her Astonishment, and possessed with so-immoderate a Joy, that it had likely to have proved mortal. After a strong Resistance, neither Modesty, nor the King's Presence, could hinder her from throwing her Arms about his Neck, and pressing him with so much Affection, that the Prince unable to resist so dear Caresses, had almost fainted in her Arms. *Alcimedon*, said she! My dear *Alcimedon*! expressing by these Words only, the Tenderness of her Heart, better than by the most eloquent she could have spoken; a River of Tears (whose Course she could not resist) succeeded, and opposed themselves

selves to all the tumultuous Expressions she would have uttered: But having given to her Joy, all that she could not refuse to *Alcimedon* living, she began to consider *Alcimedon* dangerously wounded by her own Hand, and this Consideration had almost carried her into her former Transports of Grief. How often in a Moment did she ask Pardon for her Cruelty with a Torrent of Tears? How did she detest that cruel Hand which gave the inhuman Blow? And, how often did the transported Prince protest, that her greatest Favours had never been so sweet as this precious Wound, which had given him so infallible a Proof of her Affection for *Alcimedon*. I shall abuse your Patience (great Princesses) if I draw this Discourse to a greater length, and since there is nothing more considerable to say, I shall conclude in a few Words.

The first Transports being over, the King drew near to participate in the common Joy, and having joined to the Pardon which he begged of *Menalippa*, for his Resentments against her, his Thanks for her Affection to *Alcimedon*, he understood by *Leander* and *Sosthenes*, all his Son's Adventures, to the least Particulars, and *Menalippa* recounted the Cause of her Error to proceed from *Alcimedon*'s Change of Arms with *Cleomenes*; and *Alcamenes* learn't poor *Cleomenes* Fate, whereof till then he had been ignorant.

The Wound of *Alcamenes* was the only Obstacle to their Happiness, and it pleased the Gods that within a few Days they lost their Fears of him, and a little after he quitted his Bed and Chamber, recovering with his Fortune his Strength and Courage, though with Displeasure to see himself so soon cured of a Wound, which he had received by a Hand so dear, and upon an Account so glorious.

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He was scarce cured, when the King, having obtained *Menalippa's* Permission, sent the Prince of the *Taura-Scythes* to the Queen *Amalthea*, to relate the wonderful Adventures of these two Lovers, and demanded her Consent to the Marriage. To which she agreed with exceeding Joy, and a Satisfaction much more intire, when she understood that *Alcarnenes*, whom she had sometime so hated, was *Alcimedon*, whom she so dearly loved. She sent into *Scythia* the Flower of her Court, to assist at the Ceremony of so famous an Alliance; and the Prince *Barzanes*, ravish'd with Joy at the Fortune of his Friend, and pardoning him the Refusal of his Daughter, was the Chief of that proud Ambassage. At last, they arrived at *Serica*, where *Alcarnenes* excused his Ingratitude to *Barzanes*, and received him with all the Caresses and Honour he could have rendred to the King his Father; and his Power from the Queen of *Dacia* was no sooner understood, but all Things were prepared for this famous Wedding, which a few Days after (with all imaginable Pomp and Satisfaction to the two Lovers, in which the Enjoyment of a Happiness which had been crost by so many Traverses of Fortune) was accomplished.

Merodates (intirely cured) assisted at this famous Marriage, not testifying the least Regret; and having promised to *Alcarnenes* an eternal Friendship, returned into his Kingdom, whence, as I learned since, he carried a War into *Thrace*, and there lost his Life, having acquired a beautiful Reputation by many Victories.

It is some five or six Years, since the Conclusion of the Amours of *Alcarnenes* and *Menalippa*: And it is certain, that their Love hath ever, since continued in its primitive Ardour; and that *Alcarnenes* contemplating daily the admirable Virtues of
the

the Queen his Spouse, hath always considered her as a divine Person.

The King *Orentes* dyed two Years after these Nuptials; and it was about the Time of *Alcames*'s Coronation that I arriv'd in *Scythia*, where I had the Honour to be known by this great Prince, and where I took Care to inform myself particularly of his memorable Adventures.

Thus finished *Megacles* his long Relation, possessing both the Princesses with Admiration, which they express'd by divers Questions, notwithstanding the Pressures of their own Misfortunes.

After this Converse, *Megacles* caus'd supper to be serv'd in, and a little after gave them the good Night; both the Princesses lying together, sought to unbend their cruel Inquietudes, by some Moments of Repose.





Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART IX. BOOK I.

A R G U M E N T.

The two Princesses, Cleopatra, and Artemisa, compare their Misfortunes, and compassionate and comfort one another. Artemisa, out of her Love to Alexander, and the Desire she had to be acquainted with her future Relations, entreats Cleopatra to give her an account of her Brothers and Sisters. Cleopatra relates the History of Julius Antonius, Antonia, and Young Ptolomy. Julius Antonius, riding a hunting one Day, is thrown by his Horse; and relieved by an unknown Lady, whom he falls passionately in Love with. Lucius Scipio is in Love with Emilia, the Daughter of Statilus Scaurus. Being a Friend of Antonius's, he carries him to see his Mistress, where, by a fatal

fatal Chance, he meets with the unknown Lady, who proves to be Tullia, the Daughter of Cicero. She abhors Antonius, as being the Son of Anthony and Fulvia, who had put Cicero to an ignominious and cruel Death. Tullia is courted by Cecinna, with the approbation of her Brother Quintus Cicero, who bringing her one Day to the Amphitheatre, to see the Combats of certain Beasts, Antonius hath another Sight of her, but is much troubled at her kindness to Cecinna. She shews him a Box, wherein was her own Picture, which he going to return her, it slips out of his Hands into the Area, where the Beasts fought. Antonius, perceiving how much Tullia was troubled at it, out of an extravagance of Passion, leapt down into the Area among the Beasts, and takes it up: but bringing it to her, out of a confidence she would take that expression of his Love with civility, if not with kindness, she, out of the horrid aversion she had for him, would not receive it: Whereupon he keeps it, protesting he would never restore it to any Hands but her own. Cecinna, meeting him afterwards alone, demands the Box of him, which Antonius refusing to deliver him, it begat a Duel, wherein Cecinna is killed. Upon which accident, as also at the request of Tullia, that he would not appear in her Sight again, Antonius leaves Rome, and is never after heard of.



THE slumber of the two fair Princesses could not be long, not only because the Night was far spent before they fell a sleep, but also because the importunate resentment of their Misfortunes would not permit a rest of any great continuance.

tinuance. 'They hardly opened their bright Eyes to receive in the light, but they opened them without let out tears; and it could hardly be discerned whether came out of their Mouths first, or certain broken sighs, or some mournful expressions. The drawing must needs be full of Affliction, that was to be delivered of a Day so fatal to these two desolate Princesses: For neither could the great courage of *Cleopatra*, nor the resignation of *Artemisa* fortify them, so as to entertain with constancy, the first idea that presented it self to their imaginations, of the misery they were to expect. *Artemisa*, having been awake some few Minutes, and bestowed her first reflections on the memory of her *Alexander*, turns to the Princess *Cleopatra*, and putting forth her Arm to embrace her, she felt her give a little start, and turning from her to the other side with a certain action, wherein she observed no small disturbance. Thinking her self obliged to be as tender of the concernment of that dear Sister of hers, as of her own, she hastily asked her the Reason of it; and the fair Daughter of *Anthony*, ushering in her Answer with certain sighs, 'Sister, said she to her, the affliction I am in, does not only disturb my Reason, but it is unmerciful to my Senses; and my deluded imagination having while I slept entertained me with the idea of *Coriolanus*, hath brought into my Ears the sound of his very Voice, and caused me to hear certain Words, which I should be confident could proceed from no other Mouth than his, were I not now satisfied, to my confusion, that it is only to my imagination that I must attribute these deplorable effects of my Affliction. Inexorable, and yet unfortunate Princess, (*says that known Voice*) I must then be content to lose you for ever.' These few words

are

are all I heard, or, to say better, thought I heard; but the sound, I have some time been so well acquainted with, hath made such an impression in my hearing, that, with all the assistance of my Reason, I can hardly be perswaded, that I have not heard the very Voice of *Coriolanus*. 'Twas with that reflection that I started as you felt, and turning to you that I look'd wish'dly about me through the remainder of the impression which my error had left in my thoughts.

Such was the discourse of *Cleopatra*; and *Artemisa* approved her opinion: But it was not long ere she fell into another imagination which might have added very much to her affliction, had she fastened her thoughts on it: For she imagined for some Minutes, that *Coriolanus*, killed in the Combat wherein she had left him engaged, it might haply be, that his Spirit wandering about that which he had some time dearly loved, had entertained her with those passionate Words. This reflection found at first some little entertainment in her mind, and might have done abundance of mischief there, had she afforded it any long entertainment: But that being such in her, as was not capable of ordinary weakness, that extravagance was soon dispell'd by the light of her Reason, and communicated to *Artemisa*, who gave it more credit than she had done. For the *Armenian* Princess was easily drawn in, to think the opinion very probable, and soon perswaded, that if it were true, that *Cleopatra* had heard certain words pronounced by a voice, like that of *Coriolanus*, 'twas questionless, the Spirit of that unfortunate Prince, dead in the Combat, wherein they had left him, with little assurance of his safety, that spoke them to the Princess he had so dearly loved while he lived, and whom haply he still loved; even after
his

his Death. From the opinion she had conceived of the Death of *Coriolanus*, she derived all the affliction her vertue could give her for a Prince, whose extraordinary endowments deserved a better fate; and the friendship she had for *Cleopatra*; for a Man, who (how angry soever she might seem to be, and how highly soever she might disguise her sentiments) was much dearer to her, than her Life. Certain it is, that what sense soever she might have of her own Misfortunes, it abated nothing of what she conceived for so great a Loss; so that to the tears she might shed for her own unhappiness, she added some for the Death of *Juba's* Son. But when, reflecting on her Fortune, she passed from one consideration to another, and was satisfied that she might mind her own interest with those of others, without any breach either of Friendship or Generosity, she thought, that, if *Coriolanus* were for certain Dead, (an accident she neither could nor would conceive, without an extraordinary affliction) it might occasion no inconsiderable alteration in *Cleopatra's* condition and her own; and that, it being not impossible, *Cleopatra's* inclinations might change, when the object of her affections were in the grave, if she could consider the Love of the King her Brother, with other Eyes than she had done before, and be perswaded by time and necessity to marry him, that Prince, how exasperated soever he might be against *Artemisa* and *Alexander*, would not only pardon them for *Cleopatra's* sake, but would, no doubt, confirm their Marriage, and suffer them to enjoy in quiet what they had sought with so much trouble and danger. To this happiness would be added also that of having *Cleopatra*, for whom she had a passionate Affection, her Sister two several ways, insomuch, that this reflection flattered her into a hope that was not unpleasant. True it is, that
she

she could not raise it to that height, as to reflect on the Death of *Coriolanus* without grief; but rather that she was content to seek out some comfort in her Misfortunes, without intrenching so much as to the least wish, upon what she owed the vertue and friendship of *Cleopatra*. Yet durst she not communicate this reflection to the desolate Daughter of *Anthony*, conceiving, not without Reason, that such a Discourse would not be delightful to her; but she felt her resolution growing stronger and stronger by that glimpse of hope, and betrayed in her countenance more settledness and less sorrow than she had done the Day, nay, indeed, for some minutes before.

This little alteration happened in her thoughts, at the same time that those of *Cleopatra* met with such another; for that fair Princess, out of motives quite contrary to those of *Artemisa*, had just then fastened on resolutions, worthy the *Cleopatra's*. She had hardly well fixed on them, but, not able to disguise them either by her Countenance or her Discourse, she embraced *Artemisa*, with a gesture less sad than all the precedent; and letting her read in her Eyes Part of what passed in her Soul, ‘*Sister*, said she to her, Let
‘ us not weep any longer, but rather hope, from
‘ the assistance of the Gods and our own Courage,
‘ the remedy of our misfortunes; it may be our
‘ unhappiness will not be so great as we were
‘ afraid it may, and if our hard fates reserve us
‘ for what we fear as most insupportable, we shall
‘ not want the assistance of our vertue, either to
‘ overcome, or to entertain it as we ought. For
‘ your part, *Sister*, I hope it will be no hard
‘ matter to pacify the King your Brother; and I
‘ think it not impossible, you and *Alexander* may
‘ come together; and for me, I can easily content
what-

‘ whatever may happen to me, when I do Life
‘ itself. Ever since the cruel confidence I have
‘ had of the infidelity of *Coriolanus*, I value it so
‘ little, that I should not be much troubled to lose
‘ it, whenever it shall please my ill fortune to
‘ put me into any such exigency; and if the
‘ King your Brother violates the respect due to
‘ me, or do any thing that shall make my capti-
‘ vity insufferable to me, I shall free my self by
‘ the same courses the Queen my Mother took to
‘ avoid it; and I have that example so much be-
‘ fore my Eyes, that I were unworthy the name I
‘ bear, should I seek for assistance any where else
‘ while I have that of my own Courage. This
‘ resolution once taken, I no longer fear the King
‘ of *Armenia*, and since I hope no more of *Co-*
‘ *riolanus*, whether dead or unfaithful, I look on
‘ whatever may happen to me, in a manner
‘ with indifference, and shall entertain it haply
‘ with a constancy whereof the very example may
‘ add much to yours.

No doubt but *Artemisa* found some comfort in
this Discourse of *Cleopatra*, not that she ap-
proved that hope, which the Daughter of *An-*
thony grounded only on a contempt of Life, but
was glad to see her in a quieter posture than she
had been in before; and though she had not the
confidence to discover to her the reflection that
had found her the Entertainment of some few
Minutes, yet was she of a belief that time might
so dispose of her, as to endure such a discourse, and
that in the mean time she might admit a conver-
sation less afflictive than that wherein they had
already passed away so many cruel hours. Accord-
ingly, no sooner were these two Princesses resolved
to submit to what the uncertainty of fortune might
cast upon them, but they seemed to be quite
changed

changed from what they were; the current of their Tears was dried up, and by degrees they passed to some discourse different from that of their present misfortunes. Yet could not *Artemisa* give over disputing in favour of *Coriolanus*, and would maintain against *Cleopatra*, that after the last expressions he had given her of his affection, in his forsaking of his Kingdom, the trouble it was to wander up and down the Earth to find her out, and the late Combat he was engaged in before their Eyes, against those that would have ravished them, she could not be perswaded he was unfaithful to her. *Cleopatra*, who would gladly have been induced to believe *Coriolanus* innocent, opposed what she said with the reasons before alledged, yet so as that through her arguments, might be perceived part of what *Artemisa* represented in his favour.

But at last this discourse of a Person, of whose life there was much uncertainty, adding to her grief, she would needs change it, and put *Artemisa* upon some other.

The love which that Princess had for *Alexander*, made her desirous to know, and willing to hearken to any thing that related to his Family, as if she had some concernment therein; and that consisting of divers illustrious Persons of both Sexes. *Artemisa*, who had seen only *Alexander*, and *Cleopatra*, and young *Ptolomy*, while yet a Child, had the curiosity to desire some account of the Sisters and Brothers of her beloved Prince. She had not the Time to understand the Particularities of their Lives and Fortunes, (for what she had heard from *Alexander*, related to the Time while they were yet very young, and not what happened to them since his departure from *Rome*;) But though she would gladly have been informed of
of

of all, yet had she a more particular inclination for the Princess *Antonia*, whom *Cleopatra* had mentioned very much to her advantage in her own History, and young *Ptolomy*, of whom she had heard such beginnings, as gave many occasion to conceive very great hopes of him. *Cleopatra* satisfied her as to all she desired; but afterwards observing her design was to have a more particular knowledge of them, and thinking it cruelty not to comply with the affection she expressed towards her House: ‘ *Sister*, said she to her, I perceive
‘ you are not satisfied with the Account I have
‘ given you of our House, and if we were in some
‘ other Place, I had already entertained you with
‘ the discourse you would put me upon, of the
‘ fortunes of our nearest Relations: But, *Sister*,
‘ the likelihood I am in to engage in a long relation much dissonant to our present condition,
‘ and such as would require such a freedom of Spirit
‘ as I now have not as to narration, nor you to
‘ attention, deters me.

‘ Ah *Sister*! says *Artemisa*, for my part, what
‘ misfortune soever I am persecuted with, I cannot want the attention I ought to have for
‘ the fortunes of our Brethren; and if you can as
‘ well without inconvenience give me a particular
‘ account of their Lives and Affairs, as I should
‘ hear it without Passion, you would make no
‘ difficulty to undertake a relation, that may prove
‘ the greatest ease to my Afflictions, that haply
‘ they are capable of. Nor, *Sister*, that I dare,
‘ without blushing, put you to that Trouble, and
‘ if you think it fit that *Camilla*, or any other
‘ of your Women, who haply can satisfy me as
‘ to what I would know, supply your Place, I
‘ should make less difficulty to abuse her Patience
‘ than yours, and should nevertheless receive the
‘ satisf-

' satisfaction I desire. Sister, replies *Cleopatra*,
 ' no doubt but *Camilla* is able to acquaint you
 ' with Part of what you desire, and would enter-
 ' tain you with adventures, such as must needs be
 ' known to the Persons that were about us : But
 ' she cannot possibly give you an account of some
 ' Particularities, that haply went no farther than
 ' my knowledge, since it was to me more than
 ' any one else, that the Persons now to be spoken
 ' of, communicated their most secret Sentiments,
 ' and that it was in a manner in my Presence, that
 ' the greatest Part of the things happened. The
 ' relation will haply be somewhat long, (though
 ' it may not contain any great variety of Adven-
 ' tures, and that in all likelihood I shall not be
 ' able to leave off when I would) but since I made
 ' a shift Yesterday to continue that which I had
 ' begun, of the History of my own Misfortunes,
 ' I hope I shall be as able to go through with this,
 ' and I shall endeavour all that lies in my Power,
 ' not to omit any thing that may any way satis-
 ' fy your curiosity.' Whereupon *Cleopatra*, pre-
 ' paring herself for the narration, the two Princesses
 ' thought it their best course to lie still a-bed, be-
 ' cause it was very betimes in the Morning, and bid
 ' those that waited on them, to prevent, as much as
 ' they could, any from coming to disturb them.
Camilla took that charge upon her, and so not
 ' long after, the fair *Cleopatra*, having bestowed
 ' some few Minutes to recal into her Memory the
 ' things she had to say, began her discourse in these
 ' Terms.

*The History of Julius Antonius, Antonia, and
 Ptolomy.*

BEfore I give you the account you desire of the
 Adventures of *Ptolomy* and *Antonia*, it will

not be amiss, Sister, to make mention of an Elder Brother we have had, and whom haply we have yet, though I said little of him in my own History, in regard it is so long time since we have either seen or heard from him, that we have acted hitherto as if there were no such Person in the World. His beginning discovered him not to be unworthy the Blood of *Anthony*, and all things in him were great enough to rescue him from the oblivion of his nearest Relations. But before I acquaint you with the first beginnings of his Life, and the strange accident whereby we lost him, I shall tell you what condition the unfortunate *Anthony* left his Family in when he died, though I doubt not but you have heard something of it from *Alexander*. I am easily perswaded, Sister, you are not to learn how that *Anthony* left seven Children by three Wives, by *Fulvia*, who was the first, *Antilius* and *Julius Antonius*; by *Octavia*, *Cesar's* Sister, the two Princesses, *Agrippina* and *Antonia*; and by Queen *Cleopatra*, *Alexander*, *Ptolomy*, and myself. For the two Daughters by *Octavia*, and for us, the issue of *Cleopatra*, we all had our Education together, in the House of that vertuous Princess, with all the civilities and kindneses that could be expected from a most affectionate Mother; and as to the two Children of *Fulvia*, *Antilius* was killed not long after the Death of our Father, by *Cesar's* Soldiers, (his Fate having proved not unlike that of our Brother *Cesaris*, whose first eruptions, and the great inclinations he discovered, raised some jealousy of him in *Augustus*, who for that Reason took away his Life) and *Julius Antonius* was provided for, as we were, by the indulgent *Octavia*; and not long after possessed of the House of *Fulvia*, and all the Estate belonging thereto, with an addition of somewhat out of *Antio-*

Anthony's. To be short, his condition was such, that he needed not envy the Fortunes of any Roman whatsoever, and though he had not those Kingdoms at his disposal, which had been at his Father's, yet did he keep up our House in the greatest lustre it ever was in before the Death of *Julius Caesar*, and before *Anthony* and *Augustus* made themselves Masters of the Empire. He was elder than *Alexander* and my self, by seven or eight Years, insomuch, that within a short time after our Misfortune, and while we were yet brought up as Children by *Octavia*, he was numbred among the young Princes that pretended to employments and opportunities of acquiring Fame. He was certainly born to all the noblest and greatest endowments; and though he were not so fair as *Alexander*, yet had he a high and majestick look, was of a proper Stature, and wanted not any of those advantages, either of Body or Mind, which could rationally be wished in him. With this, his inclinations were absolutely noble; he was wholly disposed to the acquisitions of Virtue, and an earnest suitor to those opportunities which lead a Man to glory. We cannot indeed complain, but that he expressed as great affection towards us, as we could expect from a Brother, and him a virtuous one: But in regard we were of several Venters, lived in several Houses, nay, that ours was in some sort divided between him and us, and that even among the kindred of *Fulvia*, there was no small aversion for the Name of *Cleopatra*; certain it is, that our familiarity was so much the less with him, and that he concerned himself less in our Affairs, than if our Family had not been dis-united: Which is the Reason that you had so little mention made of him in the first beginnings of the Life of *Alexander* and mine. Whence yet I would

not have it thought, as I told you, that we can reproach *Julius Antonius* with any backwardness to do all the civilities and good offices we could expect from his Friendship; but that when any great emergencies interven'd, he was no longer among us; and it is upon that account that I have been destitute of his assistances in all those occasions which the Love of *Coriolanus* hath furnished me with, to make use of them, and of which I have already made you a relation.

You have, I question not, understood, from *Alexander*, as also from me, all the particularities of our younger Years; but to give you an account of *Julius Antonius*, I am to tell you, that after he had attained perfections in all those Exercises, that are proper to Persons of his Birth, he was no sooner arrived to an Age fit to bear Arms, but he sought out the Wars with much earnestness, and engaging himself in the Armies of *Dalmatia*, *Pannonia*, as also that which *Marcus Crassus* conducted against the *Basternes*, and having gone through all employments and charges suitable to his Age, with all the good success imaginable, he acquired a noble Fame, and gave the World ground to conceive as glorious hopes of him as of any other whatsoever. Being, after several Years spent in Travel, returned to *Rome*, he settled there, and was honoured by all, nay wanted not from *Cesar* himself more than ordinary expressions of esteem and affection. He was at first established at the Court among Persons of the highest Rank, so far, that only *Marcellus*, and the Children of *Livia*, particularly favoured by *Cesar*, seemed, by reason of the advantage of their Fortune, to aim at higher pretences. His expence was noble and magnificent, his disposition inclined to do civilities and to oblige, and his whole deportment
such

such as all the World approved, and were satisfied with. Accordingly, he soon got him a great number of Friends, and, those only excepted, whom the divisions of *Rome*, and the distractions of the *Triumvirate* had made irreconcilable Enemies to our House, there were very few of the *Roman Nobility*, who had not a particular esteem for him, and courted not his Friendship. When he went to *Augustus's* Palace, he was attended by a gallant retinue of young Gentlemen. In all publick shews, and all Assemblies that met either at the Empress's, or at the young Princess *Julia's*, he always had the general Acclamations: And it was already the ordinary talk in *Rome*, that, if Fortune were any thing favourable to him, he would raise the House of *Anthony* to the height of lustre it had been in some few Years before. But it was not the Pleasure of the Gods he should continue long in that condition, and the quiet that he himself lost after a very strange manner, proved the occasion of our losing of him, to our no small grief. Now, Sister, shall you hear something which you will haply be astonished at, as to the Parallel you will find there is between the fate of *Alexander* and that of *Antonius*; whence you will haply imagine, that Fortune treating them as Brothers, would needs have some conformity between their adventures.

Among those exercises of the Body he was most addicted to, *Antonius* was the greatest lover of hunting, and used it very often. To that end being gone a Day's journey from *Rome* on the *Tusculum* side, where the Country is very pleasant, and very fit for that kind of Divertisement, he passed away certain Days there, with abundance of Satisfaction. The last of those he intended to bestow on that exercise, being as he was hunting a

Stag, forced to cross certain Woods in the pursuit, he came into a very pleasant Valley, where putting on his Horse very negligently down a little descent, and along the slippery Grass, he stumbled, but so of a sudden, that he could not get his Feet out of the Stirrups, nor prevent the Horse falling upon him so violently, that having knocked his Head against the Root of a Tree, he was not only senseless for the Time, but received also a very considerable Wound. A further misfortune was, that none of his Fellow-huntsmen being mounted comparably to him, or having taken other ways, there was not any one of his People near him, to afford him any assistance, in that condition, so that he lay groveling on the Ground, senseless, losing Blood, and being much in need of help, when certain Persons that passed by in a Chariot, in a way not far off, drew nearer and came out of the Chariot to relieve him. They were in number three, and they Women, without any Man with them, but he that drove the Chariot, and certain Slaves that followed it. She of the Women that seemed to be of the greatest Quality, perceiving my Brother to be in the sad condition I told you of, was extremely troubled for him, and concluding otherwise by his countenance, and the sumptuousness of his Cloaths, (though he had only a riding Suit on) that he was of no mean condition, she seemed very much inclined to do him all the good she could. She first looked on the wound in his Head, which she found not to be very dangerous; yet did she not think it amiss to put some Linnen to it, which she tore off the Cloath of her Maids.

While she was thus employed, *Antoni*, whose greatest hurt proceeded from the senselessness he had been in, comes to himself, and opening his Eyes, saw that he was under the Hands of those
fair

fair and officious Surgeonesses. He was not a little astonished at the adventure, and though he were in some doubt of the truth, nay, remembered that he had seen the Chariot as he came into the Valley, yet could he neither forbear being surprized at the first, nor afterwards divert the amazement with the sight of so beautiful a Person, as she that stood by him, put him into. He cast his Eyes upon her, yet without speaking, and viewed her all over several times, in such a manner, as easily betrayed his admiration. He had indeed some reason to look on her with a particular attention, for there was both in her Countenance and her Person, what might very well fasten the Eye, and fetter the Imagination. Her Stature was of the Noblest, and her deportment discovered a certain grace that was wholly particular. All the Features of her Face were regularly well drawn, her Mouth extremely handsome, her Hair of the fairest Flaxen that could be, and her Eyes were animated by some thing so sparkling, and withal so passionate, that among the greatest Beauties the Earth affords, there is not haply any one so fit to produce a sudden effect, and to imprint something of Passion in a Soul capable thereof. In fine, whether she were truly such, or that the inclinations of *Antony*, represented her as such, she seemed to him a very admirable Person, and he looked on her a long time with a certain astonishment, without so much as being able to open his Mouth to acknowledge the good Office she had done him. But at last he absolutely recovers himself as well of his surprize, as the senselessness occasioned by his fall, and conceiving himself to be in a very indecent posture, before a Person he thought worthy all possible respects, he would needs rise up, but he could not do it without some difficulty, as having

his Leg a little crushed by the Horse that had fallen upon it; insomuch, that when he was got up, being not well able to stand, he was forced to lean against a Tree, where, minding not so much the pain he felt, as the noble adventure he had met with, he at last broke forth, and looking on that fair Lady, with an action that already spoke something that argued abundance of Passion, ' I know not, *said he to her*, or rather divine Lady, what acknowledgments I ought to return your Goodness, for Words will be but weak expressions thereof, if you do me not an absolute Favour, by affording me some occasion to return you part of what I owe you.' The Assistance you have received from me, replies that excellent Person, with such an accent as discovered something full of Charm, ' is no more than what we are obliged to do to all those that stand so much in need thereof as you did, and particularly to those, who, as you, carry about them what distinguishes them from the ordinary rate of Men. Your present Condition is not, so far as I can judge, very good, and therefore if you please to make use of my Chariot, I will bring you to a place, where you may receive the helps you stand in need of, better than you can here.' These Words came from her (as *Antonius* hath related since) with so much kindness, insinuation and Majesty, that he was infinitely taken with it, and felt at that instant, the sudden quickning of a Passion, which till then could never get entrance into his Soul; insomuch that he began to consider her again with a Gesture that expressed part of what he felt; and thinking it a dishonour not to return some Answer to so obliging a Proffer. ' I have not been able, *said he to her*, to resist the Effects of your Goodness, nor prevent your Hands

‘ Hands from taking the Pains they have, be-
‘ cause I was in a Condition that allowed me not
‘ the Knowledge of your Favours; but how pre-
‘ cious soever I ought to account them, I shall
‘ not presume so far upon you as to abuse them,
‘ but be content to preserve, till Death deprive me
‘ of it, the glorious Remembrance of those I have
‘ received, without desiring any other of you,
‘ which, being troublesome to you, might too
‘ much betray my Incivility.

Thus did he endeavour to put off the Civility of the unknown Lady, wherewith yet he was at last willing to comply, out of the violent Inclination he had to follow her. But just upon this comes in some of his People, and seeming to be not a little frightened at that Adventure, they came about their Master, viewing him all over with much Earnestness, and holding him up under the Arms to help him to walk, *Antonius* began to feel within him a Wound, which took up his Thoughts more than the Hurt of his Body, and so was desirous, with the Assistance of his Men, to get near that fair Lady, who was gone some few Paces from him: But at the same time one of her Maids, having before spoken to one of *Antonius*’s Men, comes to her, and whispers something in her Ear. She had no sooner heard what she said, but her Colour changed. She seemed to be extreamly at a loss; insomuch, that turning her back on the Prince, after she had called her Slaves to her, she went to her Chariot, got into it, commanded it should be made fast, and to make all haste thence. *Antonius*, more surprized at this Accident than he had been at the former, it raised in him a certain Vexation and Astonishment; so that being still between his People, he lift up his Voice, the better to be heard by that fair Lady: ‘ How, Madam,

*' said he to her, do you forsake me ere you afford
' me the Time to return you my Thanks? I for-
' give them you, reply'd she a little smartly, and
' you stand no longer in need of my Assistance.'*
The Prince was not able to master himself in the
Agitations, which so unexpected a Separation caus-
ed in him, insomuch, that his Impatience was
such that he spoke then what he would not haply
have the Confidence to speak in a long Time, had
he been in another Condition: ' Ah! Madam,
' *cry'd he, the Pain I endure, is very much greater
' than you imagine, and the Wound you have
' seen is very slight in Comparison of that which
' you have given me:'* Alas! *continued he, see-*
ing her departing, and following her with his
Eyes, while she made all the haste she could away,
*Must I lose you so suddenly, and with so much
' Cruelty, without knowing either the Cause of
' your Departure, or my Unhappiness? What
' have I done? What have I attempted? Or what
' have I so much as thought, that should in a
' Moment work a Change in those officious In-*
*clinations? Have you perceived in my Heart
' the Creation of your own Eyes there? Or have
' you discovered therein any Thing so injurious
' to yourself, as to arm, in an instant, with so
' much Disdain, a Mind wherein I had found so
' much Goodness, and so much Humanity?'* These
Words he scattered into the Air, while the Cha-
riot drove on with all speed, till that, not long after
getting into a Wood, he quite lost the Sight of it.

*Antonius, over-pressed with Affection, sat him
down on the Grass, whereupon reflecting on his
Adventure, he found so much Matter to grieve at,
that it was with much ado that he admitted any the
least Mitigation thereof. He was ignorant what
Motive could induce a Person so officious, and one
that*

that had made Proffers to him so full of Obligation, after she had assisted him with her own Hands, to exchange so much Indulgence into so much Disdain; nay, he was to seek who that fair, good-natured, and scornful Person was, from whom he had received so much Good, and so much Hurt; and what compleated his Affliction, was, that he could not inform himself from any of his own People, who ingenuously confessed they had not the Curiosity to enquire, though one of her Maids had come to them, and learned his Name, which it seems they made no Difficulty to tell her. *Antonius* blamed them a hundred times for their Stupidity, though they alledg'd by way of Excuse, that the Disturbance which his Fall had put them into, so took up their Thoughts, that they could reflect on nothing else. Being therefore desirous to do all that lay in his Power to learn out the Name of a Person, whose Idea was but too well engraven in his Heart, he commanded one of his Men to get on Horse-back immediately, and ride after the tracks of the Chariot, and without fail to find out some Means or other to know the Truth, and to come and give him an Account of it at a House of *Servilius's* which he named to him, that lay about two Hours riding from that Place, and upon the Way to *Rome*. Having given him this Order, he with the Assistance of those that were about him, got on Horse-back, and though it was with some Difficulty that he sat, yet he made a shift to ride on easily towards *Servilius's* House.

It were a hard task for me to represent to you the different Reflections that exercised his Thoughts all the Way he rode; but certain it is, as he hath himself acknowledged since, that though he felt no small Pain in his Body, yet he never so much as minded it; and that he had so deeply graven

his Heart the Idea of a Person, one while kind and obliging, and another, cruel and disdainful, and yet both in her Mildness, and in her Scorn ever fair, and ever full of Charm, that he was not one Minute without it. ' What a fantastick Adventure is this of mine ? *said he*, and what Arms does Fortune intend to take up against me ? Ought I to see that accomplished Person in a Condition, wherein her good Offices had begun, what her fair Eyes have compleated ? Or could my Soul, prevented by the Obligation, be insensible as to Beauty ? But when I had seen her, when I was obliged to her for her assistance, when her Beauty had enflamed me with Love, must I lose her after so strange a Manner, contrary to all Probability, contrary to all rational Order ? And, what I think yet much more insupportable, see her depart disdainful, incensed and exasperated, from a Place, where some few Minutes before she had appeared with so much Goodness ? By what Action have I incurred her Displeasure ? Or what could she discover in my Person, which should oblige her, so of a sudden, to exchange her first Sentiments, for such as were absolutely opposite thereto ? Or is it possible she may have truly read in my Eyes the Love which I already feel for her ? Or could she look on that unexpected Influence of her Beauty, as an Injury worthy her Indignation, and this Deportment of hers towards me ?

Having thus for some time spent his Thoughts on that Part of his Adventure, and passing to the other : ' But is it possible, *added he*, I should commend, or be dissatisfied with any one, and not know whom I either commend, or am dissatisfied with ? And shall I be long ignorant whom I ought to return my Thanks to, for the Assistance I have received, or whom I ought to

com-

complain of, for the Wound hath been given me? For, in fine, I feel, and that not without some Confusion, that I am really in Love. 'Tis from the Blood of *Mark-Anthony*, who lived and died the most amorous of Mankind, that I derive these amorous Inclinations: For had I not been born of him, the Charms of that unknown Beauty had not produced so unexpected an Effect.

Amidst these Reflections he comes to the House of *Servilius*, who chanced at that Time to be there himself, and who having understood the Accident had happened to him, caused him to be put into a Bed, and to be attended with as much Care and Affection as might be. The Hurt he had gotten by his Fall was not so considerable, insomuch, that before he left *Servilius's* House, which was about two or three Days after, he had very well recovered himself: But that which troubled him most, was, that he could not learn any Thing of what he desired from the Person he had sent after the Chariot, who had brought him no other Account, than that having lost the Track of it in the Sand, he had never been able to recover it again; and that, notwithstanding all the Enquiry he had made up and down the Villages thereabouts, yet could he not meet with any Tidings of it. So that my Brother, being still as ignorant as he had been before, after he had described the Place as well as he could to *Servilius*, and given him all the Marks whereby he might possibly know it, could not meet with any Satisfaction at all, though *Servilius*, the more to honour him, had sent for several other Persons, and had very diligently enquired of all the Ladies that might have any Habitation near the Place where the Accident had happened.

Ante-

Antonius having taken a great Deal of Pains in this Business to no purpose, returns to *Rome* with as much Melancholy, and haply with as much Love as ever Man could be capable of. He dissembled the Cause of his Affliction, as thinking it not fit to discover it, but to some few Persons that were his very intimate Friends, who were not a little astonished at the Adventure, and assisted him what lay in their Power, to find out the Name of the Person, whose Image he had so deeply imprinted in his Heart. *Agrippa*, to whom he had made a Relation of this Story, and who was his very particular Friend, had some Discourse with him of it, whenever they met together, and assisted him what he could, (though as ineffectually as others) in the Inquisition he was so much bent upon. His Melancholy was remarkable and obvious to all the World: Insomuch that those who knew him to be naturally of a chearful Disposition, could not conceive upon what Grounds his Humour was so changed of a sudden. It being about six or seven Years since what I relate to you happened, *Alexander* and I were too young to be admitted of his privy Council, so that it is since that I came to the knowledge of these Particularities.

In the mean time *Antonius*, as to point of Magnificence, lived much after the rate he was wont to do. He went daily to the Emperor's Court, who had a very great Esteem and Affection for him; and whereas the generous *Octavia*, his Sister, with whom we were (notwithstanding the ill Treatment she might have received from our Father) had nevertheless very great Respects for his Memory; she was as earnest for the Advancement of those Children that he had by his other Wives, as she could have been for that of her own, and that meerly out of the Excess of
Virtue

Virtue that was in her; thence was it, that she had a Design to marry *Antonius* to one of the Daughters she had had by *Marcellus* her former Husband, and who were brought up with us, without any Distinction, as if we had really been Sisters; as conceiving that she could not better dispose of her Daughters than to bestow them on the Sons of her Husband, or rather, that she could not do any thing more contributory to the advantage of her Son *Anthony*, than, by making him her Son in Law, to make him *Cesar's* Nephew, who was able to raise his Fortunes to the highest pitch of Greatness. It was indeed an admirable Expression of the indulgence of *Octavia*, in regard that by way of addition to the merit of their Person, which yet is extraordinary, her Daughters, whether we consider their Birth or their Fortunes, were such, as there were no Men in the World, who would not have been proud to serve them, upon the least appearance of any such pretention; nay, it might happily be affirmed, that, *Julia* only excepted, they were the best matches in the World.

You may well imagine that *Antonius* being acquainted with that goodness of *Octavia* towards him, entertained it with all manner of acknowledgment and respect; but by Reason of the misfortune whereby he was a little disordered, he received it not with any great joy, but found it no small difficulty to disguise his resentments as he was obliged to do. His Love was not haply raised to that violence which it might have arrived to, by a further knowledge of the Person beloved; yet was it strong enough to maintain the Garrison of his Soul against the assaults and eruptions of another passion, and to satisfy him, though not without an extraordinary

nary affliction, that, of necessity he must either prove ungrateful towards *Octavia*, or oppose the Advantages were intended him, or resolve to do a Thing, which, how advantageous soever it were, would not appear to be such, nay, not indeed supportable to his prepossessed imagination. But it being withal certain, that he was a Person of very great Endowments, and a noble Education, he neglected not to do what he thought requisite, to express his acknowledgments to *Augustus's* Sister, and forced his Inclinations so far, as to do all those devoirs and civilities, which he thought might be expected from him by the Princess *Marcella*, (so was called the elder of the Daughters of *Octavia* by *Marcellus* her former Husband.) 'Twas indeed with abundance of Prudence and Discretion, that he overcame the violence he did himself in that particular; but it was withal easy to observe, that he made it not his business to assure himself of that good fortune so much as in all appearance he should have done; or rather that he suffered those that were employed about it, to bestir themselves, he doing little or nothing contributory thereto. Those who made this observation were very much astonished at the dis-activity he expressed in an affair of such concernment to him, and instead of imagining the true cause, were persuaded that this indifference, or backwardness, proceeded from the little inclination he naturally had to marriage in general, against which he had been often heard to speak, and for which it was known he really had some aversion.

But when he had done all he thought himself obliged to by way of Sacrifice to that violence he had done his inclinations, and had some hours freely to dispose of, his Discourse ran upon misfortune,

fortune, and his Entertainment was of a strange Posture of his Spirit, and the odd effects of his adventure. He did indeed endeavour all he could, to force out of his thoughts the inevitable Idea which would have a place there, whether he would or no, and was so prejudicial to his quiet and his establishment. Nay, I know he did all that lay in his Power, to get it thence; and it may be his endeavours had, with the assistance of Time and his Reason, proved effectual, if he had not afterwards met with something, that instead of contributing to his recovery, confirmed him in his Passion.

Among those Friends whom he accounted his most intimate and familiar, *Lucius Scipio*, of the illustrious House of the famous *Scipio's* whose glory hath filled the Universe, was the chiefest. He was a Person not unworthy the name he bore, as being one, that while he was yet very young, the hope generally conceived of him, was, that he would not degenerate from his Ancestors. He had a violent passion for *Emilia*, the Daughter of *Statilius Scaurus*, and being very free and open to *Antonius*, he had given him a faithful account of the Progress of his Love, and had carried him along with him to *Emilia*. But this affection of his being of no long standing, *Antonius's* acquaintance at that House was not very great, besides that it was haply less, by reason it had been contrary to our Father's party; nay, I think he had accompanied *Scipio* but once thither. It is situated upon the *Tiber*, and the Garden, which is one of the fairest about *Rome*, reaching down to the River-side, which is kept off by a Terrace with Pilasters, very magnificent, and very commodious for Walking. It being the fairest Season of the Year, *Emilia* came down thither every Night

Night to take the Fresh-air, and *Scipio*, out of a certain Piece of Gallantry, very ordinary in *Rome*, taking a little Boat, and driving along the River to *Scaurus's* Garden, had often seen *Emilia* upon the Terrace, and, without quitting the Boat, had had in that manner several conversations with her. And whereas the design he had upon the Lady, was approved by his Friends, no Body took any Offence at, or censured his so doing; for since the House was always open to him, the conversation of the Garden was not forbidden him.

But meeting one Evening with *Antonius* at *Octavia's*, he invited him to that divertisement, and that he did the more freely, in regard he did not conceal any thing from him of his amorous Adventures. The melancholy *Antonius* was content to accompany his Friend to that Walk, and being gotten into the Boat with him, they went down the River towards *Emilia's* Garden. *Antonius*, out of a confidence not inferior to that of *Scipio* towards him, had discovered his mind to him, and had fully acquainted him with that fatal adventure, whereby he came to fall in Love with that unknown Beauty, and which had changed his natural cheerfulness into so much cloudiness and melancholy. *Scipio* had taken abundance of Pains to get him the acquaintance of that excellent Person, but his endeavours had proved as fruitless as those of other People. Now this consideration being the ordinary employment of *Antonius's* thoughts, it proved also the subject of his Discourse with *Scipio* in the Boat, and they talked of the Consequences of that Accident, till they came in sight of the Place where *Emilia* was wont to walk. It being as fair and pleasant an Evening as could be wished, *Emilia* failed not to be walking upon the Terrace, where *Scipio* and

and *Antonius* had no sooner discovered her, but they could perceive another Lady walking with her. The waves of the *Tiber* did continually wash the Wall of the Terrace, so that *Scipio* could cause the Boat to be brought as near it as he pleased, and the Terrace being of no great height, he could discourse with *Emilia*, and not speak any louder than ordinary, and discern all objects with ease, at a certain distance, which was not very great. As they drew near, *Scipio*, who knew not the Lady that was with *Emilia*, would have asked *Antonius*, whether he had any acquaintance with her; and *Antonius*, whose thoughts were otherwise taken up, and had not so much as looked towards her, thought to have a fuller sight of her when the Boat was come so near as that he might easily discern her. But, at the same instant, she, not desirous it seems to be known, lets fall her Veil over her Face, and deprived them of the sight of it; yet not so suddenly, but that the prepossessed *Antonius* could perceive some few rays of the same Beauty which he had so well graven in his Memory. This confused and imperfect glimpse put him into such a Disturbance, that he was no further concerned in the first interview between *Scipio* and *Emilia*, than a submissive salute to *Emilia* and her Companion amounted to, on the latter whereof his Eyes were so much the more fastened, out of that suspicion that raised no small tempest in his Heart. At last, he dispersed that cloud which he thought his Mind over spread with so unreasonably, and with so little ground, and engaging himself in the Conversation that was between *Emilia* and her Friend, he confirmed her by his Discourse, in the good Opinion she had conceived of her. *Emilia's* Companion seemed not

at all concerned in their Discourse, though she were still in place, and it being her design not to discover her self, she accordingly was resolv'd not to speak at all. But *Scipio* having a particular Curiosity to be acquainted with his Mistress's Friends of her own Sex, addressing his Speech to her: ' Since you are a Friend of *Emilia's*, said he to her, can you have so much
' cruelty to conceal your self any longer from
' those Persons, who of all the World, have
' the greatest Honour that may be for whatever
' is dear to *Emilia*? ' The Lady, who thought her self obliged not to be altogether wanting in point of Civility towards a Person of so much worth as *Scipio*, especially one she knew to be much in the affections of her Friend; or rather out of an Imagination, that the accent of her Voice would not be discovered by a Person, with whom she had not exchanged above three or four Words in her Life, would needs put her self to the hazard of making him some Answer. Seeing him therefore in a great expectation of it;
' Though I am a Friend of *Emilia's*, said she
' to him, yet am I not any of those you have
' seen about her before; and, for my Face, it is
' so little known in *Rome*, that you would be
' never the more satisfied, though you had your
' full sight of it.

Those few words were all they could get from her, but there needed no more to discover her to my Brother, and the accent of that Voice came so full into his memory, that at the first syllable she uttered, he knew her again as perfectly as if he had spent his whole Life with her; and to the knowledge of her Voice, adding the great trouble she was in to conceal her self, and the little glimpse he had had of her Face
when

when she covered, he was absolutely satisfied she was the same Person, that, in so few minutes, had raised such a combustion in his Soul. Whence it came that he was at such a loss at the rencounter, that he continued in suspense for some minutes, between astonishment and joy; but at last, not able to master his first sentiments, which absolutely betrayed him to the mercy of his passion, and crying out with an Action full of Transportation: 'Ah! Madam, said he to her, though you are unknown to *Scipio*, you are not to *Antonius*, and the fatal Assistance you once afforded him, hath left an Impression of you too deeply graven in his Heart ever to mistake you, however you may be pleased to conceal yourself from him. 'Tis you that a grateful Inclination, and a Soul over-flown with the tendrest Passion seeks every where; and it is you alone for whose Sake I condemn all the *Roman* Beauties, nay, whatever the Earth affords besides.

He had said more, his Passion it seems suggesting such Words as he could not forbear uttering, when that cruel Beauty desirous to avoid all further Discourse with him, whispered something to *Emilia*, and taking her by the Arm, drew her along with her, hardly affording her the Leisure of a few Words to excuse herself to *Antonius* and *Scipio*; so that she was forced to leave them, to conduct her Friend, who pretended to be indisposed. If *Antonius* was surprized at this unexpected meeting with his unknown Mistress, he was no less at her hasty Departure; and if the one had raised a certain Joy in him, the other caused in him an equal Affliction, as being not able, without an excessive Grief, to imagine that that very Person to whose Service he had devoted himself with so violent a Passion, should have conceived for him an Aversion

sion as great as the Love he had for her. He would
 have run after her, had it been in a Place where
 he might have done it, but that Satisfaction being
 nor allowed him, he pursued her with his Eyes as
 long as he could, and being in the Boat, he held
 his Arms across, the ordinary Posture of a Man
 in a Confusion; or, to say better, at an absolute
 Loss: *'O! ye Gods, cry'd he at last, after he
 ' had continued some Time in that Condition,
 ' what Fortune do you intend me, and with what
 ' new Kind of Misfortune is Heaven resolv'd to
 ' persecute me!'* This he seconded with a many
 other Exclamations, which it were hard for me,
 and withal to no purpose, to repeat to you: But
 at last having fix'd on some Resolution, he turned
 to his Friend, who was in a Manner as much as-
 tonish'd at this Adventure as himself, and look-
 ing on him with an Action absolutely passionate:
*' Dear Friend, said he to him, you are sensible of
 ' my present Condition, and doubt not, are much
 ' at a loss to see the Straugeness of my Fate. I,
 ' by an unexpected Accident, light upon what I
 ' seek I know not where, and what I love, though
 ' it be unknown to me, and from this Rencoun-
 ' ter I derive no other Knowledge than that of my
 ' own inevitable Misfortune, since I cannot but
 ' apprehend, to my Confusion, that I am no less
 ' hated than I am myself amorous, and that this cruel
 ' unknown Beauty abhors me so far, that to avoid
 ' me, she forgets all Courtship and ordinary Ci-
 ' vility. It must needs, that Nature hath put some-
 ' thing is odious in my Person, that should cause
 ' so sudden and so strange an Antipathy between
 ' us, since I am confident it cannot proceed from
 ' any of my Actions.*

Hereupon he sat still for some Minutes, while
Scipio, no less surprized than he, could not find any
 thing

thing to say to him upon that adventure ; so that re-assuming the Discourse: ‘ If you have any Affection or Respects for me, *said he to him*, as I ought not to question but you have, you may do me a good office which I should gladly return you in such an emergency. My cruel unknown Mistress is now at *Emilia's*, she may not haply stay there an hour ; and if I let slip this Opportunity of knowing her, I shall not haply recover it while I live again, it being not to be doubted but that, when she leaves *Emilia*, she will oblige her to conceal from me what she would have me ignorant of. When *Emilia* left us to follow her, she forbid us not to come to her House, and consequently without any fear of displeasing her, you may bring me to that part of the House where she lodges, where you may have free admittance, and where we shall find her yet, provided we afford her not the time to be gone ; so I shall see her through your means, I shall take acquaintance with her if I can, -and shall endeavour to learn the cause of this violent aversion. As you respect the Gods, Friend, deny me not this Assistance, which you may not haply have the Opportunity to afford me while you live again, in an exigency wherein my quiet is much concerned.

He would have added other intreaties, when *Scipio*, who had abundance of Affection for him, not suffering him to proceed: ‘ There is no necessity, *said he to him*, to use so much sollicitation to work out a quiet which is as dear to me as my own ; let us go to *Emilia's*, since you desire it ; and let us hope, that, in case she take any displeasure at this Action, she may pardon it out of a consideration of our Friendship.’

Having

Having taken this resolution, they caused the Boat to put off, and being brought as near as they could to the Street, wherein was the great Gate of *Scaurus's* House, they went about, and soon got thither. *Scipio* being much acquainted in the House, went straight to that Part where *Emilia* had her Lodgings, where those of the House were wont to see him almost every Day; and, as fortune would have it, they were no sooner come into her Chamber, but they presently perceived *Emilia* and her Companion; who, standing near a Window, with their Backs turned to it, were fallen, as they inferred from their Gesture, into a very serious Discourse. *Antonius* immediately knew the beloved countenance of the cruel one that so much avoided him, and the fresh Flames, which at that moment found a Passage quite into his Heart, heightened the fatal Fire that was already kindled in his Soul. He went towards her very amazedly; but she immediately perceiving it, to avoid him, as one would do, whom they think most abominable, hastily leaves *Emilia*, and runs in a Closet, that lay hard by, whereof the Door was open. It happened, that either by Accident, or by Reason of the Fright she was put into, she forgot to shut it, so that *Antonius*, whom the sudden transport of his passion had deprived of part of his Discretion, and smothered the respect he ow'd, *Emilia*, followed her into her Closet, and seeing her sit on a Chair, runs to her with such precipitacion, that he was at her Feet, and held her fast by the Knees in a manner, before she had time to perceive what he did. This beautiful enemy of *Antonius*, being neither able to get away from him, nor yet to endure his Presence, whose importunate pursuit very much inflamed her indignation, spent some few Minutes in considering what

what Resolution she should take, discovering in her Countenance the Marks of an extraordinary Agitation. At last she thought fit to speak first, and endeavouring to force my Brother from her Knees, with an Action, which though it expressed her sufficiently incensed against him, yet made her not seem the less amiable. ‘ Upon what Ac-

‘ count is it, *said she to him*, that thou dar’st thus
 ‘ violate the Respect due to my Sex and my-Birth,
 ‘ and by what Action is it that I have deserved
 ‘ to be exposed to thy unmerciful Persecution? Is
 ‘ it not enough that thou hast received from me
 ‘ an Assistance which I was not obliged to afford
 ‘ my Enemy? Or wilt thou in requital force me
 ‘ once more to quit *Rome*, to avoid what is to me,
 ‘ of all the Earth contains, most abominable?’

These Words pronounced with a shrill Voice, and after a Manner absolutely imperious, struck *Antonius* like a Thunder-clap, and put him for a while to such a loss of Spirits, that he knew not what to say. At last, rallying all the Courage and Resolution he had about him, to stand out this Encounter, ‘ Adorable Enemy, *said he to her*, whom
 ‘ I do adore, though, I do not know, and to
 ‘ whom I am odious, yet am to learn the Reason,
 ‘ why mistake not for a Persecution or any want
 ‘ of Respect for your divine Beauties, those Effects
 ‘ that proceed from a Cause absolutely contrary.
 ‘ No, these are the Expressions of my Gratitude,
 ‘ and a Passion full of Veneration and Respect,
 ‘ which I fatally conceived for you, at the very
 ‘ Moment I became obliged to you for your Assistance. Then it was that I became yours, much
 ‘ out of a Consideration of the Assistance you afforded me, but infinitely more through the violent
 ‘ Impression which your celestial Beauties made of
 ‘ a sudden in my Heart, which thereupon absor-

lutely yielded to be yours without the least Resistance. I have tenderly, nay indeed but too too tenderly for my own quiet, preserved the Memory of the Obligation you put upon me, and the glorious Wound I received, and therefore you ought to be the less offended, if I am at some Pains to find out the Opportunities both to acknowledge your Goodness, and to see again those fair Eyes that had hurt me. If my Eyes have done you any Hurt, *replies the unknown Beauty somewhat angrily*, they have done me such an Injury as I shall never be able to pardon them: And if what you say be true, you will find yourself very unfortunate in your address to a Person, who cannot, otherwise than by Hatred and Aversion, make any Return to your Affection. I am indeed easily perswaded, *reply'd the amazed Antonius*, that I deserve this cruel Aversion by Reason of some Defects in my Person, since I am confident I could never have merited it by any Action or Thought I have ever been guilty of. I see then, *reply'd she, much displeased with him*, that I am still unknown to you, and, were you not ignorant whom you speak to, I am confident you would not speak to me at all. Certain it is, *said he to her, with a very submissive Gesture*, that I am to learn whom I speak to, and whom I have bestowed myself on, unless there be no more requisite to know you, than to have well observed the divine Qualities of your admirable Person. All the Endeavours I have used to gain a more particular Knowledge of you, have proved ineffectual; so that I am now at a loss what I ought to learn, or what I ought to desire, since the Knowledge of your Person is of no less concernment to me than that of your Aversion. You shall know both

‘ both together, *replies the unknown Beauty*, and
‘ you will be no longer to seek why I shun you,
‘ when I have told you that I am Daughter to
‘ *Cicero*, and you remember, that you are Son to
‘ *Anthony* and *Fulvia*, his Executioners.’ With
these Words she goes out of the Closet into *Emi-
lia*’s Chamber, and out of that into another, where
she locked up herself for fear of further Pursuit.

But indeed there was no Necessity she should take
all that Pains; for he, whose pursuit she was so
much afraid of, was at such a loss, and so sur-
prized at the Discovery she had made to him of
herself, that he hardly knew where he was. Not
that, from his understanding that she whom he
loved was *Cicero*’s Daughter, he felt any Diminu-
tion in his Love, nor yet that being his Daughter,
she appeared less amiable; but that all the Hopes
he might have conceived vanished away in an In-
stant. And when it came into his Mind, not only
that *Anthony* had caused *Cicero* to be put to Death,
but also that of *Fulvia*, his Mother, had caused
his Head and his Hands to be fastened to the
Rostra, where he used to make his Orations, and
had committed a thousand cruel Indignities on the
Reliques of that great Person, whose Memory was
so precious among the *Romans*, he had no more to
say for himself, and could not blame his Daugh-
ter for the Horrour she had conceived against the
Son of *Anthony* and *Fulvia*. For, though indeed
divers Persons had lost their Lives, during the Pro-
scriptions of the *Triumvirate*, which yet occasion-
ed not eternal Enmities between Families; yet it is
certain that in the Death of *Cicero*, there had been
some Circumstances so cruel, and *Fulvia*, naturally
inclined to Blood, had used him with so much In-
humanity, even after Death, that my Brother, whose
Memory was of a sudden burthen’d with all those

Things, and whose Inclinations were absolutely virtuous, could not think on them without Horrour: ' Woe is me, cry'd he at last, rising up, from the Place where he had continued all this while, and turning to Scipio and Emilia, who had been Witnesses of all that was passed, the Daughter of Cicero hath indeed Reason to avoid the Son of Fulvia, but he hath not his own Destiny at his disposal, and cannot forbear loving, while he lives, the Daughter of Cicero.

With these Words he, at the Entreaty of Emilia, sat down, and lay under such a dark cloud of Affliction, that for a good while he was not fit for any Conversation. During that Time, he understood from Emilia, without any Desire of his to be informed, that Tullia was a near Kinswoman of hers, and that her Mother Terentia was of the Family of the Scauri; that the Beauty and excellent Endowments of that young Lady had made no great Noise in Rome, and that her Person had not been known there so much as in all Probability it ought to have been, by Reason that while she was yet very young, and that during the Time the House lay under Disgrace, her Mother had carried her to a Country House near Tusculum, where she had spent her Life in Solitude, without ever returning to Rome; and that haply she had not come thither so soon, if, upon Occasion of her Mother's Death, which happened not long before, her Brother Quintus-Cicero, who lived at Rome after a very noble and high Rate, and had been nominated Pro-consul in some Parts of Africk, had not some few Days since sent for her. Emilia further acquainted Antonius and Scipio, that Tullia, besides the Perfections of her Body, and a many admirable Endowments, that she had cultivated an excellent Disposition, with an excellent Edu-

Education; and that, during the Time of her Solitude, being addicted to the Study of the nobler Kind of Sciences, she was grown perfect therein: that she discovered Abundance of Courage and Virtue; that she was not subject to the Weakness of our Sex; and that she was of a Conversation infinitely pleasant, when she was among Persons to whom she was pleased to communicate herself.

To these *Emilia* added a many other Things in Commendation of *Tullia*, whereof the Effect was, that they made the Wound of the unfortunate *Antony* wider than it was, and disarmed him of all the Forces he had to oppose a Passion, wherein he expected not to find any Satisfaction. *Scipio* was extremely troubled at it, through those Sentiments which Friendship inspired him with; and *Emilia*, who had that Esteem for his Virtue, as all others had that were acquainted with it, had an extraordinary Compassion for his Misfortune, and would have been very glad to find out any Means to comfort and assist him. But knowing *Tullia* to be a Person constant and unchangeable in her Resolution, especially in those, wherein she thought her Honour concerned, and that from what she already knew, she foresaw that the passionate *Antony* would find but little Satisfaction in his Love, she endeavoured to divert his Thoughts from it, with the best Arguments she could make against it, and forbore not to tell him whatever she imagined might put him into some Doubt of the Success, and fear of her Friend's Humour. My Brother heard her with Abundance of Patience, and great Expression of the Resentment he had of her Goodness, in concerning herself so much in his Misfortunes: But when all was done, he protested to her, that it was impossible for him to make any Advantage of her good Advice, and that that

unfortunate Passion was grown so predominant in his Soul, that he was out of all Hopes ever to see himself free from it, what Course soever he might take. *Scipio* added his Remonstrances to those of *Emilia*, and knowing, that besides the Difficulties which his Friend might well fear in respect of *Tullia*, he was in the ready way, by a fruitless Love, to ruine his Fortunes which seemed absolutely to court him in the Design which *Augustus* had to marry him to one of his Nieces; he represented to him whatever his Friendship could suggest that were most rational, and most likely to prevail with him in that Emergency; but he took Pains to as little purpose as *Emilia*, and that poor Lover, too too violently prepossessed, made them both such Answers, as raised in them more Compassion to see him so resolute, than Hope to see him of any other mind. ‘ I am not to learn, *said he*
‘ to them at last, that in *Tullia’s* Aversion I have
‘ a terrible Enemy to engage with, nay, am further
‘ satisfied, that the Hatred she hath for our Family is so justifiable, that I should find it a hard
‘ Matter to find any Presence to condemn her for
‘ it. As to the design which *Cesar* and *Octavia*
‘ have upon me, I know it amounts to those Advan-
‘ tages, to which, the Posture of my Fortune
‘ considered, I could not raise my Hopes: Nor
‘ am I ignorant, that by my importunate addresses to a Person that shuns me, and will haply
‘ shun me while she lives, I run the hazard of
‘ turning the Emperor’s good Inclinations towards
‘ me into just Resentments against me. But there
‘ is something within I know much better than I
‘ do all this, that is, that I am not able to hear
‘ any Reason in the wretched Condition to which
‘ I am reduced; and that whatever the most enforcing Arguments might produce where there is
‘ Free-

Freedom of Spirit, they will have no effect at all upon a mind fatally and unfortunately prepossessed. I am absolutely perswaded, *added he a while after*, that this Misfortune is an Effect of the Wrath of the Gods against the Memory of *Anthony* and *Fulvia*, and that they could not revenge that of the unfortunate *Cicero*, against his Murderers, otherwise than by sacrificing their Son to the Daughter of him whom they sacrificed to their Rage and Ambition. *O Anthony! O Fulvia! concluded he with a Sigh*, I refuse not to be the Victim that must appease the incensed Deities; and I cheerfully offer myself up to the fair *Tullia*, to expiate the Blood you have unjustly spilt.

These were all the Words *Emilia* and *Scipio* could get of him; and a while after, out of a Fear to displease *Emilia*, by depriving her of the Conversation of her Friend, he took his leave of her in so sad a Manner, that it raised in her an extraordinary Compassion for him, and went out of the House with *Scipio*, who would not by any Means leave him; but it was in such a Posture, and with a Countenance so disturbed, that it was no easy matter to know him.

From that Day he grew more and more melancholy; and affected Solitude much more than he had done; and if, while he knew not who was the Object of his Passion, the desire to be acquainted with it, was his perpetual Torment, the knowledge he had of it troubled him also after a strange Manner: And the less disturbed and moved he was at it, the more he seemed to be afflicted and cast down. He was seldom seen at the Emperor's, or at *Octavia's*, or at the Princess *Julia's*, or in any of the noblest Companies of Rome, and if any of his Friends came to him, where he ever enter-

tained them with Abundance of Civility, they found him so changed and different from what he was wont to be, that they had not the Patience to see him in that Condition, without concerning themselves in his Affliction, though they knew not the Cause of it. All his Thoughts, all his Designs, aimed at nothing so much as to find out an Opportunity to speak once more to *Tullia*, out of an Imagination, that, if he could but cast himself at her Feet, and entertain her with the Discourse which his Mind perpetually ran upon, though her Soul were made of Iron, he should soften it. In this Imagination he made a hundred passionate Speeches, and his Love inspired him with the tenderest Things any mind could be capable of: But when he had sufficiently ruminated on what he would have said to her, he still was to seek for the Opportunity to speak with her.

Tullia had been in *Rome*, but some few Days, and her abode was at her Brother's *Quintus Cicero*, who lived after the rate of a Consular House, suitably to the condition his Father had left him in; but there was no likelihood *Antonius* should ever give her a visit at that House. The Son of *Cicero* had for the Family of *Anthony* a resentment which none could blame him for; and though, by reason of *Cesar's* authority, the factions of the *Triumvirate* had been reconciled, and that the Families among which the difference of Parties had produced very fatal effects, were content to be quiet, and forbore openly to endeavour the revenge of past injuries; yet had not that reconciliation, which had put a Period to the Civil Wars, so far re-united their Hearts, as to establish Friendship, and to secure the freedom of Visits: Nay, though this had been effected among those whose enmities were grounded on more inconsiderable

derable injuries, yet those between the Children of *Cicero*, and those of *Anthony* and *Fulvia*, amounted to something more Bloody, than to admit of any Correspondence between them. Besides, young *Cicero* was a Person of a nature much different from that of his Father; he was stupid, brutish, and malicious, and though he smothered his resentments out of a fear to discover them against a House of a far greater fortune than his own; yet it is certain, that, if he could have done us a mischief without any hazard to himself, he would have embraced the opportunity to do it; and therefore it was impossible *Antonius* should attempt the seeing of *Tullia* at her Brother's House, without putting his Life into manifest danger. Yet was it not this fear that hindered him: For, that of displeasing *Tullia* had a far greater influence upon his Spirit, than that of hazarding a Life that could not be of much value to him, considered with the misfortune that attended it. Nay, he would have cheerfully ventured into that House, though his enemies, without any reflection on the danger that might ensue, had he observed in *Tullia* any sentiments different from those of her Brother. But it was his unhappiness, that after he had subdued the enemies he contemned, he should meet with one that was terrible, against whom yet he had no Arms to defend himself. A hundred times did he cast himself at *Emilia's* Feet, and made use of the interest *Scipio* had in her, to obtain of *Tullia* the permission to see her but once more in his Life: In answer to which, *Emilia*, who had a great esteem for *Antonius*, as also upon the intercession of his Friend, did all that lay in her power to perswade her Kinswoman to afford him that satisfaction. But *Tullia* was not only inexorable as to that request, but fearing

further that in her visits to *Livia*, she might meet with *Antonius* at her House, either by accident, or out of design, she entreated her not to take it amiss if she came not to her any more, till she were confident that *Antonius* had quitted all inclinations for her; insomuch that having earnestly intreated her Pardon for that Resolution, she persisted in it so far, that she made no more visits to her, or, if she saw her sometimes, it was at such Hours that she was in no fear of finding my Brother there.

This cruel obstinacy of hers to avoid *Antonius* had almost put him into despair, and yet such was his unhappiness, that what would have recovered any other out of an affection so much slighted, made his cure the more desperate. All the discoveries of *Tullia's* cruelty signified, in his apprehension, so many expressions of her Virtue, and the respect she had for the memory of her Father; and so bewailing his own misfortune, he thought he could not justly charge her with any thing. He constantly visited all the Places she was wont to frequent: But she, being as careful to avoid him, as he was diligent to find her out, forbore going thither as soon as she perceived that he had discovered so much; yet could not all her caution hinder, but that he saw her sometimes in the Temple; but she either let fall her veil as soon as she perceived him, or took up such Places, and kept still such company, that he could not come to her. But one Day above the rest, she having not been so careful as at other times, and being gone to the Temple of *Ceres*, with the Maids that ordinarily waited on her, while she was at her Devotion, in a remote corner, and at such a Time as there were hardly any People in the Temple; my Brother, who had caused her

to be watched wherever she went, having had notice of the Place where she was, failed not to come thither, and to speak to her, but with a countenance that sufficiently discovered the fear he was in to displease her. *Tullia* had no sooner perceived him coming towards her, but she lets fall her Veil, and by that action had almost put the sad *Antonius* so far out of countenance, that he hardly had the courage to speak to her. However, he made a shift to recover himself; and when he was got near her, making a halt as if he stayed for some body, and having looked towards the Door of the Temple, he at last turned his Face to *Tullia*, whom, though she looked another way; addressing his Speech to her: ‘ Is it possible, Madam, *said he to her*, you should hope for any favour from the Gods you adore, when you your self are inexorable towards those Men that adore you?’ *Tullia* was silent a while out of a resolution not to make *Antonius* any answer at all; but at last conceiving that what she should make him would be such, as she might haply be rid of him for ever after: ‘ It is not for the Son of *Fulvia*, *said she to him*, to hope for any favour from the Daughter of *Cicero*; and if *Cicero*’s Daughter may expect any from *Anthony*’s Son, it shall be no other than that he would never either seek or think on her again. You cannot without injustice, replies *Antonius*, charge me with the crime of *Mark-Antony* and *Fulvia*; nay, I am confident you are satisfied of my innocence; I am so, *replied she*, and therefore I have not the least thought of Revenge for you; but, if I am not mistaken, I can be charged with no injustice, if I abjure all conversation with their Son, who were the implacable Murderers of my Father. Ah unmerciful

'ful Woman! *replied the afflicted Prince*, you
 'pretend reason not to be revenged of a Person
 'that is innocent, and in the mean time know
 'very well, that, if you should thrust a Dagger
 'into my Breast, there were much less cruelty in
 'your revenge, than there is in your thumping
 'me as you do. I shall shun you while I live,
 'replied *she very angrily*, and, if you get not
 'from me, I shall not only quit this Temple,
 'but shall leave *Rome and Italy*, in case you do
 'not forbear persecuting me.' With these words
 she would have risen out of the Place where she
 was, but *Antonius*, thinking he could not any
 further press her without incivility, prevented her
 departure; and having made her a low reverence,
 he went from her, so clouded with affliction, that
 for that whole Day he was not capable of any
 conversation.

Though *Antonius* found it a great difficulty to
 conceal from those who were acquainted with his
 natural chearfulness, the change which that un-
 fortunate Passion had wrought in him, yet were
 they ignorant of the cause, and for a good space
 of time, only *Scipio* knew the mystery of it.
 But, at last, it came to the knowledge of divers
 Persons by several discoveries sufficiently extraor-
 dinary, but particularly by one, which because it
 was publick and withal very rare, made no small
 noise in *Rome*. The Emperor, *Livia*, *Julia*,
Octavia, and all the Illustrious Persons about
Rome were one Day assembled in the Cirque,
 where they were to be entertained with the Com-
 bats of savage Beasts by *Agrippa*, who had brought
 them out of *Africk* to that purpose, as you know
 it is an ordinary thing at *Rome*; as also that those
 who would have the reputation of being magni-
 ficent, do often entertain the People with such
 Sports.

Sports. Though *Tullia* went very seldom into great companies, as well by reason of the mourning she was still in for her Mother, as out of a fear of meeting *Antonius*; yet this Day she thought her self obliged to go, not only upon the account of *Agrippa*, who was at the charge of the diversion, but also because it was her Brother's will she should go, and accordingly he brought her thither with divers other Persons of their Family and Alliance. *Antonius*, who was very much in hopes she would be there, and expected, with much impatience, to see her, observed very much to his satisfaction, the place where she sat, which was near enough to her Brother, and some of her Kinswomen: But found withal to his grief, that *Lucius Cæcina*, a young Man of an illustrious House, and one that had the reputation of courting her, having waited upon her thither, sat down by her. This Sight made *Antonius* blush, and enflamed him with indignation and jealousy; yet durst he not seat himself near *Tullia*, out of a fear she would take it unkindly, and a confidence that she would admit no conversation with him. But he got into a Place, which, being not very far from her, and at one of the Angles of the Amphitheatre, joining to that where she was, gave him the advantage of seeing her better than any other part where he could have placed himself. The seats of Persons of Quality are in the lowest Stage, and nearest the *Area*, which is the Place where the Combats are fought, whether they be between *Beasts* or *Gladitors*: So that those of that Rank may lean against certain Pilasters, whereby the Cirque is compassed about, and which is raised up to such a height, as to secure them from the fury of the Lyons and Tygers, that are the Creatures of greatest Agility. The seats behind that,
being

being raised, and standing at a greater distance, are for the People, who are ordinarily admitted to these fights, to their very great delight and entertainment. I went thither my self that Day with the Princess *Julia*, though we were both of us at that time but in the thirteenth Year of our Age, and consequently I can give you a more particular account of this action, than of some others at which I was not present.

Antonius had his Eyes continually fastened on *Tullia's* Face, who never was guilty of so much as one look towards him. This amorous Prince looked upon that freedom of conversation which was between her and *Cecinna*, with a very jealous Eye, and with no small disturbance of mind: And if any one had concerned himself so far as to mind his Actions, he might easily have observed in his countenance the agitations of his Soul. There had pass'd divers Combats of several Beasts, which found the Spectators abundance of Sport and Entertainment, and they were going to open the Door to let in a Tyger and a Bear of a prodigious bulk, to set them a fighting together, when *Antonius*, who had his Eyes still fixed on *Tullia*, saw, that amidst the conversation she had with *Cecinna*, and certain Ladies that sat about her, she took out a little Box, set with divers rich Diamonds, wherein was her own Picture, which her Mother had caused to be taken about a Year before, and which she had given her at her Death. She had shewn it to those Ladies, and *Cecinna* had it in his Hands a good space; but at last going to restore it to *Tullia*, the Box, through negligence, slid out of his Hands, and, she leaning on the Rail, it fell down into the *Area*, just when the two furious Beasts were coming into it, with looks so full of Terror, that they put the Specta-

Spectators into some fear. *Tullia*, being extremely troubled at the fall of the Box, the respected so much, into a Place, whence in all likelihood there would not be any so desperate as to fetch it again, gave a great outcry, and by her countenance and all her actions expressed an extraordinary disturbance at that Accident. The Emperor, and all that were present, soon came to understand it, but there was no possibility to recover it while the Beasts were within the Cirque. *Cecinna*, who was partly the occasion of the falling of the Box, endeavoured to perswade *Tullia* to patience, by telling her, that, after the Combat of the Beasts, he would go and find it for her: But she giving too much way to her indignation upon so light an occasion, answered him very roundly, that had she been a Man, she would have ventured her Life to fetch her Picture. She had no sooner delivered these Words, but young *Antonius*, whom his Passion had at that time absolutely divested of all Reason, distracted as to all matter of consideration, not only of the hazard whereto he exposed himself without any necessity, but also of the noise which that action must needs make, contrary to the design he had to keep his Love secret, turning towards that side where *Tullia* was; 'Fair *Tullia*, said he, *loud enough to be heard by her*, you shall find there is a Man who dare hazard his Life to do you this inconsiderable Service; and thereupon leaning upon the Rail, he vaulted over it into the Cirque. I was ever of opinion, that *Antonius*, a Person naturally discreet, would never have been guilty of an action so extravagant, had he not been transported by an over-violent Passion. But I imagined withal, as divers others did, that to do *Tullia* that service, whercof the consequence de-

served

served not he should expose his Life to so great a danger, he had been encouraged partly by a belief he was of, that he might not haply while he lived, meet with so noble an occasion to express his Love to her, and partly by a desire he had to let her know the difference there was between him and *Cecinna*, whom she preferred, and favoured even in his presence. However it were, this action raised a many out-cries among the Spectators, even to the Emperor himself, who had a great love and esteem to my Brother. My Sister and I were almost out of ourselves to see it. *Octavia* was not a little troubled at the accident; nay there was hardly one in that great Assembly, that was not troubled at it, only *Antonius* seemed to be the Person that had any confidence, and though he were a little startled at his alighting, by reason of the height of the Place whence he had leapt down, yet immediately recovering himself, he drew his Sword, and went with undaunted courage towards that side where the Box lay sparkling among the Sand. He was so happy as to take it up without any hindrance, and so indiscreet as to open it in the same Place, and to have the patience to look on the beautiful Picture of *Tullia* that was enclosed within it. Yet was it not with so little caution, but he stood sufficiently on his guard, to defend himself, if the Beasts came to fasten on him: But as he went towards the Door at which he was to go out, he made no more haste than ordinary, and retreated so as if he had not been in the least fear of the two Beasts that were within the Cirque. The Bear stirred not from the place she was in, but the Tyger came up to my Brother with his sparkling Eyes, and in such a posture, as put all that were present into a fright. *Antonius* might have gained

gained the Door before the Tyger could have fastened on him, if he would have run for it, but such a flight he thought unworthy his courage; and therefore seeing this terrible Enemy coming towards him, he stood and expected him, and presented the point of his Sword to him with an admirable constancy. You may well imagine, that all those to whom *Antonius's* Life was any way dear, were not a little troubled at the accident: But it was the pleasure of the Gods, that when the furious Beast saw the glistering of the Sword, it made a halt, and seemed uncertain what resolution to take; when the Emperor having called out to those of his guard that were about him, immediately to kill it, it was shot with above twenty Arrows, and fell down dead at *Antonius's* Feet. He seemed to be somewhat troubled at the Death of the Beast, saying he was very sorry he had deprived the Emperor and the rest of the Spectators of a part of their Entertainment, and when he thought he might retire without dishonour, (for the Bear had not stirred from the Place) he came to the Door which they kept open for him, and by the Stairs joining thereto, came up in the Amphitheatre. As all that were present had a secret admiration for what he had done, so did all gladly make way for him, it being perceived that it was his intention to restore *Tullia* her Picture, and accordingly having without much trouble gotten up to the Place where she was, he comes to her with a submissive action, and presenting her with the Box: 'Were I not odious in
' your Sight, Madam, said he to her, I would
' entreat you to entertain the inconsiderable service I have done you, without aversion; and if
' I am so unhappy as that I cannot be otherwise,
' I beseech your acceptance and acknowledg-
ment of

of that I would have done you by exposing my Life, which you so much detest, to danger.

Now the Enmity which is between the Children of *Cicero*, and the House of *Anthony*, being known to all the World, no body took any exceptions at those words of *Antonius*; but there were many who thought that that action should have obliged *Tullia* to some kindness, or at least to receive that service with a seeming civility. But her deportment was quite otherwise, and instead of making any acknowledgment of the service he had done her, she turned her Face another way, and vouchsafed not so much as either to make him any Answer, or receive out of his Hands the Picture he presented to her. This action, which displeased all that were present, struck *Antonius* to the very Heart; but having fortified himself with an extraordinary Courage, and done an Action so full of gallantry, that he thought himself obliged to press it home: *Madam*, said he to her, not without some violence, doing himself, to smother his grief in so great an Assembly, I must confess my unhappiness, such, that I deserve to be treated as I am, but do not, haply, the precious Treasure you are pleased to leave me, as such as I durst not have detained, had you thought good to receive it.

These Words startled young *Cicero* not a little, who sat near his Sister, and was as much displeased at my Brother's actions as she, but withal would have been much troubled to see him keep his Sister's picture. But he whom they had greatest influence on, was the amorous *Cecinna*, who being passionately in Love with *Tullia*, could not without much disturbance within himself, see her Picture in the Hands of a Man, whom

whom he looked on as his Rival, and withal a powerful one; so that he would undertake to *Antoni*, to perswade *Tullia* to receive the Picture, and while he desired it, *Cicero* reached forth his Hand to receive it from him. But *Antoni* looking on them both with a certain Contempt, and with a disdainful Smile; 'Tis not to thee, *Cicero*, said he to them, and much less to thee, *Cecinna*, that I intend to restore it; and since *Tullia* is content it should remain in my Hands, I shall keep it no otherwise than I would do my Life. If thou wouldst have had it, added he, looking on *Cecinna*; thou shouldst have gone for it to the Place where it fell through thy negligence, and if thou art so desirous of it, thou must force it out of a Place, whence there will haply be as much difficulty to get it, as from among Bears and Tygers. However it be, I here protest before the Gods, that I shall never part with it willingly, till *Tullia* desire it of me herself, and that I will never put it into other Hands than hers.

With these Words he left *Tullia*; and, without any more ado, immediately quitted the Amphitheatre, out of fear that *Tullia* might change her Mind, and call for her Picture. She was upon the point to do it, as being desirous it should not remain in his Hands; nay indeed, would not have been satisfied to leave it with any Man, how great an Affection soever she might have for him; but, thinking there were other ways to retrieve it, she thought it better to have patience for some Days, than to remit any thing of her disdain, and stoop so low as to desire it, after what had passed before so many Great and Illustrious Persons.

This

This action raised no small noise in *Rome*; and found all People matter of Discourse. Several Judgments passed upon it; there were many that attributed it to the true cause, others made it only a piece of gallantry, and the effect of a violent desire of glory, a thing not inconsistent with the fiery humour of a young Man; Nay, some pitching upon an Opinion probable enough, according to the Intention of *Antonius*; and the Discourse he made of it, which was, that, having discovered *Tullia* in that great Assembly to be the Lady from whom he had received such Assistance when his Horse fell under him, whom till then he had not known, and had sought out so much, though he knew not who she was, imagined that he had resolved to express by some Service, the resentment he still had for the kindness she had done him; and that just then an Opportunity offering it self, he thought he could not, without baseness, that is, without being counted either an ungrateful Person, or a Man of little Courage, let it slip. With this discourse did my Brother satisfy the Emperor, who blamed him very much for exposing his Life to so great a danger without any necessity; but that account of the business being probable enough, *Augustus*, who could not disapprove those actions that argued Courage, had a greater esteem for *Antonius* than he had before. *Octavia* who was as tender of all the Children of *Anthony*, as she was of her own, especially of him she intended to make her Son in Law, entertained this Discourse as the Emperor did; and attributed to Gratitude, excellency of Nature, and the Courage of *Antonius*, what was merely a demonstration of his passion. And yet what had past at the closure

of

of the Business concerning *Tullia's* Picture, which he had refused to restore either to *Cicero*, or *Cecinna*, with words passionate enough; might cause a little Suspicion; but it might also be attributed to pure gallantry, which might produce that effect in a Person of the age my Brother was then of, and that after the doing of so noble an Action. In fine, every one censured it according to his Inclination; and *Antonius*; whatever might be said to him, could not repent him of it, though he was extremely troubled at *Tullia's* deportment towards him, and the vexation he received thereat, put him sometimes into a Resolution, to do what lay in his power, to free himself of that cruel slavery.

Some days after, having intreated *Scipio* to bring my Brother with him to her House, he failed not to come; and having told her that he should think himself extremely happy, if she would be pleased to lay any commands upon him, she told him before *Scipio*, who was present, that she was desirous to have some Discourse with him upon the intreaty of *Tullia*, who had charged her to demand her Picture of him, and had desired her to employ all the Interest she had in him to get it, upon the confidence she had that my Brother would not deny that Satisfaction to a Person, for whom he seemed and professed to have a great Esteem. *Antonius* entertained this Discourse of *Emilia's* with abundance of respect, and when she had given over speaking, 'Madam, said he to her, it is not without Reason your Friend is perswaded that you have an absolute Power over me, and accordingly I did not much doubt but that she would make this request to you, whenever she would be content so have her Picture
' again :

gain : And I further ingage my self, that I
will return it as soon as she shall be pleased
to receive it, and that I have no intention to
keep it against her will, though I haply better
deserve that favour than others, whom she
may confer it upon. *Tullia* is more discreet,
replies *Emilia*, than to bestow her Picture on
any one ; and I can assure you, she hath no
such intention, that it is only for her self that
she hath entreated me to get it out of your
Hands. Ah Madam ! replied my Brother, you
know what I am obliged to by my Oath, an
Oath I took in the most Illustrious Assembly
in the World. I cannot return the Picture till
Tullia desire it, nor put it into any other
Hands than her own. I conceive my self dis-
engaged as to the one half of it, and I receive
the demand you make of it, as from *Tullia*'s
own Mouth. But for the other part of my
Oath, whereby I am obliged to restore it on-
ly to her self, it cannot admit any explication.
And if you will give me leave to add to the
justice of my Cause the Confidence I have in
your goodness, and to speak sincerely to you,
as to a Person whose protection I cast my self
under, I shall tell you, that for the favour of
one visit from *Tullia*, she shall receive her
Picture. 'Tis the least she can do, if she have
any desire to have it again ; and if she deny
me so poor a request, you are to imagine it
is her pleasure I should keep it. All I desire
is to put it into her own Hands in your pre-
sence, and you shall be privy to our Conver-
sation. And, to acquaint you with what is
most secret to my Thoughts, since you see I
have but this only Means left me to procure
one visit more of *Tullia* while I live, methinks

you

“ you cannot without cruelty take it away from me.” *Emilia* found a great deal of Reason in my Brother’s Discourse, and *Scipio* adding his persuasions to the others to prevail with her, they brought her to this at last, that she promised to use all the Interest she could with *Tullia* to oblige her to see *Antonius* once more, and to receive her Picture from his own Hands, according as he was engaged by his Oath.

She made it her Business that very Day, but to no purpose, so that *Antonius* understood by her, the next, that all the entreaties she could make to her, could not induce that hard-hearted Beauty to condescend thereto, and that, at last, she had with a strange constancy protested, that she had rather lose her Picture, by an accident whence it might not be inferred that she had any Design to favour *Antonius*, than resolve to see him, and to speak, with her Will, to a Man, whose Name those of her Family could not hear without Horror. My Brother was extremely cast down at this Obstinacy of *Tullia*, and entertain’d *Emilia* with divers Discourses, which moved her to much Compassion for him: But he also continued firm to the Resolution he had made not to deliver the Picture; not that he could do *Tullia* this Displeasure without some Repugnance, but that, besides the Comfort he received from the Sight of that dear Image, he thought he could not with Honour restore it, after the Protestation he had made not to do it before *Cecinna* and *Cicero*, who pretended to be so much concerned in it. What confirmed him further in this Resolution, was, that, some Days after, he understood that *Cicero*, purposely, to spite him, had bestowed his Sister on *Cecinna*; and it was conceived that within a few Days
he

he was to marry her, and indeed it was certain that he had promised her to him; and though *Tullia* had not till then any particular Affection for *Cecinna*, yet being discreet and virtuous, she submitted to her Brother's Will, and without any Contradiction entertained the Husband he was pleased she should have. This News put my Brother into such violent Transports of Grief, as you may easily imagine, if you consider well what I have told you concerning those of his Love; nay, it is almost a Miracle that he did not discover it by some Action suitable to the Passion he was hurried by. At first all his Thoughts ran upon something that was violent and fatal; and when he imagined to himself that his Rival was happier than he, did not only deprive him of what he loved, but might haply be the cause of all *Tullia's* Rigour towards him; had prevented him by an Affection, that made her insensible of all the Expressions he made to her of his, and exasperated her against him more than any Consideration of the Death of *Cicero*, he could not oppose the Torrent of his Resentments, nor think of any thing but the Death of his Rival. 'How, said he, walking in a furious Manner, it was then the Love of *Cecinna* that made *Tullia's* Heart impenetrable as to all Compassion; and it is *Cecinna* that robs me of this unmerciful Beauty, and, with her, of all the Satisfaction and Desire of Life? I wonder not, added he, at his Backwardness to recover her Picture, and the Confidence he had soon to be possessed of the Person, hath made him take it the more indifferently to see her fair Image in the Hand of an unfortunate Rival. 'Tis the Knowledge he had of my Misfortune made him neglect what haply both his Interest and his Honour had obliged him to do, and I am satisfied

‘ *He* had Courage enough to take the Advice
‘ of his Reputation in that Emergency, if the
‘ Hope of a greater Happiness had not made him
‘ less earnest for what was of less Consequence.”
Whereupon he walked for a good while, without
speaking at all, then breaking forth into his or-
‘ dinary Transport: ‘ Think not, *Cecinna*, said
‘ *he*, that I resign *Tullia* to thee, as thou hast
‘ done her Picture to me; it shall cost thee the
‘ purest of thy Blood to dispute whose she shall
‘ be; and since I have hazarded my Life for her
‘ Picture, it is but just thou shouldst venture some-
‘ thing for her Person.

This was the Resolution he took; but when he
thought himself fully confirmed in it, he met with
such Difficulties in that Design which he was not
a little startled at. He had Reason to fear he might
displease *Cesar*, who, upon what had passed in
his Presence, fearing the Consequence, had forbid-
den them very severely to attempt any thing one
against another. Nay, there was yet something
more in it, as to what Resentment the Emperor
might have of it; for when he considered that he
could not quarrel with *Cecinna* upon the Account
of any Interest in *Tullia*, without declaring open-
ly, and discovering at the same Time the little Re-
gard he had for the advantageous Design which
the Emperor and *Octavia* had for him, and that
in a Conjunction on which his absolute Fortune
depended, he knew not what Course he should take
to overcome that Difficulty. And yet this was not
considerable to him, in comparison of that Fear
he was in of *Tullia*’s Indignation, as putting it out
of all doubt, that he must needs force her to the Ex-
tremities of Enmity towards him, by putting him-
self in a Posture to take away that Man’s Life whom
he accepted for her Husband. To be short, this

Consideration prevailed so far upon him, that he hardly minded the rest, and how far soever he might be from deserving the cruel Treatments he received from that incensed Beauty, yet was his Soul guilty of such extraordinary Respects towards her, that he would have look'd Death in the Face with less Disturbance, than the Occasion of offending her.

These Contradictions kept his Thoughts in an Equilibrium in so strange a Perplexity; so that finding it a hard Matter to fix on any Thing, he continued some Days without fastening on any Resolution. During that Time he delighted altogether in Solitude, avoiding the Company even of his Friend *Scipio*, and retiring into the most solitary Places, where he would not admit any of his own People to be about him. Without the Gate called *Porta-Capena*, there is a little Wood near the fair Gardens of *Metellus*, where the shadiness and solitude of the Place afford very pleasant walking, for such as avoid Company. *Antonius* going out of *Metellus's* Gardens, was directed thither by his own cruel Thoughts, or rather by some Genius, who would determine his irresolutions. He walked there a long time alone, (having left those Servants that he brought with him from home, which he could not dismiss, at the Garden-Door of *Metellus*) and had endeavoured to find out, though with no Success, what might prevent the happiness of *Cecinna*, without any violation of the respect he ow'd *Tullia*, or incurring the displeasure, (if it were possible) of the generous *Octavia* and the Emperor; when coming to a cross-walk, he spies a Man coming all alone towards the Place where he was, and having looked on him very attentively, when he was come somewhat nearer, he found

found him to be *Cecinna*. The Sight of him enflamed *Antonius* with indignation and jealousy ; and though he suspected what design brought *Cecinna* towards him, yet did he mistrust his own Thoughts of mistake, and was in some fear he should not have so much power over himself as to reflect, in that emergency, upon those Considerations whereby his Hands were as yet tied up. In this uncertainty he expected him as ready to fight, and in such a posture as put *Cecinna* into some Disturbance.

Now my Brother being a Person of higher quality in *Rome* than he was, and his Interest consequently, with those that managed the supreme Power, much greater, he was more cautious and circumspect in what he undertook, than he had haply been with another Person, whose Fortunes had been meaner ; and accordingly coming very civilly towards him, ‘ It hath been my Business for some Days to find you out, *said he to him*, and I should have spoken to you sooner, could I have done it with the same liberty as I now do. I should have given you all you could have expected, answered *Antonius*, if I had had but the least notice of your desires ; and since you now have as much freedom as you could have wished, neglect not this Opportunity to acquaint me with what you think fit to let me know. ‘ I doubt not, replied *Cecinna*, but you know that sufficiently well already ; and if you but remember that *Tullia*’s Picture is still in your Hands, you are at the same time satisfied of the great concernment I have to entreat you to return it to me. I have not desired it of you while I was of Opinion it might be gotten out of your Hands without my interposi-

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‘ sion.

tion. But now that the Interest of *Tullia*, and that of her Friends hath proved ineffectual, you will not think it strange, if, as Things now stand between us, I endeavour to obtain that from you which you had denied them.

Antonius looking on him with a scornful smile, there is indeed but very little likelihood, *said he to him*, I should grant *Cecinna* what I had denied *Emilia*. Besides, I am of Opinion, that if you had been so desirous of *Tullia's* Picture, you would have gone for it to the place whence I took it. Though I was much less obliged to do it than you, it were unjust I should, with the hazard of my Life, procure a Thing you had slighted, to bestow it on you with so much ease, and you may haply find your self very much mistaken, if you imagine there may be less danger to get it out of my Hands, than to recover it out of the *Area* of the Amphitheatre. Had there been any necessity for that Action, *replied Cecinna*, I should have done it as well as you; and if there had been any justice *interrupted Antonius very roundly*, to restore what I had so well gotten, I had restored it to *Emilia*, and not to you. However it be, *Cecinna*, you ought not to expect it, as being the last of all Men for whom I shall have that compliance. I thought indeed, *replied Cecinna*, I should be forced to those extremities with you, which the Emperor hath forbidden us; and it is with that design that I sought you out, resolving to take away either your Life, or *Tullia's* Picture. This it is I expected from thee, *replied Antonius* fiercely, and which I thought I had so sufficiently obliged thee to, as to make thee condemn all other Considerations.

With

With these Words they both laid Hands on their Swords, and drew at the same time, there being not any body near to hinder them. They exchanged a many blows, with much more fury than circumspection. *Cecinna* fought with abundance of Courage, but with little good Fortune; and being over-rash and inconsiderate, he received two mortal wounds in the Body, upon which he fell down at my Brother's Feet, but with very little remainder of Life. *Antonius* had no doubt wished the death of *Cecinna*, and had behaved himself in that duel with abundance of indignation and animosity against him; but being a Person of a great and noble Soul, seeing him fall with all the mortal signs, his anger vanished, and compassion took place in his Heart, into which the passions whereby it was then moved, were not against its admittance. He came to *Cecinna*, to do him all the good he could, and endeavouring to stop his blood, perswaded him to take Courage, by all the Words which might express the regret and sorrow he conceived, at his Misfortune.

But while he was employed in this Compassionate Office, there comes by an Accident you cannot but be astonished at, a Chariot full of Ladies, to take the Pleasure of a solitary Walk in the Wood, to the Place where they were: And the Ladies who intended to take a Walk, being got out of the Chariot, came on easily without any Jealousy of what had happened, to the very Place where the unfortunate *Cecinna* was expiring his last in my Brother's Arms. You may well imagine what Astonishment this sad Spectacle raised in the Ladies; but it will be hard for you to conceive that of my Brother, when with *Emilia* and some other Ladies of his Acquaintance, he saw the cruel *Tul-*

lia whom he had so well engraven in his Soul. I leave it to you to supply the Difficulty of Expression I meet with in this strange Rencounter, so hard is it for me to give you an Account of the Agitations of these two Souls in so unexpected an Adventure. If *Antonius* was surprized to see that *Tullia* whom he adored, that *Tullia*, who shunned him with all the Cruelty imaginable; nay, the same *Tullia*, whose Lover that was to be within a few Days her Husband, he had killed; you may well think that *Tullia*, on the other side was not less astonished to meet with that *Antonius*, whom she avoided, standing over the expiring *Cecinna*, and soiled with the Blood of a Man she was to be married to. She had not had, 'tis true, any violent Affection for him, yet it is withal certain she had no Disinclination towards him; and since she had been acquainted with the Design her Brother had to make her his Wife, she had entertained in her Heart all the Love she thought herself obliged to have, for a Person that was shortly to be her Husband: So that she could not see him weltring in his Blood, and expiring at his Enemy's Feet, without feeling an extraordinary Affliction, and whatever her Soul was capable of, upon an Accident of that Nature. She at first sight gave a great outcry, and was ready to swoon in *Emilia's* Arms, who made a shift to hold her up, and a little after, casting her Eyes on both *Antonius* and *Cecinna*, on the one, with all the Demonstrations of Compassion, and on the other with all those of Indignation, shedding Tears for *Cecinna*, and darting forth her wrathful looks on *Antonius*, she continued for some Minutes in an uncertainty as to what Resolution she should take, whether to avoid what she hated, or to succour what she was obliged to love. And whereas she seemed to be rather

ther carried away by the Aversion she had for my Brother, or at least inclined rather to the Motives she conceived she had to avoid him, than to the Affection she had for *Cecinna*, her first Reflections seemed to engage her to avoid the Face of an Enemy, especially he being such a one as confirmed himself to be such, by the Action he had then done. But afterwards, upon second Thoughts, she, being a Lady that chose rather to be guided by her Duty than her Passions, and conceived herself obliged to relieve *Cecinna* dying upon her Account, rather than to avoid *Antonius*, comes to him with a Face bathed in Tears, and by certain broken Words entreated him to take heart, and to further all he could the design she had for the preservation of his Life. The expiring *Cecinna* met with this Satisfaction in his Misfortune, that he breathed out his last in the Arms of *Tullia*, and mustering up, all the strength he had left him, to turn his Eyes towards her, and to take her by the Hand she reached forth to him, while one of her Maids held up his Head in her Lap; ‘*Madam, said*
‘*he to her, I lose my Life by the Hands of*
‘*Antonius, but it was through my own fault*
‘*and seeking; and therefore I beseech you to*
‘*forgive him my death as heartily as I do my*
‘*self. The compassion he takes at my Misfor-*
‘*tune, deserves yours; and I dye happy and*
‘*glorious, since I dye at your Feet, for your*
‘*sake, and in a Condition that forces those fair*
‘*showers from your Eyes.*

With much difficulty was he delivered of these Words, but with them he lost his Speech, and some few minutes after, breathed out his last, leaving in *Tullia*’s Soul such violent Characters of Passion, that she hardly knew where she

was, or what she did. My Brother, to give her way, retired some few paces when she came near *Cecinna*; and being extreamly moved with pity for his misfortune, the affliction he perceived it was to *Tullia*, heightned his own so much and so violently, that he had much ado to keep off from despair. He, at first, thought himself obliged to avoid the Eyes of that incensed Beauty; nay, though he was infinitely desirous to have a sight of her, yet must he need imagine, that, as things then stood, he could not without inhumanity importune her with his. Out of this consideration had he already retired some few paces; but his passion growing too strong for him, would needs oblige him to speak to her, and to make some reparation for the injury he had done her. This resolution grew so strong upon him, that he could not resist it, and so slighting all those reflections that were incompatible with the violence of his Love, he came some Paces nearer; he looked on that desolate Beauty, with all the agitations that a Soul that hath lost all command of it self can be capable of. He had not hardly had the confidence to open his Mouth, had he not been encouraged by the presence of *Emilia*, whom he knew to be favourable to him, and from whom he expected some relief. But at last, having rallied all the courage he had, he sets one Knee on the Ground, and looking on *Tullia* in a trembling Posture, ‘ I should not presume to importune you with
‘ my Sight, Madam *said he to her*, if I thought
‘ not my self obliged to make you some satisfaction for the injury I have done you; and
‘ though *Cecinna* hath in some sort justified me,
‘ by telling you that I only stood in a defensive
‘ posture against him, yet the displeasure I have
‘ done you is greater than to be passed over with
‘ such

such a reparation. There was no need of this last misfortune to heighten the aversion you have ever had for the unfortunate Person that now adores you; and this Sight of you, which I so earnestly begged before, should not have been granted me, together with that of an accident which can raise in you nothing but horror for this so unhappy a wretch. But since it is the Disposal of Heaven, it is but just that both Heaven's anger and yours should be appeased; and since I am already so well acquainted with your Heart, as to believe I shall find in you all the resolution requisite to revenge your self, and to do right to the *Manes* of *Cecinna*, here take the Sword, (*continued he, drawing it, and presenting her with the hilt*) take the Sword that hath taken away the Life of *Cecinna*, thrust it into this Breast which lies open to you, and spare not, after the injury I have done you, a Life, which, even in a condition of innocence, hath ever been odious to you.

At these words *Tullia*, who all the while would not so much as look towards him, but turned her Face another way, gave him such a sudden and furious look, that haply upon the first sallies of the violent passions she was then absolutely subject to, she might have granted the desolate *Antonius* the death he so much desired, and that accordingly she would have taken the Sword he presented to her, and whereof the very sight very much inflamed her indignation, when she perceived upon it certain drops of *Cecinna's* Blood. But the prudent *Emilia* fastening immediately upon it, got it, not without much difficulty, from *Antonius*; and this she did, as well in regard of the uncertainty she was in as to *Tullia's* intention, as to prevent that desperate Prince, from making

use of it against himself as he might have done, in the distraction his grief had then put him into.

Tullia continued for sometime without so much as opening her Mouth, expressing the agitations of her Soul by her looks and silence more effectually than she could haply have done by her words. But, at last, not able to master the impetuosity thereof, and looking on the prostrate *Antonius* with Eyes, wherein, through the tears that fell from them, the fire of her indignation discovered it self but too apparently ; ‘ Unmerciful disturber
‘ of my quiet, *said she to him*, thou who being
‘ the issue of my Father’s Executioners, art resolved not to degenerate from their cruelty : Is
‘ it possible that thy inhumanity cannot be satisfied either with the blood of *Cicero*, spilt by
‘ thy Friends, nor with that of *Cecinna*, which
‘ thou hast shed thy self, but thou must persecute
‘ to death an unfortunate Maid, who hath not
‘ without reason avoided thee, and who hath
‘ never yet gave thee the least offence ? Dost thou
‘ hope, stained with the blood of him that was
‘ to be her Husband, that she can regard that odious
‘ Passion, which hath proved the cause of all her
‘ unhappiness ? Or dost thou imagine she can
‘ look otherwise on thee than a Monster, and the
‘ foulest object of detestation and horror ? Go
‘ Barbarian, go Son of *Fulvia*, and disturb no
‘ longer the Daughter of the unfortunate *Cicero*,
‘ for whom thy cruelty hath opened a source of
‘ tears, which no passion could ever have made
‘ her shed.

As she uttered these words, which came from her attended with a deluge of Tears, she rested her Face on *Emilia*’s Arm, when *Scipio*, who was then in quest of either his Mistress or his Friend, came into the Place, directed thither haply by
the

the Gods, to prevent my Brother's despair. He was in a few words made acquainted with all that pass'd; and though compassion had that effect which it could not but produce in him, yet he made a shift to smother it, the better to save his Friend, and so joined with *Emilia* to oppose those sentiments of hatred and indignation which *Tullia* had conceived against my Brother. But, notwithstanding all their arguments, intreaties and remonstrances, she was still as inflexible as ever; and the suppliant posture wherein *Antonius* had continued all this while, or the abundance of tears he shed after her example, could not raise in her the least touch of compassion, nor any way moderate her exasperation.

When he saw that the mediation of *Emilia* and his Friend proved altogether ineffectual, rising up from the place where he was, and looking very dreadfully on *Tullia*, 'I now see, *Tullia*, said he
' to her, that nothing but my Death can satisfy
' you, and I were very much to blame, if, being
' near the dead Body of *Cecinna*, I should hope
' to find that pity from you, which in the greatest
' innocence of my Life, and amidst the most prevalent expressions of my Love, I could never obtain: Nor indeed was it to your compassion that
' I address'd myself, but I desired the implacable
' aversion you have for me to put a period to that
' Life, for which you have so much horror. I
' must confess, I should have embraced death more
' kindly from your Hands than my own, as conceiving your revenge will be the more absolute,
' when you take it your self. But since *Emilia*
' hath deprived you of that satisfaction which yet
' had been but proportionable to the Grief I have
' innocently caused you, I make it my own Business to sacrifice to you the remainder of this Life,
' which

‘ which hath been so unfortunately preserved, and
‘ is so cruelly abhorred.

With these Words he pretended as if he would go away, with an action not far from extravagance; but *Scipio*, who during his discourse was gotten near him, stay’d him, and *Tullia*, implacable as she was, yet having abundance of virtue about her, would not leave in the Persons that heard her, the sentiments which her distraction might have rais’d in them: So that endeavouring once more to express her self to *Antonius*, yet without looking on him: ‘ I come
‘ not out of a cruel Race, such as thine is, *said she to him*, nor do I desire any bloody reparations for the
‘ injury thou hast done me. I neither wish thy Death
‘ nor thy Life, and leave thee the Master of a Fate
‘ wherein I never intend to be any ways engaged.
‘ But if the horrid outrages which my Family and
‘ my self have received from thee and thine, may
‘ give me leave to hope any satisfaction from thee, I
‘ entreat, as thou dost respect Heaven, or whatever
‘ else may be dear to thee, that thou never appear be-
‘ fore me again, and that thou free me for ever
‘ hence-forward of a sight which neither is, nor
‘ ought to be any way supportable to me. This thou
‘ canst not refuse me, if thou hast any spark of vir-
‘ tue left in thee, and if thou grant it me, I engage
‘ my self never to desire of the Gods or Men any
‘ revenge against thee, and that I shall not be guilty
‘ of so much as a wish that may contribute any
‘ thing to the disturbance of thy Life. ‘Tis but
‘ just, Madam, *said Antonius to her, who was al-*
‘ *ready resolved what to do*; I shall give you the
‘ satisfaction you desire of me, though it be more
‘ insufferable than what I had offered you my self,
‘ and I protest to you, that you shall never while
‘ you live see again that unfortunate Person whom
‘ you thus condemn to eternal banishment.’ With
which

which Words he went away along with *Scipio*, who would not by any means leave him, out of a fear of some effect of his despair; and not long after *Emilia*; and the other Ladies, having caused the body of *Cecinna* to be brought away, returned into the City in the confused condition which it is not hard for you to imagine to your self.

I shall not trouble you, Sister, either with the grief of *Cecinna's* Friends and *Cicero's*, or with the displeasure of the Emperor at that Action, wherein yet he could not much blame my Brother, after he had understood the Circumstances of it. But I must needs tell you, that *Antonius*, having spent the Night with *Scipio*, who would by no means leave him till he were a little recovered, vanished the next Morning, and hath not been seen since in any part of the Earth that ever we could hear of, though he had been sought out every where. He went away with a very small retinue, purposely to avoid being discovered in the Places through which he passed, and where he intended to spend his Life, only he left a Letter for *Scipio*, wherein he intreated him to make his excuses to all those to whom he was oblig'd to make any, either out of respects of Birth, or any other considerations, further desiring him, not to enquire after the Place of his retirement, protesting to him that he knew it not himself, and that he was resolved to wander up and down the World, till he were quite recovered of *Tullia's* Love, and than he promised to return to *Rome*, and not before. *Scipio* and all his Friends sent some after him for certain Days, but they returned to *Rome* very much troubled that they could meet with no tidings of him. *Tullia* extremely cast down, and in a manner distracted at this unhappy adventure, left *Rome* some few Days after, and returned to her solitude, where she continued

tinued for many Years. And thus, by a passion fatally enflamed, have we lost a Brother, a great and excellent Person. It is six or seven Years since this Loss happened, which yet I was sensible of, before it could be thought one of my Age could be sensible of any such thing, and in regard that it is since that time that all the remarkable accidents of my Life are happened, my Brother could not be any ways concerned in them. And thence it came, that I made no mention of him in the relation of all the misfortunes which the Love of *Coriolanus* had engaged me in. I shall now proceed to the adventures of the rest of our Family, which having happened long since the other, I have accordingly fresh in my memory.

Here the fair *Cleopatra* made a stop to take her breath a little, and *Artemisa*, who had heard her, with very much attention, without ever interrupting her all the time, seeing her come to that Place, ' Good Heaven, Sister, said she to her, what an extraordinary obligation have you put upon me by this Discourse of yours? And what regret have you raised in me for the sad Fortune of that Brother of yours, who in all probability, would have lost nothing of the lustre of your noble House? How angry have I been with that inflexible *Tullia*, who made so little distinction between the innocent and the guilty, and how different have our sentiments been, though we have met with equal occasions to express them? I could not absolutely disapprove the carriage of *Tullia*, replies *Cleopatra*, though it were somewhat too violent at the latter end. At so bloody a Spectacle as that of the Death of *Cecinna*, she could not be less troubled than she seemed to be; and in the beginning, though *Antonius* were innocent, yet was he Son to those who had put her

Father

Father to a Death notorious for the cruelty of its circumstances. And if there were no reason she should be desirous to be revenged upon him, so was there not on the other side any that should engage her to admit his conversation, much less the expressions of his affection. In your Fortune things are very much different; your friendship took its first rise from your infancy, and from that time you have been accustomed to endure the presence of *Alexander*, not as that of their Son who had put *Artabafus* to Death, but as that of a Prince that adored you, and for whom ever from that time you had no aversion. The two fair Princesses had some farther discourse upon that subject, which ended, *Artemisa* having entreated *Cleopatra* to go on with her discourse, she proceeded thus.





Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART IX. BOOK II.

A R G U M E N T.

Cleopatra, pursuing the History of Antonia and young Ptolomy, entertains Artemisa with a Description of Augustus's Court, and gives her an Account of all the most considerable Persons about Rome, in point of Love and Courtship. Augustus entertains Terentia, the Wife of Mæcenas, in the Gardens of Lucullus, where Mithridates walking with Antonia, discovers his Passion to her, and is slighted by her. Undressing herself that Night, she finds in one of her Sleeves, a Letter from an Unknown Servant. Tullia, meeting with young Ptolomy at Sabina's, is taken with him, but he reflecting on her inflexibility towards his Brother Julius-Antonius,

nius, *slights her.* Antonia going to the Em-
press's, where all the great Persons about the
Court were met, is surprized by her Unknown
Lover with another Letter, which she finds in
her Handkerchief. A show upon the Tyber,
wherein the Unknown Lover surprizes her in
a Galley, which for the Invention and Magni-
ficence proved the Miracle of the Divertisement.
That Night Antonia, undressing herself, finds
another Letter, at the reading of which she
gives Cleopatra another which she found in one
of her Gloves. Archelaus and Mithridates, Sui-
tors to Antonia, conspire against their unknown
Rival, watch him one Night, but are both worsted
by him, whereupon he sends them a Letter. Tul-
lia and Emilia walk into the Gardens of Lucul-
lus, and for more Privacy, go into an Arbour,
where Tullia acquaints her with her Love to Pto-
lomy, and is overheard by him and Lentulus,
who thereupon falls desperately in Love with
her. The Solemnity of Augustus's Birth-day, the
several Exercises and Divertisements of it de-
scribed, wherein the unknown Lover of Anto-
nia being declared Conquerour, receives accord-
ingly the Prizes, which he presents at the Feet
of Antonia, and she, upon the Command of Oc-
tavia accepts. Having so done, he conveys him-
self out of the Lists, yet not so, but that being
perceived by Mithridates, he is by him pursued
and overtaken in a Wood, where they engage,
and Mithridates is overthrown. Archelaus
perceiving Mithridates departed, out of the
same Motive of Jealousy, follows him to dis-
cover the unknown Lover, and comes up to them
just as he had worsted Mithridates. Archelaus
seconding Mithridates, engages with the Un-
known, who after a little fighting, perceiving
some

some coming from the City, unborses him, yet not so, but that the other laying hold of his Casque, the Chin pieces broke, and his Head being by that means unarmed, he is discovered and known to be Drusus, the Son of Livia, and Brother to Tiberius. Marcellus and Ptolomy, coming in upon this, he makes his Apology to them, and is by them carried away immediately to be presented to Antonia, who upon the Mediation of Augustus, Livla, Octavia, Marcellus, Ptolomy, and others, entertains him as her Servant. Archelaus goes into the Wars against the Parthians. Mirthridates is made by the Emperor King of Comagenes, Polemon of Pontus, and Ptolomy continues his Devotions to Marcia.



TIS since the Loss of our Brother *Julius Antonius*, as I told you, that so many memorable Accidents have happened in our Family, such as no doubt but he would have concerned himself in, as he ought to have done, had he not been absent, nay, it may be, absolutely lost. It was much about the time of his Departure that *Coriolanus* made the first Addresses of his Love to me, or it was then at least that I was come to an Age, wherein I seriously began to take Notice of them. I have already acquainted you with all that hath befallen me since, even to the most inconsiderable Circumstances, so that I am dispensed withal as to any Relation that concerns myself, though what hath happened to me be of greater Consequence than any thing else that hath befallen our Family. For what relates to *Alexander*, you have been acquainted with the Adventures of his first Years to his Departure from *Rome*; and for
 what

what hath happened to him since, I have learned it from yourself, who must needs have been the best acquainted of any with his Adventures, as having been the only Occasion thereof. All that that now lies on my Hands to do, is, to give you an Account of young *Ptolomy*, of the Children of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, and, of those of *Anthony* and *Octavia*, of my two Sisters, *Agrippina* and young *Antonia*, whom you have so particular an Affection for. For *Ptolomy* he is yet of an Age wherein it cannot be expected he should meet with many Adventures, though the World hath, from several particular Actions of his, conceived very miraculous Hopes of him: And for my Sisters, I shall punctually acquaint you with all you desire to know concerning them.

These two Princesses born, no doubt, to all the Perfections of Nature, have extreemly improved and heightened them by an excellent Education; for I need say no more to you, than that they have been brought up by their Mother *Octavia*, to let you understand what Advantages they might derive from that. *Agrippina* is certainly a very rare and exquisite Beauty, hath a great Command of understanding, and is of an exemplary Virtue; nay, it will haply be found, that the World is but poorly stored with Persons whose Accomplishments and Perfections may come into the Balance with those of this Princess. Yet is it as certain, that *Antonia* surpasses her in all Things, and though Heaven hath bestowed on her a Beauty of the first Magnitude among those terrestrial Constellations, whose Influences the Earth adores and is guided by, yet is this Beauty of her Person much below that of her Mind, and that of her Inclinations. Never was there any one of her Sex that had a Mind fixed with so much Solidity, refined
by

by so-much Purity, and heightned by so great a Disengagement from Things that are inconsiderable and beneath her. It discovers such a Consonancy of Sweetness and Severity, as amounts to a just Moderation, and all her Actions are guided by so certain a Rule, that they defy whatever the most irreconcilable Malice durst object against them. I could tell you much more of her Sister, and yet be in some Fear I might not speak enough; since it is undeniable, taking her in all Things, there cannot be any thing more accomplished than *Antonia*, and it is generally acknowledged in *Rome*, that *Octavia*, the Honour and Ornament of her Time, could not have furnished the World with any thing else that were more worthy herself, or more like her Mother in all her great and excellent Perfections.

It is not many Years since *Domitius-Aenobarbus*, a Man illustrious enough by his Extraction, but much more for his great Employments, and the noble Actions he did, address'd his Affections to *Agrippina*, and afterwards became an earnest and constant Servant of hers. And in regard his Engagement in this Design, was not without the Approbation of the Emperor, *Octavia* and, in a Word, of all those Persons whose Countenance he stood in need of, *Agrippina*, out of pure Compliance with *Octavia*, entertained his Addresses with the Esteem and Acknowledgment she was obliged to, and, without any Repugnance and Violence of Passion, was resolv'd to submit to the Disposal of those Persons to whom she ow'd an Obedience. But, on the contrary, *Antonia* having a Dis-inclination to love, and an Aversion for whatever had but the last Appearance of Gallantry, had spent all the Years of her Life to this very last, not only without loving, but even without so much

as enduring any Discourse, or indeed the least Discovery of any such Thing, though her extraordinary Beauty, and the amiable Excellencies of her Person had raised her no small Number of Servants among those of greatest Quality upon Earth.

Among the most eminent of those that had any Thoughts for her, *Archelaus*, King of *Cappadocia*, a young Prince of great Valour, and Abundance of Virtue, was one of the first that declared himself a Servant of hers: And certainly, if an Excess of Merit heightened by Services, full of Passion and Respect, might have had any Influence on the Heart of *Antonia*, it was not improbable they should fail of their Effect on it, on the behalf of that Prince. His Alliance with *Cesar*, or rather his Dependence on the Empire, to which his Dominions were tributary, (as were those of most Kings upon Earth) obliged him to be very much resident at *Rome*, where all other Kings as well as he were forced to make their constant Addresses to the Emperor.

'Twas in one of these Voyages, that he became a Sacrifice to the fair Eyes of *Antonia*, and upon that Account stayed longer in *Rome* than he had resolved to do. Whole Years past away ere he durst make his Case known, or any way discover himself to her, who was the Occasion of all his Sufferings. And though that during this Time, he travelled very much up and down, either within his own Kingdom, or into those of his next Neighbours, whither the War often drew him; yet was his Love his perpetual attendant, and upon the least Occasion brought him still to *Rome*, where he had left the fair Object of his Passion. Whenever he felt in himself any Inclination to discover to *Antonia* what he suffered for her Sake, her Severity and that modest Fierceness she was subject to,

put

put him to immediate Silence: And whereas upon all other Occasions he was never known to be wanting as to Courage, yet all that great Confidence he was naturally Master of, proved as to this Design, absolutely unserviceable, and that out of no other Consideration, than that he was not ignorant of the inflexible Humour of *Antonia*. But at last he ventured to break forth into speech, after he had ushered in the Discourse by thousands of Actions might have signified no less than what he spoke; but this first Overture of his proved so little to his Satisfaction, that for a long Time after he could never reflect on it without a certain Regret, which must needs be the greater, in that *Antonia*, who till then had suffered his Conversation as she would do that of a Prince, eminent for his Virtue, and high in the Esteem of all the World, could not endure to hear from his own Mouth, the first Declaration of a Passion which she had a natural Aversion for, and entertained it with such a Resentment, as easily put her upon a Resolution to avoid all Occasions of Discourse with him. However, after some Time she was perswaded to endure it, but not so much out of any Remorse of her Inclinations, as by the Mediation of *Octavia*, who would not have her treat with Disdain and Incivility, a King of extraordinary Merit, as also upon the Advice of her Brother *Marcellus*, whom she had very great Respects for, and who highly esteemed *Archelaus*. But after all, the greatest Advantage he made of this Forbearance amounted not to so much as to make his Condition any whit the better; and if *Antonia* gave him sometimes leave to wait on her, and to fall into Discourse with her, yet could he never either from his Addresses or Conversation infer the least Hope they might ever prove effectual, or derive any other

Com-

Comfort from them, save that of being assured, that his Rivals, (who no doubt were not a few, and those very considerable) were not treated any Thing more favourable than himself.

Besides *Archelaus*, there was a great Number of other Princes at *Rome*, and there daily came some from all Parts, as I told you, to do homage, and make their Acknowledgments to the Lord of the greatest part of the Universe. Among the most accomplished were *Mithridates* and *Polemon*, Persons whom their excellent endowments made accordingly considerable, it being indeed upon the account of their Virtue, (which added a great lustre and advantage to their Birth) that they had not long before received Crowns from the liberality of *Augustus*; *Polemon* that of *Pontus*, and *Mithridates* that of *Comagenes*. *Mithridates*, a Person naturally confident and daring, and of high and aspiring Thoughts, captivated by the perfections of *Julia*, and flattered in some hopes through her easiness in admitting Addresses and Adorations, made no great secret, for some time, of the Inclinations he had for her: But at length, seized with a fear of displeasing *Marcellus*, whom all the World very much respected, as well for his Reputation as his Virtue, and to incense the Emperor himself, who would not have taken it kindly that his Daughter should be cajoled into any other Affection than that of *Marcellus*, on whom he had resolved to bestow her, he was forced to smother his first Inclinations, and after he had continued for some considerable Time in an uncertainty, without being able to fasten to any choice, he at last ran the same fate with a many others, and became an admirer of the excellencies of *Antonia*, and accordingly put him-

himself into the same prædicament with *Archelaus*. *Polemon*, on the other side, continued Master of Liberty for a long Time, but at last was forced to sacrifice it to *Marcella*, Daughter to *Octavia*, by her former Husband, and Sister, both by Father and Mother, to Prince *Marcellus*: But his engagement into that affection was with very little hope, or likelihood of any good success; not but that his great worth and high birth were very considerable; but it was the general belief that the Emperor had long before designed his Niece the Princess *Marcella* for Wife to the great *Agrippa*, a Person so considerable in point of Reputation and Interest, as not to be paralleled by *Polemon*, or indeed by any Person in the Empire, unless it were by Prince *Marcellus* himself. His younger Sister by the same Marriage, named *Martia*, a Princess of an excellent Beauty, an admirable Wit, and a disposition full of Sweetness and Complaisance, had also a great number of Suitors; and you are not to imagine, but that Princesses of such worth, extractions and interests, were more likely to raise desires than hopes in the Hearts of such Persons as were the most eminent.

I have purposely given you this small account that you may thence infer what a noble and great Court there must needs be at *Octavia's*, where we were no less than five Princesses, who, next to *Julia*, might, not without Reason, pretend to the first Rank among all those of the Empire, and that had had the Honour to be brought up by the Conduct of a Person, whose Virtue is a thousand times more considerable than all the advantages she might have derived from either her Birth or her Fortune.

Besides

Besides those that I have named to you, that were particularly related to the Imperial House, or were otherwise of a Royal Extraction, there was at *Rome* a great number of those Illustrious Families, which are no way inferior to those of Kings, as also of those Consular Houses, whereof the Chiefs have so often led Kings in Triumph, and disposed of Kingdoms as if they had been their own private Estates. The admirable *Sulpitia*, Daughter to *Lucius Metellus*, the Beautiful *Hortensia*, Daughter to *Caius Lentulus*, *Servilia* Daughter to *Servilius Aulus*, *Flavia*, of the Noble Blood of the *Fabii*, *Sabina*, of that of the famous *Scipio's*, and the discreet *Virginia*, the Daughter of *Catulus*, were, as I may say, in respect of us, of the second magnitude. In like manner, among the Men, the very same Families, and others of that quality had produced no small number of such, as, in all probability should not degenerate from the glory of their Ancestors; and as to matter of magnificence and gallantry, next to *Marcellus*, the Sons of *Livia*, and the Princes I have already mentioned to you, young *Crassus*, Son to those of that Name, who died among the *Parthians*, a Person already arrived to the fame of divers Noble Victories, young *Catulus*, *Albinus*, *Cinna*, *Lentulus*, *Fulvianus* the Son of *Scaurus*, *Emilianus*, of the race of the *Scipio's*, and *Cornelianus*, descended of that of the *Cato's*, were the most Eminent and Remarkable in *Rome*, as well for their excellent endowments, as their Pomp and Magnificence. All these Persons, or at least the greatest part of them, came every Day to the Emperess's Court, or to the Princess *Julia's*, or to us, or to *Scribonia's*, or to *Terentia's*, the Wife of *Mecenas*, and it may be well affirmed, that

there was never any thing of ostentation and magnificence, comparable to what was seen in the publick shews and divertisements, that these Illustrious Persons daily entertained us with, and that with such prodigality and profusions, as it were impossible to meet with in any other place, than a City that is Lady of the Universe, and surfeited with the spoils of so many Kingdoms.

I need not tell you, Sister, that I have all this while digressed from what I had first undertaken, purposely to give you a slight Description of *Augustus's* Court, and that out of a confidence you would not take it amiss to be acquainted with the Names of those Persons that are the most considerable in the Universe, I shall therefore now return to our own Family, and give you a punctual Account of all that you desire to know concerning it, omitting, out of design, what happened long since, the more to hasten to a relation of what hath happened within these late Years, as well because it is of greatest Consequence, as that it is freshest in my Memory, and most within my Knowledge.

That you may therefore be the better informed as to what concerns the Affairs of our Family, you are to know, That *Julius Antonius*, as I have already told you, had been lost for some five or six Years : That I was at *Rome* exposed to the cruel persecution of *Tiberius* : That *Alexander* was not long before gone from *Rome* into the Army of *Pannonia*, whence it was that he came to you : That *Ptolomy* was brought up in *Cesar's* Court, all the World conceiving miraculous Hopes of him : That for our two Sisters, that were born of *Ottavia*, *Agrippina* was courted by *Demitius Ænobarbus*, and the younger

younger *Antonia* by *Archelaus*, King of *Cappadocia*, and divers other illustrious Persons, as well among the *Romans*, as among those Princes that had their Education in *Augustus's* Court, and that for the two Princesses, the Daughters of *Octavia* and *Marcellus*, and whom we still looked on as our Sisters; *Marcella* was courted by *Crassus* and *Polemon*, but according to the general Opinion, designed by the Emperor for the Great *Agrippa*; and the young and fair *Marcia*, besides many other Suitors and Adorers, whom her excellent Perfections magnetically drew after her, was most earnestly courted by *Emilianus*, one of the House of the *Scipio's*, and young *Catulus*, both Persons extremely considerable, as well upon the Score of their Virtues, as extraordinary worth and parts. The other Ladies, whom I have named to you, were also courted by the illustrious Persons about *Rome*, of *Roman* Extraction, insomuch that *Rome* was, in Point of Gallantry and Magnificence, much beyond what I am able to represent to you: The Emperor, who, as you know, is yet in the flower of his Age, and is naturally very much inclined to whatever sounds any Thing of Gallantry, gave himself the Example as to what tended that way, through the Engagement and Inclinations he then had, and still hath for *Terentia*, *Mecenas's* Wife, a Woman of great Beauty, and a vast Wit and Understanding, but with this Disadvantage as to her Reputation, that the frequent Addresses and Familiarity of the Emperor did her some Injury, as being one, that, having been Wife to a Man whose Virtue the whole Empire had a particular Honour and Veneration for, should have carried herself with that Reservedness as might have been proof against those Reports, which but too too often blast the most circumspect Behaviours.

This excellent Woman did the Emperor one Day take an Occasion to entertain with a Comedy, Musick, and Walking, in the fair and famous Gardens of *Lucullus*, and all the Persons I have named to you, with divers others, whom I have not mentioned, were admitted into the noble meeting. The first Divertisement they were entertained with, while they expected the other, (which were not to be had, but by Torch-light) was that of Walking; so that the Company being gotten into those pleasant Walks, they took their turns about, and saw all the Rarities of the Garden, which certainly are admirable, and not below the Report that is spread over the World of it, and the Charge, which the most sumptuous of Mankind had been about it. The Empress, whose Thoughts have ever been more taken up with what related to her Ambition and State-Affairs, than with any thing else, pretending to be ignorant of the Emperor's Inclinations, and seeming not the least troubled thereat, would needs make one of that Assembly; and while they walked, was led by *Agrippa*, though she had no great Respect for him, and looked on the Interest he had with *Augustus*, with some Jealousy. *Mecenas* waited on the Prince's *Octavia*, and after her the Emperor himself led *Terentia*; after them came *Julia*, led by *Marcellus*, and after her myself, led by *Tiberius*. *Domitius* had *Agrippina* by the Arm, and the King *Archelaus* the fair *Antonia*. *Marcella* was conducted by Prince *Polemon*, *Martia* by the gallant *Craesus*; *Sulpitia* by *Lentulus*, *Hortensia* by *Flavianus*, *Sabina* by *Cinna*, *Servilia* by *Emilianus*, *Flavia* by *Albinus*, *Virginia* by *Cornelius*, and the excellent *Cipassis*, (who for her own worth, and the Friendship which *Julia* had for her, was numbered among the most considerable) by *Ovid*.

Besides

Besides all these, *Drusus*, *Ptolomy*, *Mithridates*, and *Horace*, whom they had brought with them, and whom all the World respected, and was in Love with, for his admirable Wit, having not any Ladies to wait on, or being unwilling to engage themselves any where against their Inclinations, very pleasantly desired leave to dispose of themselves where they might meet with any Hands free; which *Livia* having, in the Name of the whole Company granted them, *Drusus* came and took me by the Hand, out of a Confidence his Brother, who had me by the other, would not take it amiss. *Ptolomy* addressed himself to the beautiful *Marcia*, who was led by *Craspus*; the daring *Mithridates* confidently fastened on *Antonia*, who was led by *Archelaus*; and *Horace*, after he had recollected himself a little after a very pleasant Manner, laid hold of *Cipassis*, who was led by *Ovid*, and reaching him her Hand, said very wittily, that for an unfortunate Stranger, she was not the worst waited on in the Company, having those two Men about her.

This Noble Assembly, the noblest haply that the whole Universe could have afforded, went all together into a spacious Walk, covered in a Manner with Trees of an extraordinary Height, and abutted, as all the rest did, upon a large Basin of Water, which is in the midst of the Garden, having in it one principal Figure which may be seen from all the Extremities, and that is a *Neptune*, placed in the midst of the Water, seated in his Chariot, drawn by *Tritons*, and holding in the right Hand his Trident, which at three Points of it, cast forth Water to a greater height than the highest Trees of the Garden. He is compassed about by a hundred *Nereids* of Alabaster, disposed about the Extremities of the Basis, in a hun-

dred several Postures placed at equal distances within a row of Pilasters of white Marble, by which it is encompassed. From this Place, by the Means of twelve spacious Walks, which abutt there, may be seen all the Extremities of the Garden, and the end of every Walk is remarkable for some object that does a certain pleasant violence on the sight, and surprize the Spectator in twelve different Manners. That particular Walk into which we were gotten, entertained our Eyes only with the Gate of the Garden, and a Prospect of *Rome*; but all the rest end either with Perspectives made with so much art, that they deceived the sight, even to the Extremity thereof; or with grotts, admirable as well for the Variety of shells, and the Nacre whereof they are built, as for the Diversity of the Springs and Figures, whereby they are adorned, or with Arbours miraculous for their Structure, or lastly with Descents of Water, ordered with such extraordinary Artifice, as that falling from an excessive height upon a many several steps, it makes a confused, but withal, a pleasant Noise, and so runs into a Number of little Channels, which border the Walks in divers Places, cross them in divers others, so that People are forced to go over them upon Bridges, having on both sides Pilasters of Marble.

The twelve principal Walks are crossed up and down by an infinite Number of others, wherein it is not hard for one to lose himself; but with this Advantage, by way of Recompence, that where-soever chance, or your own inclination disposes of you, the objects you are entertained with, are every where very delightful and very surprizing. There are thousands of rarities in this Garden, which I do not trouble you with an account of,
and

and for what I have told you, it hath only been by the way, and somewhat besides my purpose.

When the whole Company had taken several turns about the *Basin*, it divided it self into several parties according to the different inclinations of the Persons. *Julia* having made a proposition to that purpose, and represented that walking wanted that freedom and divertisement when there were a many together, which it had when there is more privacy. For my part, I was resolved not to leave *Octavia*, who began to direct her course towards one of the principal Walks, and my Sister *Antonia* was as resolved to keep me company. It was, I must confess, no small satisfaction to me, that *Drusus* came and joined with *Tiberius*, to lead me, as well upon the account of the many excellent qualities I observed in his Person, as also that I thought it much better, being between the Brothers, than alone with *Tiberius*; besides that I cannot deny, but that I found something in *Drusus's* discourse, which in some measure took off the tediousness I met with in that of his Brother, and consequently was satisfied as to the good opinion which all the World had of him. He was in very good terms with *Marcellus*, as to the difference there had been between them concerning their Loves to *Julia*; insomuch, that he not only forbore all visits to the Princess, but it was visible in all his actions, that he had given over all thoughts of her, and sought nothing with so much earnestness as the friendship of *Marcellus*. Besides, though he sided as much as he could with his Brother, as in point of Honour he was obliged to do, yet did he not press his interest very much to me, and knowing the aversion I had for his Brother's addresses, and the respects I had for those of *Coriolanus*, he said

very little to me of his Brother, and spoke nothing to the disadvantage of his Rival. 'Twas this Day that he entertained me with abundance of things that were infinitely pleasant, and his Brother maliciously putting him upon some discourse concerning *Julia*, he spoke of her with so much modesty and reservedness, but withal with so much wit, that I had from that time a greater esteem for him than I had had before.

After us came *Antonia*, led by *Archelaus* and *Mithridates*, but the Emperor having sent for *Archelaus*, as having some business to communicate to him, *Mithridates* stayed alone with *Antonia*, to his unconceivable satisfaction. This was it he had sought-out, of a long time, and what he could never find before; and accordingly being a Person infinitely confident, he would needs make his advantage of it, attributing the silence he had for some time observed, to want of opportunity. And yet all his confidence, though summoned together upon this occasion, stuck not so close to him, but that for some minutes he was at a loss what to do, as to the design he had to discover his thoughts, and *Antonia* on the other side was so terrible upon all occasions of that nature, that she was able to make the most assured of their strength, to tremble. However he took heart in his Resolution, and falling into discourse about the departure of *Archelaus*, ' I never made it
' any question, Madam, said he to her, but that
' *Archelaus* entertains whatever orders come from
' *Cesar*, with all the respect and compliance that
' may be; but for this last, I believe it hath been
' received by him, with a disturbance equal to the
' satisfaction it hath bred in me. I cannot apprehend, replies *Antonia*, the cause of either
' his discontent or your joy, nor see in this accident
' any

any occasion either of the one or other. For *Archelaus*, replies *Mithridates*, you cannot certainly but know how unkindly he takes it to be absent from you, since you are not to be now acquainted with the passion he hath for you: And for *Mithridates*, you may well imagine what joy it is to him to have the honour to wait on you alone, when I have once told you that he is involved in the same Chains with *Archelaus*.

These words of *Mithridates* made *Antonia* blush for very indignation, though from some circumstances she was satisfied as to some part of that truth; but she would needs pretend that she understood not his meaning, and so seem the less incensed against him; whereupon re-assuming the discourse with an action full of disdain, 'I know not, said she to him, what you mean either by the Chains or Passions of *Archelaus*, but am satisfied, that were he conscious of any thing which I should take amiss at his Hands, the respects he hath for me are so great, that he would keep it from my knowledge. Ah Madam, replied he, is it possible, that you who pretend so much to a real sincerity, can so peremptorily affirm, that the King of *Cappadocia* hath never entertained you with the affection he hath for you? If ever he did speak to me of it, replies the Princess, it matters not, I gave no credit to what he said, and that for me to do so, was the greatest advantage he could ever hope from such discourse; for after all, when he had done what he could to persuade me that he had an affection for me, I should possibly have persuaded him in my turn, that I should be subject to a quite contrary passion for Persons, whose affections make them forget the respect they ought to observe. For matter of respect,

replies the Prince of Comagenes, I must acknowledge, it ought to be had for you while Life lasts, and that the least violation thereof deserves the severest Punishment; but for a Man to be so far from being wanting in point of respect, as that he only presumes to discover a Love, which for the greatest part consists in respect it self; does he deserve those Lightnings and Thunder-bolts which you cast at the Guilty, and must a Man needs be exposed to your indignation for telling you, that he hath an adoration for you, equal to what he hath for the Gods, as he should be to that of another Person, whom he had done some affront to? The case is the very same, *replies the Princess very roundly*, and in my opinion, there should be no distinction made between such adorations and affronts. How, Madam, cries out *Mithridates*, it seems you allow no difference between the effects of Love, and those of Hatred? When those of Love are importunate and troublesome, answers *Antonia*, I think them more insupportable than those of Hatred, and such is my humour, I should sooner pardon an effect of Hatred in my Enemies, than an expression of Love in those that call themselves my Friends. Ah, Madam, *replies the Prince with an action full of earnestness*, if it be so, I shall advise the unfortunate *Mithridates*, not to tell you till at the last gasp, that he dies for you, and I shall beseech you for the future to read in his Eyes what you forbid him to declare with his Tongue.

Mithridates had no sooner pronounced these Words, with a submissive look on the Ground, but *Antonia* casting her Eyes on him, with an action full of fierceness, *Mithridates*, said she to him,

him, *I am now satisfied that you take me for*-----
at which word making a sudden stop, haply to
correct what the hastiness of her thought had al-
most forced into her Mouth. ' No, no, *said the*
' *Prince, interrupting her*, no Madam, I do not
' take you for *Julia*, for it was of her that you
' were going to speak, and the Gods are my Wit-
' nesses, that though truth it self, and the passion
' I have had for that Princess, might well oblige
' me to speak advantageously of her, yet must I
' acknowledge that I find no resemblance between
' you. It was from my intention, replies *An-*
' *tonia*, to say any thing of *Julia*: I conceive it
' an honour to be any way like her, and am per-
' swaded she gives as little entertainment as I do,
' to such discourses as that you have entertained
' me with: But whether that it be so or not, if
' I have deserved this unhappy adventure for the
' pains I have taken to make you some Answer
' on an unbeseeming Subject, meerly to avoid the
' like for the future, since I cannot take down
' your confidence, I shall deprive you of the occa-
' sions, and you shall talk to me in another stile,
' or never see me again.

Mitbridates, at these Words, notwithstanding
his great confidence, was somewhat at a loss, and
knew not what answer to make her, when the
incensed *Antonia* having pronounced them: And
walking a little faster to overtake us, ' Sister,
' Sister, *said she to me*, stay for us, and give us
' leave to be of your Company, and participate
' of your discourse.

These words falling from her somewhat disorderly, were enough for me to guess at the truth;
so that when she was come up to us, I could not
forbear looking on her with a certain smile, as if
I understood by her countenance that she was really
angry.

angry. Coming to our side, *Drusus*, who was next her, very respectfully presented her with the Hand he had at liberty, and *Antonia* having with as much civility received it, we walked all five a-breast, after *Ostavia* and *Mecenas*, who were some few paces before us, and often engaged in our discourse. *Tiberius* and *Drusus* talked in a manner all the time, and though *Mitbridates* was a Person sufficiently inclined to discourse and mirth, yet came there not many Words from him all the Day after. I could not forbear smiling whenever I looked on *Antonia*, who was extremely troubled at it. But what was most pleasant of all, was, when we were gotten out of the spacious Walk to go into others that were narrower, which lay next to the little Rivulets, and wherein there cannot walk above three a-breast; for *Drusus* being in the middle of the five, and just between my Sister and me, we were both desirous to keep him; *Antonia*, to be exempted from the discourse she was so willing to avoid, and I, because I would not be alone with *Tiberius*, and accordingly upon these several considerations we both drew *Drusus* with us at the same time, and to make him the more sure to us, wrung him hard by the hand.

That action surprized him a little at first, as not being wont to be so treated by us, but a while after, being a Person infinitely ingenious, he apprehended our meaning, and could not forbear laughing at it. He was a while in suspense which side to take; telling us that he withed himself the fate of *Aristocles*, with abundance of other things, very witty and pleasant; but at last, he decided the controversy, somewhat to my disadvantage, for he left me, because he would be alone with *Antonia*, but telling me withal very wittily, that he was a better Brother than for to deprive *Tiberius* any

any longer of my discourse, and that he would wait upon *Antonia*, who had not the same engagements to *Mithridates*, as I had to his Brother. *Mithridates* blushed at this discourse, and was forced, though with much discontent, to accept of *Drusus's* company: But not longer after, being come to a Place where several walks crossed one the other, we met *Julia*, *Agrippina*, and *Marcia*, with *Marcellus*, *Domitius*, *Crassus*, and young *Ptolomy* our Brother, and saw coming on the other side, the Emperor with *Terentia*, the Empress, *Marcella* and divers others; so that *Cesar* having given order that all the Company should rally, all met together at the end of one of the Walks in a spacious vaulted Arbour, open on three sides, and having at the three openings, three Springs casting up Water higher than the roof of the Arbour. There it was that the Musick expected us, and that the most excellent voices that *Rome* could afford, joined to all the Instruments requisite to make a noble Consort, gave us a very delightful divertisement. After the Musick, which lasted not above an Hour, all went a walking again, and walked till Night; but this second time, every one endeavoured to avoid being of their Company whom they could not affect; so that *Mithridates* being deprived of the Company of *Antonia*, who did all she could to shun him, stay'd with *Drusus*, *Crassus*, young *Ptolomy*, and others, who came not near the Ladies for all that Day.

When the Day began to dislodge, and resign its place to Darknels, we were all brought into a spacious Bower, so covered over with the boughs of Trees whereof it was made, that the violent rays of the Meridian Sun could hardly find any Passage into it: But that Night it had such an excess

cess of light, that it might be said it never knew a greater Day, that is, that of a thousand Torches fastened to a hundred sumptuous Branches sparkling with gold and precious Stones, which hanging down from the boughs of the Bower, produced the noblest Effect in the World, and enlightened a magnificent Theatre that had been set up at one end of it, and upon which the Successors of the famous *Roscius* enter: and the company for two hours.

The Comedy being ended, we went into another Bower, not far from the former, and enlightened after the same Manner, where we were entertained with a magnificent Collation; and that also over, the rest of the Night was spent in dancing. *Archelaus* danced with *Antonia*, whom *Mithridates* durst not come near all the night. *Polemon* danced with *Marcella*, and had a long Discourse with her, and our Brother *Ptolomy*, with the fair *Marcia*; but after a Manner much different from that of the other. For *Polemon* having an extraordinary Passion for *Marcella*, who, for her part was not any way moved thereat, and did not much mind the Expressions of *Polemon's* Affection, and *Ptolomy* naturally averse from Love, unless it were that of his Liberty, was little moved at the Beauty of *Marcia*, though she were so well furnished that way as to make an Impression on Souls that were most insensible, and had naturally no Aversion for *Ptolomy*, but lived with him by the Directions of *Octavia*, as if they had been Brother and Sister. For *Domitius* and *Agrippina*, their Conversation was full of Freedom, and whereas the Pretensions of *Domitius* were generally countenanced and encouraged, and *Agrippina* a Person of a Disposition easily satisfied, her Affection accordingly met with few Traverses of Fortune, and so her Mind had little to struggle withal. *Marcellus*

cellus and *Julia* were in the height of Familiarity, in regard no Man disputed her with him, and that he himself had made his Peace with her, as to the Difference they had had together about the Love of *Drusus*; and for my part, I had my Hands full of *Tiberius*, who made all the Advantage he could of the Absence of *Coriolanus*; but the most pleasant Part of the Story was a Dispute raised by *Cypassis*, between *Ovid* and *Horace*, who had waited on her all that Day, and who, upon a very nice and ticklish Question, said Things worthy the Admiration of all the World. The greatest Part of the Night being thus spent, it was thought Time to retire; whereupon the whole Company being disposed into Chariots, every one went to, what was then most desirable, rest.

I know, Sister, I have not done well thus to digress, or at least there was no Necessity I should give you such a particular Description of that Day's Walking and Entertainments, and it is not unlikely you expected to hear of some extraordinary Accident some way relating to this History. But this short Relation of the Divertisements of that Day, (whereof I have given as brief an Account as I could) may be thus far advantageous to you, as to make you better acquainted, as well with the Persons, as the little Intrigues that then were in the Court of *Augustus*, and I have been so much the larger, out of this Consideration, that it was this Day that gave Birth to some Things which have since come to pass of very great Consequence. My Sister *Antonia* and I had lain together for some few Days before, and were extraordinary kind one to another, as being engaged in a Friendship that allowed as little Separation as could possibly be. As we were undressing ourselves that Night, I fell into Discourse about what had happened

pened between her and *Mitbridates*, and though she was extremely loath to make me acquainted with it, yet at last, not able to stand out against my Persecutions of her, she gave me a punctual Account of all those Discourses she had had with him, as I have related it to you already, and discovered so much Indignation in the recital thereof, that notwithstanding the Sadness which then lay heavy on my Heart, I could not forbear laughing at it, and to torment her with Discourse about it. But the Occasion I laid hold of to do so, was yet more handsome: When as she put off her Cloaths, there fell out of her Sleeves, a Letter that had been hidden there, and which was no sooner fallen to the ground, but I took it up, and having with a great Curiosity looked on the Superscription, I found written in a Hand that was unknown to me, (*To the fair Antonia.*) I had no sooner eyed that Superscription, but presenting it to her, and obliging her to read it, she was extremely at a loss, and perceiving her Amazement to be so great as hindered her from speaking: ‘ Sister, *said* ‘ *I to her*, you have not dealt freely with me, since ‘ that having acquainted me with the Particulari- ‘ ties of *Mitbridates’s* Affection, you conceal from ‘ me that of another more fortunate Servant of ‘ yours, from whom you receive Letters.’ These Words put her into a sudden blush; but she soon after recovered herself: ‘ Sister, *reply’d she very* ‘ *soberly*, I shall not vindicate myself to you, and ‘ I think you know me better than to believe that ‘ I receive Letters from any one. And yet you ‘ see, *reply’d I*, that this is very truly directed to ‘ you, and that he that writ it, hath been so much ‘ afraid it should miscarry, that he would needs ‘ put your Name in the Superscription in very fair ‘ Characters. For that, *replies Antonia*, be it ‘ on

‘ on the Account of his Discretion; but that he
‘ hath been so fortunate in his Design, as that it
‘ should be known it was directed to me, is all the
‘ Satisfaction it will bring him, and assure your-
‘ self, I am satisfied with the bare Superscription,
‘ and have no Desire to see any more of it. Not
‘ but that I am perswaded it comes from *Mitbri-*
‘ *dates* himself, who will needs accomplish what
‘ he so confidently began: It being not so likely
‘ that *Archelaus* should have any Hand in it, since
‘ he talked with me all the Evening, and that I
‘ cannot believe every Day should produce Persons
‘ guilty of such an Excess of Confidence. How-
‘ ever it may be, *said I to her*, if you are not
‘ resolved to conceal it from me, you will give
‘ me leave to read it: You may as well let it alone,
‘ *reply’d Antonia*, but it would argue in me a Dis-
‘ trust of my own strength, should I forbid you
‘ to do it, if you are so resolved. I therefore open-
‘ ed the Letter, and began to read aloud these
‘ Words.

Since that in your Judgment there is no Distinc-
tion to be made between Adorations and Affronts,
and that you think the Effects of Hatred more sup-
portable than those of Love-----

‘ Now, Sister, *says Antonia, interrupting me*,
‘ was I not in the right, when I told you it came
‘ from *Mitbridates*, and are they not his own
‘ Words in the Discourse that past between us? So
‘ far, *said I to her*, I agree with you that *Mi-*
‘ *tbridates* is the Author of it; but let us see what
‘ follows, and comfort yourself so far, that there
‘ is no new Affront offered you in this Letter, since
‘ it acquaints you with nothing but what you knew
‘ before. *Antonia* being of the same Opinion,
‘ heard me with much more Quietness of Thought
‘ than

• than before, so that I began it again, and found
• in it these Words.

• Since that in your Judgment there is no Dis-
• tinction to be made between Adorations and Af-
• fronts, and that you think the Effects of Hatred
• more supportable than those of Love, those who
• are destin'd to affront you, since they are only
• such as are born to adore you, ought either to
• conceal the Offence from you, or keep the Of-
• fender out of your Knowledge. For my Part,
• fairest *Antonin*, I am the greatest of your Ene-
• mies, since that I am, of all Mankind the Per-
• son that hath the greatest Affection for you, and
• I tell you that confidently which I should not
• without trembling, were I not unknown to you.
• You have seen and know the Person, while yet
• you were ignorant of his Passion; but now that
• the Passion is discovered, it is but fit the Person
• should be concealed, that only his Love may be
• expos'd to your Indignation. And since it is
• only Love that you hate, and not the Persons
• that are inclined to love you, if it be possible to
• engage the Aversion you have for it, with such
• good Success as that you may be intreated to be
• more favourable to it, those who are guilty of
• no other Crime, will appear before you in a less
• odious Posture, when their Crime is pardon'd,
• or at least conniv'd at by your Indulgence. The
• most Guilty of all those that commit any Of-
• fences of this Nature against you, seeing himself
• reduced by your inflexible Maxims, to a cruel
• Necessity of either holding his Peace, or conceal-
• ing himself, stands in suspense at the Choice he is
• to make, which though it be in appearance fan-
• tastick, yet is in its Consequences rational enough,
• nay haply generous enough, since that he can-
• not be charged with any Consideration of his
• Person,

Person, but only of his Love, and that it is to induce you to bear with his Love, that he dresses himself to you, and not to engage you to any Affection towards his Person, which he conceals from you, and which he shall conceal haply, as long as he lives. Pardon him this innocent Surprize, which he intends on your Rigour, and let only your Beauty engage against him, in a Cause wherein, to punish the Rashness of his attempt, it wants not the Assistance of your Cruelty.

As soon as I had given over reading, I looked on *Antonia*, who at the same time cast her Eyes on my Face, with certain Discoveries of Astonishment, not inferiour to what I was in myself. In a Word, we were both equally surprized, and whereas we inferred from the first Words of the Letter, that it came from *Mithridates*, we concluded from the sequel, not only the quite contrary, but were perswaded withal, that the Person who had writ it, had never made any Expression of his Love to *Antonia*, and that in that Letter he took Occasion to make the first Discoveries of it. 'Tis true, we were somewhat distrustful as to that Opinion, when we reflected on the first Words, which were the same she had said to *Mithridates*, and could not apprehend how they could come by chance so put into the Imagination of the unknown Lover; but for all the rest, it had so little Relation or Consistency either with the Humour, former proceeding of *Mithridates*, or the Terms wherein he was with *Antonia*, that we were satisfied it must needs be some other, and one that either out of Curiosity or Concernment in the Business, might have gotten behind the trees that were on both sides the Walk, wherein the Discourse had
past.

past, and listening attentively to what was said, had heard some part of it.

Being agreed in this Opinion as the most probable, we fell into Discourse upon the Adventure; so far, that *Antonia* thought there was something in it so full of surprize, and so extraordinary, that she could not be angry at it, as she had been before at the confidence of *Mithridates*. We searched among all the Men I have named to you the Person we could with any likelihood suspect; but though it was out of all question that it was one of those that had passed the Day with us, yet after we had examined them all one after another, we could not fasten on any one whom we could charge with it. Divers of them had come near *Antonia*, as well during the Comedy, as while they dined, and at the Collation; but of all those that she could remember had had any Discourse with her, there was not any whom we knew not to be otherwise engaged as to matter of Affection, or to be much wanting in point of Ingenuity, to carry on such a piece of Gallantry. When we had discoursed almost to weariness about it; ‘ Who it may be, it matters not, *says Antonia*, he puts himself to a great deal of trouble to no purpose; and if he deprive me of the object of my indignation, by concealing his Person from me, he also deprives himself, *continued she laughing*, of the Acknowledgment I should return his Affection, by not discovering himself. Ah! Sister, *said I to her*, how well is this Man acquainted with you, and how true is it, that if you were as ready to make Acknowledgments, as to be transported with Indignation, he would have taken a Course quite contrary to what he hath; but, be he what he will, I do.

do not only think him extremely ingenious, but I believe he may carry on his Design very successfully, and dare pass my word that you have a less aversion for him than for *Mithridates* and others, who have been so confident as to discover their passions to you. I acknowledge no less, *replies Antonia*, and am of your Mind, that if I never know him while I live, I shall never while I live know whom I ought to hate. However it may be, *replied I*, 'tis out of all doubt, this Man hath understanding, and in that understanding something that is Great, and signifies very visibly that he is a Person of eminent quality; we shall know him when he shall think it fit-- And, I hope, *added Antonia, interrupting me*, that, if he be a Man of his Word, we shall never know him. In truth, *replied I*, my Mind gives me, I should be extremely troubled at it, and must confess this untrodden way of proceeding hath raised in me a more than ordinary curiosity. We should have had abundance of other Discourse upon this Adventure, but it was so late, or rather so near Day, that we were loath to sit up any longer, so that going to Bed a little after, we soon fell asleep.

For some Days ensuing, (though it might well be thought, that the misfortunes of my own Life, being at that time such as found matter of discontent enough, should have left me but little Curiosity) I made it my earnest Business to find out whom that Letter should come from; nay seemed to be much more concerned in the Business than *Antonia* her self, who looked on all these Things with the greatest indifference imaginable. And what much heightened my Inquisition, was, that we thought that the Adventure

venture argued somewhat so far beyond the ordinary way of proceeding, that contrary to my natural Inclination, I was extremely desirous to see the Issue of it. But all the little inquiries I made, proved ineffectual, for I never could come to the least discovery of any Thing; with so great circumspection had that Person managed all Things, in order to the Design he had to continue still unknown, though he omitted not any that might demonstrate the earnestness of his passion for *Antonia*.

In the mean Time, *Ptolomy* our Brother (the only Brother Fortune had left us after the loss of *Alexander*, who was gone to find you out in *Armenia*, and of whom we had not the least Account in the World) lived in *Augustus's* Court, after such a rate, as gave all that knew him Occasion to conceive very great Hopes of him: But as to matter of Inclinations, the greatest he seemed to have, were those of his Liberty; nay, though he daily waited on the fairest Ladies about *Rome*, and was extremely well entertained by them, yet could it not be inferred from any Action of his, that he had a particular Devotion for any. He was a great Lover of Arms, Horses, and all Exercises of the Body, and had a singular Dexterity therein; but to sigh or pine for a Beauty, was a Thing inconsistent with his humour, as being a Person naturally inclined to be free and chearful, and avoided as much as could be, all distraction of Thought. The vertuous *Octavia*, who still persisted in the generous Design she had taken to make the best provision she could for the Children of *Anthony*, and imagined she could not do it in any way better than by bringing them into the Family and Alliance of *Cesar*, being now out of all Hopes to effect
her

her Desires, first in the Person of *Julius Antonius*, and not long since in that of *Alexander*, who was looked on as lost, as well as our Elder Brother, conceived it might be brought to something in *Ptolomy*, and wished his Inclination directed to *Marcia*, a Lady courted by the greatest Persons among the *Romans*, and to speak modestly of her, one that had very excellent Parts. *Ptolomy* made no difficulty, to entertain that Princess with all the civilities she might expect from him, nay, discovered somewhat of particular Affection for her, suitable to the good Intentions of *Octavia*; but indeed his flames were come to no greater height, though *Marcia* were a Person infinitely lovely; for having a freedom of access to her every Day, his deportment was accordingly full of Cheerfulness and Indifference. It was much otherwise with *Marcia*, and though she were of an exemplary Vertue and Modesty, yet must it withal be acknowledged, that she is subject to much tenderness of Mind, and having been brought up with *Ptolomy*, as with a Person on whom her Mother had cast her Eyes with a Design to make him her Husband, and lived familiarly with him as with *Marcellus*, that fraternal Friendship, which, with the Names of Brother and Sister, *Octavia* would needs have continued among us, had made a greater impression in her Mind, than well stood with the serenity and quiet thereof, so far as that she was no longer able to withstand the lovely qualities of that Prince, which out of all doubt had wrought much more upon her Inclinations, than hers had upon those of *Ptolomy*. I had not without much dissatisfaction, taken notice of it my self, and several Times chid my Brother for his backwardness in his acknowledgments of the sincere Affection

fection of *Marcia* : But the young Man, of an uncontrolled humour, would make some shift to put me off, telling me that he loved and honoured *Marcia*, as he was obliged to do, and that he should be well content to give her the greatest Assurances she could expect of the Devotion he had for her ; but for melancholly disturbances of Mind, and reservedness, he looked on them as the destroyers of his Happinels, and making good what he said in his Actions, he was indeed very punctual in doing her all manner of civilities, and acknowledgments ; nay, so far as to express a more particular Affection for her, than for any other. Yet was it observable withal, that it was done with a certain discovery of much freedom of Mind, which argued in him such a mediocrity of Inclinations, as that he would not, to wait on her, abate any thing of his enjoyments, nor let slip any Occasion that offered it self, to be among the Ladies, whose Company could afford him ought of Diversion. *Marcia*, who is of a very mild Disposition, endured this indifferent manner of behaviour a long Time, without the least Discovery of any discontent thereat : But at last, looking on it as an evident Expression of his Coldness and Negligence, she began to be troubled, insomuch that the Grief she conceived thereat, wrought some Alteration both in her Humour and Countenance. All the World took Notice of her Sadness ; but the Motive thereof was absolutely unknown : And *Marcia*, who made it her Business to conceal it what she could, had haply smothered it to this Day, if I had not casually made the first Discovery thereof.

During the time that her melancholy grew more and more prevalent upon her, taking occasion to
give

give her a Visit, and finding her alone, I entreated her of all love to acquaint me with the cause of her sadness, which troubled not only all that knew her, but myself more particularly, who (as I was for many Considerations obliged to do) had a more than ordinary Affection for her. My Carresses were answered by *Marcia*, after an indifferent and evasive Manner, yet such as betrayed much Grief and Resentment. Very loath she seemed to be to give me any satisfactory Answer, and would say no more than that she knew not any Cause whence her Sadness should proceed, and that it must be derived from her Temperament, or some Indisposition of Body. But I, not satisfied with this Answer, reproached her with a Want of Sincerity, and was pressing her to discover her Mind more freely to a Person whom she might trust with any Thing, when *Ptolomy* comes into the Chamber. His first Appearance wrought such an Alteration in her, that her Colour changed several times of a sudden; and having casually cast my Eyes on her Countenance, I could not but immediately take Notice of the Alterations which my Brother's coming in had wrought therein. From this Discovery, I might well guess at some part of the Business, and was in a Manner perswaded that *Ptolomy* had contributed much to the Change of that Princess's Disposition.

This Reflection made me take more particular Notice of her Deportment than I had done before, and I observed, what while *Ptolomy* stayed with us, she was at such a loss, that she found it some Difficulty to speak. His Visit was indeed but very short, for having stayed about a Quarter of an Hour with us, he told us, we were too sad for his Company, and that he would go to *Sabina's*; where *Virginia*, *Hortensia*, *Tullia*, and several other Ladies

dies were met, and where he hoped to find more Diversion. Whereupon going out of the Room, he left *Marcia* so much troubled both at his Words and Manner of Departure, that the most dis-observant Person in the World might have perceived the Disturbance of her Thoughts, by the Trouble it raised in her Countenance. I must confess I was myself much surprized at *Ptolemy's* Deportment, and angry with him for it, and having withal observed *Marcia's* Affliction thereat, I was so much the more earnest to look further into the Business, out of the Desire I had to serve and oblige her, if it lay in my Power. To which Effect reiterating the Caresses and Intreaties to her some few Minutes before, I conjured her by all the Friendship that was between us, not to conceal from me any longer what her Heart was so much burdened with, assuring her that that Curiosity in me proceeded not from any Thing but the Desire I had to serve her in that Conjunction, proportionably to the Affection I had for her. But I could not get a Word from her, and instead of some Answer, there fell from her Eyes some few Tears which she could not possibly keep in any longer, and which she would have concealed from me by turning her Head to the other side. That Discovery raised in me all the Compassion I could conceive at such an Accident, and thereupon putting my cheek to hers, with an action that argued the tenderness I had for her, 'What Sister, said I to her, can you be
 ' so cruel as to conceal from me the cause of a
 ' Grief wherein I concern my self so much, or have
 ' I so poorly deserved your Affection, that you
 ' have so little confidence of mine? I durst trust
 ' my Life in your hands, replies *Marcia*, nay
 ' any thing else that I thought more precious:
 ' But why will you ingage me into a Discourse,
 ' whence

whence you will infer nothing but my fondness
 and extravagance? Or if you have any opinion
 of my Prudence, why will you not rather advise
 me to do all that lies in my Power to preserve
 it? I am so well satisfied as to that particular,
replied I, that I shall never conceive otherwise
 of you; and that is the reason I am so importu-
 nate with you, as knowing, that I shall not
 understand any thing from you, which must
 not confirm me in the confidence I have thereof.
 It argues the greatness of my obligations to you,
replied the Princess; but be what will the issue
 of it, I cannot have the courage to acquaint you
 with my weakness, and I think I satisfy the
 duty of our mutual Friendship, when I promise
 you to acknowledge it, if you guess the cause
 thereof. Since you afford me that freedom,
said I to her, and consequently give me some
 ground to believe you will approve of that my
 discourse, may I not ask you, whether the
 young Prince, who now left the Room, be not
 in some measure the occasion of your me-
 lancholy, and whether his being wanting in
 the Service he owes you, may be some cause of
 your being dissatisfied with him?

Upon these Words, *Martia*, being not any
 longer able to smother the confusion she was in, nor
 the blushes that spread through her countenance,
 leaned her self against my shoulder, and wring-
 ing one of my hands between both her own, with
 the greatest discovery of Passion that could be,
Sister, said she to me, with much difficulty, I
 am not worthy the services of *Ptolemy*; nay it
 is not unlikely he conceives it so, and by his
 deportment towards me, you may easily judge
 that I am not to flatter my self with any great
 hopes of him. I must confess, that having en-

‘ retained the first addresses of his affection, by
‘ the commands of those who have the disposal of
‘ my inclinations; and that having possibly been
‘ too implicitly dutiful to *Octavia*, I cannot quit
‘ the hopes I had conceived thereof, without some
‘ affliction; and this is the confusion, this is the
‘ fondness, which I neither durst nor ought to
‘ have discovered, but the reliance I have on your
‘ Friendship persuades me, that you will not let
‘ it go any further, nay, that you will conceal it
‘ even from *Ptolomy* himself, who obliges me
‘ not to shew this tenderness for him, while he hath
‘ so little.

These Words, falling from her with that mildness which is absolutely natural in her, gave my Heart a more than ordinary assault; whereupon embracing her with a certain excess of affection,
‘ Sister, said I to her, *Ptolomy* is happy, infinitely
‘ beyond his deserts, if I may measure his happiness by these discoveries of your affection towards him; nay, I am confident, that had he
‘ but the knowledge thereof, he would cast himself at your Feet, begging your Pardon for all
‘ the Faults, which through the inconsiderate sallies of Youth, he may have committed against
‘ you. He were unworthy all countenance of
‘ Fortune, if he entertain not this as the greatest
‘ which Heaven could favour him with: But I
‘ am to assure you, as I have had it thousands of
‘ Times from his own Mouth, and saw it in his
‘ Heart, that he hath for you the greatest sentiments of Passion and Respect he can have, and if
‘ that he be wanting in the demonstrations he ought to give you thereof, it is to be attributed
‘ to the impetuosity of his greener Years, which
‘ time will so settle, as that you will be the only
‘ object of his devotions for all the rest of his
‘ Life.

Life. I shall not acquaint him with any thing of what you have discovered to me, but as from my self make him sensible of his omission of Duty, and I dare promise you to bring him at your Feet, as penitent and reformed in matter of Inclination as he ought to be, and your virtue deserves.' With these words, and what else I said to her, I appeased *Marcia*, and further representing to her, that *Ptolomy* deserved not so great expressions of her good will, and that it was but fitting he should not be acquainted therewith, lest it made him too insolent, I by degrees so laid that mild nature, that I brought her to a resolution of not grieving any longer after that manner, and that she would re-assume her former freedom and pleasantness of Conversation.

In the mean time, give me leave to acquaint you with the adventure, which the same Day happened to *Ptolomy*, and prepare your self to hear a very strange accident. He went to *Sabina's*, as he told us he would, where a great many Ladies met, and among others, besides those he had named to us, *Helvidia*, *Sulpitia*, *Emilia*, (whom I made mention of in the Adventures of *Julius Antonius*, and who was some Years since married to *Scipio*) and with her that inexorable *Tullia*, who had been the cause of the loss of our elder Brother. After the death of *Cecinna*, and the deplorable accident I have already related to you, she retired to *Tusculum*, where she continued six Years, without ever coming once to *Rome*; during which time, *Cicero* her Brother, had made his abode in *Africk*, where he was *Proconsul*; but being not long before returned to *Rome*, he had brought his Sister with him, which to effect, he had used all the authority he had over her, otherwise she had still continued her solitude.

'Twas not above three Days before that she came to *Rome*, where she was thought as beautiful as when she left it, though she were then about three or four and twenty Years of Age, and had a sufficient measure of affliction, to cause some alteration in her Beauty. Her dress was not after the exactness of the mode, yet neat, and there was in her countenance such a conjunction of sweetness and majesty, that *Ptolomy*, who had never seen her before, immediately took notice of her more than of any of the rest. At his coming in, the company was gotten into a long Gallery, where they were looking on the pieces that were hanged about it, yet so as they were divided into parties, according to the difference of Pictures more or less inviting them. *Ptolomy* was not expected in this Company, and if *Sabina* had had any notice of his coming, she would not have had *Tullia* there, though she were of her most intimate acquaintance. But he being of a quality that won him a welcome reception every where, and that the excellencies of his Person recommended him no less than the rank he was of, he was very kindly entertained, so far as that some part of the company came about him at his entrance into the Room. Being a Person of a majestick look, a noble carriage of Body, and a deportment infinitely taking, *Tullia* immediately observed him, not without surprize, and she viewed him with such a look as discovered, that, notwithstanding his being *Anthony's* Son, he seemed such to her, as could not raise her aversion. Now she being the only Person in the Company to whom he was unknown, she asked one that stood next her, what his Name was; which she had no sooner heard, but there rose such a tempest in her countenance, that the alteration happening therein was observed.

observed by all those that looked on her. She was once in a thought to leave the Company, whereupon coming up to *Emilia*, and whispering her in the Ear with some disturbance, 'What *said she to her*, can the World afford me no place of refuge against the Children of *Anthony*? *Emilia*, who was troubled at the accident, made her no immediate Answer; but *Sabina*, as Lady of the House, coming near her to make excuses for what was happened, and to let her know that she was as much surprized at *Ptolemy's* arrival, as she was, told her withal, that he was a Person of such Quality, as not to be forced out of the House. Whereupon *Emilia* having somewhat recovered her self, intreated her not to make any disturbance in the Company, and to remember her self that the too publick discoveries she had made of her aversion for the Children of *Anthony*, had produced effects but too deplorable, and she might stay in the Room, yet not engage her self into any particular Conversation with *Ptolemy*, and from that Day avoid all opportunities of meeting with him; that she would undertake, that *Ptolemy* should not endeavour any acquaintance with her, and that she knew so much of his humour, as raised in her a confidence that he would not be guilty of those importunities towards her, which his Brother had been. *Sabina* added her intreaties to those of *Emilia*, and both together prevailed so far with *Tullia*, that they perswaded her to stay with them as long as the rest did.

In the mean time, *Ptolemy*, who upon the first sight, had taken notice of *Tullia's* beauty, and had further observed some part of the trouble which his presence had raised in her, and something of what had passed in that part of the Gallery where she had retired, being in some impatience to

know the Name of that beautiful Person, asked it of *Albinus*, who, making no difficulty to give him an account of her, filled him with astonishment. He retreated some few paces, as somewhat amazed, and looking on her more attentively than before; 'What, *said he*, is this the same inexorable *Tullia*, that terrible Beauty, by whose means we have lost our Brother?' At these words he stopped, running over in his mind thousands of things which presented themselves confusedly to his imagination. The relation had been made of the insupportable treatments which our Brother had received from her, and the sad effects they had produced, raised in him such bitter resentments against her, as made him abhor her as an over-cruel enemy: And though he were not ignorant of the reason she had to defy all communication with our House, yet was it his judgment, as well as of many others, that she was excessively violent against a Prince, that had given her so great assurances of his Love, and who, as to his Person, was very amiable, and much respected. He had often wished a meeting with her, to see, as he would say himself, what making that terrible Person was of, and to try whether his Soul were so immalleable, and consequently not able to resist the influences of her Beauty, better than that of *Julius Antonius* did. But *Tullia*, being not returned to *Rome*, and that there was no expectation of her coming thither, he had quitted all hopes of it, nay, lost all remembrance of her. At last, having recovered himself out of the first astonishment he had conceived at the rencounter, he fortified his Heart with more fierceness than ordinary, summoning all his indignation, to avoid a fate like that of his Brother's. But he stood not in any need of that assistance,

assistance; for, whether it proceeded from the prejudice he had against her, or from a certain Antipathy, he was not guilty of the least inclination for her, and accordingly looking on her with a scornful smile; ‘Arm thy self, said he to himself, with all the Charms of imperious Beauty, thou shalt not treat me as thou didst my Brother.’ He was at first in a mind to be gone, as being unwilling that his presence should cause any distraction in a Company whereto he had not any invitation; but not long after, perceiving, that all were satisfied with his being there, and that *Sabina* her self was not troubled at it, he resolved to stay, as thinking it no discretion to deprive himself of his enjoyments, to do the enemy of our House a pleasure, and being not much troubled at the sight he thought he did her by his stay.

Being a Person infinitely master of himself, he immediately re-assumed his ordinary pleasantness, and while the conversation lasted, there fell from him the most ingenious things he had said in his Life, and that with such a grace, that all the Company admired him. Even *Tullia* her self was as attentive as any, could not forbear looking on him, and found to her grief, that her indignation was not so violent, as she had wished it might have been. They spent the time in several Recreations; they danced, they had a collation; and as *Ptolemy* was the most sportive, the most pleasant, and out of all doubt, the handsomest Person in the Company, so did he accordingly, in the Dancing, and all the other Entertainments, draw the Eyes and Ears of the present after him. He sung, he danced with abundance of grace, nay, he would need that Day make the greatest ostentation he could of himself, purposely to put his

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enemy

enemy out of countenance, and to let her know that the Children of *Anthony*, were not so contemptible as she would by her example have persuaded the World: His intentions, as to some part, proved effectual; as to the rest, it produced effects much different from those which he expected it should. He spoke to all the Ladies that were present, several times, *Tullia* only excepted, whom yet he treated not with any incivility, or did any action that he might disoblige her, as well out of a respect for her, as upon *Sabina's* account, thinking it enough to be at some distance from her, as it were to make shew of respect, and the fear he was in to displease her. He looked on her often, and he observed her Eyes were in a manner always fastened on his countenance. He at first conceived her looks to be such as proceeded from indignation, but afterwards he was satisfied there was nothing of hostility in them, and that her Eyes darted no more rigour on him, than any other of the Company. That observation made him the more self-conceited, insomuch, that having that Day resolved to be confident even to a degree of insolence, whispering *Lentulus*, who stood by him, in the Ear, yet without turning his Eyes towards *Tullia*, whom he would by no means offend;

‘ Pray give me your opinion, said he to him,
 ‘ with a pleasant kind of Presumption, do not
 ‘ you perceive, that that cruel enemy of ours,
 ‘ who treated our elder Brother with such rigour,
 ‘ honours us with her look? I have taken notice
 ‘ of it, as well your self, says *Lentulus* to him,
 ‘ and you would think it very strange, if, instead
 ‘ of the aversion she hath for your House, she
 ‘ should have a contrary passion for you. I should
 ‘ indeed be extremely astonished at it, replies

Ptolomy,

Ptolomy; but if it should be the pleasure of the Gods that such a thing should come to pass, I protest to you I should revenge my Brother. How, added *Lentulus*, taking him to the Window, that they might not be heard, would you behave your self barbarously and inflexibly towards a Beauty that had an affection for you, and would act the part of *Tullia* towards her, if she acted that towards you of *Julius Antonius*? I have not hitherto, replied my Brother, been any ways in a condition to exercise my cruelty; and when things shall come to the pass that you speak of, I shall not be guilty of those scorns and incivilities towards *Tullia*, which she was towards my Brother, because it is impossible I should ever be exempted from that respect which I owe her Sex. But I would have her to know, that that destiny, rather than his own reason, which forced my Brother into extremities of blindness and extravagance, hath not the same influence on me, and that there can but little Love be expected from me for a Person guilty of so much aversion for an innocent Prince, and one so Eminent as *Julius Antonius* was.

While *Ptolomy* broke forth into these expressions, and chased himself into exasperation by the sight of that female enemy of his, there pass'd things of a quite different nature in the Soul of *Tullia*; insomuch, that though that Beauty did all she could to heighten her detestation against *Ptolomy*, yet that passion, disarmed of its main strength, was so far from contributing any thing thereto, that it seem'd of no force at all; and whether it were that she found in the Person of *Ptolomy*, (Son to *Cleopatra*, and not to *Fulvia*, who had been *Cicero's* implacable enemy, and much more the

the occasion of his Death than *Anthony*) but one half of its object, or that she submitted to some unknown Power, she refused to obey in that emergency, and felt her self dispossessed of all that before had kept up her Spirit with so much constancy. In a word, to speak of her modesty, *Tullia* could not hate *Ptolomy*, though possibly she was not free from a desire to do it, she hearkened to him, and looked on him as favourably as on others that were present; she was one of the last that withdrew; and when the Company was dissolved, she did not express the least dissatisfaction at that meeting, nor betrayed by any action or look, the least aversion for the Person of *Ptolomy*.

In the mean time, I, having left *Marcia*, retired into my own Chamber, where I was no sooner got, but *Antonia* comes in, and coming to me with a Countenance divided between a Desire of laughing, and some Inclination to be angry: ‘Sister, said she to me, I have somewhat to make you merry withal, and since you find so much Diversion in an Adventure I take but little Pleasure in, I love you too well to conceal any Circumstance from you, which may add any to your Satisfaction. I have spent this whole Day at the Empress’s, where were all the most Eminent about the Court, five or six only excepted, that were at *Sabina*’s, and this Evening, as I came away, I found a Letter in my Handkerchief, and cannot imagine by what Means it should come thither without my Knowledge; and since I think it out of all Question that it comes from the same unknown Person you wot of, I thought fit to bring it away with me, that you might have the full Satisfaction of it.’ Having with these Words put it into my Hands, I took it without

out making her any reply, and having opened it, found therein these Words.

To the fair Antonia.

I Have seen you this Day, and found you
brighter and more beautiful than the Star
from which we derive our Light, and have participated of the Excellencies of your Conversation.
You have seen me, you have looked on me favourably; nay, such was your Goodness, you have given me leave to entertain you with as much Freedom as any of those that were present; nay, what is yet more, there were some not so well treated as myself, and whose Condition I have been so far from envying, as to any thing hath happened this Day. Hence you may see, fairest *Antonia*, what Advantages I make of the Resolution I have taken to conceal from you the Name of your Enemy. And had you known me to be that Criminal that durst presume to adore you, and sticks not to tell you so, I should have been thrust away with as much contempt as *Mithridates*, and have been as discontented as *Archelaus*, whose Fortune hath not been much better. But in regard you could not either in my Countenance, or yet in my Designs, perceive the least Discovery of what I have in my Heart, you have looked on me, and treated me as an innocent Person, though I really were the most Guilty of all the Company. See then, incomparable Princess, whether I am any ways to be blamed, for putting this Trick upon you, and pardon it me, since that, of all those that ever were done, it is the most innocent.

No question Sister, but it is, *said I, having read out the Letter, and delivering it to her*; he deserves to be pardoned, for there was never any thing of Surprize or Circumvention more
excu-

' excusable than his. That then is your Judgment, *replies Antonia*; but for my part, I am
 ' not absolutely of the same, and there is haply in
 ' this Artifice much more Malice and Design than
 ' you can suspect there may be in it. I can see nothing
 ' but Abundance of Respect and Care to
 ' avoid the Occasions of displeasing you. But
 ' Sister, *added I*, can you not suspect any one of
 ' all those you have seen to Day? The Number
 ' was so great, *replies Antonia*, that I know not
 ' on whom particularly to fix my Thoughts, for
 ' there were present *Agrippina, Mecenas, Marcellus,*
 ' *Domitius, Tiberius, Drusus, Crassus,*
 ' *Æmilianus, Cinna, Cepio, Pollio, Flavianus,*
 ' *Servilius, Polemon, Archelaus, Mithridates,*
 ' *Varus*, and, besides these, all of the most eminent
 ' Quality in *Augustus's* Court; so that among
 ' so many, it were impossible for me to take any
 ' certain Judgment.

Our Discourse had been longer upon this Subject, had not *Ptolomy* come into the Room, and put us from what we were upon, with what he had to say of another Accident had happened to him. For he had no sooner set his Foot in the Chamber, but crying out to me, as it were in a Transport of Joy: ' I have seen her, Sister, *said*
 ' *be to me*, I have seen that inexorable Beauty,
 ' and Thanks be to the Gods, she hath done me
 ' no Hurt.' These Words, uttered by him with a certain Precipitation, gave me not any light to guess at the Adventure had happened to him, nor was it likely I should have imagined any Thing near it; but *Antonia* having asked him what it might be, he related to us how he had met with the cruel *Tullia*, at *Sabina's*, how he had passed away the whole Day with her, and in a Word gave us a particular Account of that meeting, even

to the least Circumstances. I was extremely troubled at this Relation, to see that inflexible Beauty, as it were reviving, by whose Means we had lost our Brother, and was afraid some unfortunate Accident would have been the Effect of her Return, which I had no sooner discovered to *Ptolemy*, but he made a thousand Protestations to me, accompanied with Oaths, that there was not any Woman in the World which he should not affect rather than *Tullia*, though he could not deny but that he thought her very handsome, and was perswaded she had Abundance of worth in her. I was overjoy'd at those Assurances, as well because I could not by any Means affect *Tullia*, after the loss of a Brother, such as she forced away from us, as because I was desirous that *Ptolemy* should have been at the Service of *Marcia*, not only for the extraordinary Perfections of that Princess, the Affection she had for him, and the Respects I had for her, but also out of a Consideration of the Advantages of Fortune which must needs have followed upon that Alliance, such as he had all the Reason in the World to embrace. From that Day I took Occasion to discover my Thoughts more and more to him, and to represent to him what Obligations he had to *Marcia*, *Ottavia*, and herself; and, seconded by *Antonia*, I made him so sensible of all Things, that, though he was not subject to make over-serious Reflections on Things, yet he promised us to devote himself absolutely to *Marcia*, for whom he had an infinite Esteem and Affection, and whom he would never give any Occasion to distrust his Constancy: Insomuch, that giving her a Visit that very Night, he made thousands of Protestations of his Fidelity to her, and that with Circumstances so full of Ardor and Obligation, that she was extremely satisfied therewith.

The

The very same Night, the unknown Servant of *Antonia* entertained her with a Serenade, consisting of certain Instruments, and the best Voices in the World. But, we two lying together, *Antonia* said it might be as well intended for me as for her, and that among the Voices she knew some to be of the Emperor's Musick, whom none but *Tiberius* could employ; but it was long since *Tiberius* and I had expressed ourselves one to another by Serenades, so that *Antonia* was at last perswaded to the contrary, when, after a Dialogue which was sung in several Parts, the whole Musick joined together to sing these Words which we heard distinctly, and which I could not but remember, as being sung three or four times over.

*T' express his Love, the Lover is
Unknown, t'appease an angry Fair,
Can you not pardon him that dyes
A Crime of Love for to repair?*

There needed but these Words to take away all Contestation between *Antonia* and myself; inso-much, that since it was out of her Power to remedy it, she resolved, though not without much Trouble, to endure the Persecution. I could not forbear laughing at the Disturbance she was in, and no Question but I might have found a great Pleasure in the Adventure, had my Thoughts been subject to a certain innocent Mischievousness, wherein Persons of our Age find themselves no small Diversion. But, besides that I have a natural Dis-inclination to any such Thing, the Misfortunes of my Life have abated very much of my chearful Disposition; and if it might be thought at that time some favourable Intervals upon the News which came to *Rome* of the great Successes of *Coriolanus*, who with his Sword opened him-
self

self a way to reascend the Throne of his Ancestors, I came on the other side more and more suspected at the Court, and it was already threatened I should be secured; as indeed I was, not long after, as I have related to you already.

There were already five or six Days past since there was a general Expectation in *Rome* of a Divertisement which the Emperor was to have upon the *Tiber*, in one of the fairest Nights of the Summer, to express the Love he bore *Terentia*, as it was reported, where by the Means of certain artificial Fires of the Invention of the *Greeks*, there was made, in above a hundred several Figures, a new Day upon the *Tiber*, wherein, because it is not of it self broad enough for such a Kind of Divertisement, the Emperor hath caused a new Channel to be made below the City, which is six times broader and deeper than the ordinary current; so that with that light multiplied by that of a thousand Torches, disposed along the Banks on both sides, there was seen a little Sea-fight, wherein a great Number of small Boats, made after the Manner of Men of War, and all covered over with artificial Fires, crossing and engaging one the other, according to the Order agreed on before, entertained the Spectators with one of the most delightful fights in the World. The Pleasure of the Eye was seconded by that which was provided for the Ear by the sound of thousands of War-instruments, which raised an echo from the Banks of the River for above a hundred Stadia about, and which instead of a confused noise, made an harmonious sound with much Art, which, smiting the Ear, inspired the most vigilant with a certain Joy, and raised the Spirits of the most dull. And whereas the Boats that are up and down the *Tiber* are very little, especially in the
ordinary

ordinary Channel, and that there was requisite a vast Number of them to receive those Persons that would participate of the Divertisement, People were forced to divide themselves into small Parties, and for the most part there went but five or six Persons in every Boat. This was it that gave Occasion and Birth to a thousand Designs of Gallantry, and obliged the young *Romans* to prepare Boats for the Ladies they were Servants to, the most sumptuous could be made for the time. *Tiberius* had provided for me a very magnificent one, and *Archelaus* another for *Antonia*, with Abundance of Intreaties that she would vouchsafe to accept of it; but we, having no Inclination to engage ourselves into the Company of such Persons, had resolved before-hand to take a Boat for *Antonia*, *Marcia*, and some others of our own Sex, under the conduct of *Ptolomy*, who had taken that Charge upon him, and should have waited upon us.

But while we were hot upon this Resolution, comes a Person of a goodly presence to speak with *Antonia*, and to acquaint her that the Empress had provided a Boat for her, and such of her Friends as she should be pleased to take along with her, and had sent him to conduct them to it, and to take care of all Things requisite, during the time of that night's divertisement. Though *Antonia* knew not that Officer of the Empress's, yet thought she, that she could not with civility refuse what was proffered, and knowing her to be naturally imperious, she was the more afraid it might displease her, if she made any difficulty to accept of it. Whereupon turning towards me, as it were, to ask my Advice, and perceiving my compliance with her intentions, she returned the Man an answer to this effect, That the Empress did her too great

an Honour; but that since it was her Pleasure so to dispose of her, she received that favour with the same respects which she ought to have for all those that proceeded from her goodness. At which words *Marcia* and *Ptolomy* coming into the Room, and having confirmed her in that resolution, desired to be of our Company, and we took also along *Sulpitia* and *Hortensia*, who were come to give us a visit. All the rest of the house had disposed of themselves as they thought fit; *Marcellus* had prepared a Boat for *Julia*, and waited on her; *Domitius* had done the like for *Agrippina*, and *Agrippa* for *Marcella*. *Octavia* stirred not out of her Chamber, where I would have gladly kept her Company, had she given me leave to do it. We went along with that Officer drawn to the River-side through the Garden, and at the Door the Boat waited for us, which we got into without being able to take Notice of the Sumptuousness of it, by Reason of the Obscurity of the Place, which was not yet enlightened. But we were scarce got in, ere the Torches were all lighted of an instant, insomuch that we were not a little surprized, as well at the suddenness of the light, as the Objects that presented themselves to our sight, which certainly were the most delightful that can be imagined.

The Boat was in the form of a little Galley, compassed about by a row of Pilasters, which seem'd to be of Gold, but indeed was of Wood gilt; without which hung out a hundred arms gilt as the row of Pilasters, which sustained a hundred great Torches of Virgin-wax, whereby the Darkness of the Night was removed to the Distance of many Stadia. The Oars seem'd to be of gold proportionably to all the rest, and the Rowers were twelve little Cupids winged, armed with Arrows and Quivers, and

and covered with Cloth of Gold in those Parts of their Bodies where it was not requisite they should be naked. At the Extremity of the Stern grew up a Golden Tree, of the height of an ordinary Mast, having at the top the form of a Scuttle, compassed about by a row of golden Pilasters and twelve Arms proportionable to those below, wherein were twelve Torches, and in the midst of all that sight was a Heart hanging down, which seemed to be all on fire, and out of which, by some strange Artifice there visibly issued flames ascending towards the Stars, and made more light than all the Torches. In the Distances which were between the Torches, were hung up twelve Streamers, which were tost up and down by the Flames, and the Smoke a thousand several ways, and in which by reason of the greatness of the Light, there might be distinctly seen double A as with other Characters, expressing several ways the Word *Antonia*. The same Letter and the same Characters were disposed up and down all over the Boat, as also upon the Pilasters, the Oars and the Mast; and it was so lightsome every where, that the least Things could not be more distinctly discerned than they were at that Time.

But if we were so much surprized by what we were entertained with, on the outside of the Boat, we could not but be so much the more, when we were brought into the Chamber that was within it, where we had no sooner set Foot, but our sight was dazzled with the Lustre of the Gold and other Embellishments, wherewith it sparkled again. Wherever there was any gold to be bestowed, it was with the greatest Profusion imaginable; and where there was any Necessity to heighen the Richness of the Matter by the Perfection of Art, all was done with admirable dexterity, but with
this

this every where observable, that the Characters of *Antonia* were scattered up and down all Places. The Ground-work and the Cieling had the same, and the Hangings, the Chairs, and the Cushions, were of sky-coloured Velvet, intermingled with Flames of Gold in Embroidery, as also burning Hearts, Characters of *Antonia*, and the first Letters of her Name. This little Chamber was admirably enlighthned, and perfumed with the most delightful Scents that *Arabia* could afford: And what was yet a greater Convenience, (which was, that we might without stirring out of the Chamber, participate of that Night's Divertisement, and might be seen by all those that were upon the *Tiber*) that Part of it which was covered by the Hangings, was only of Glass, so that as soon as those which were made curtain-wise for that purpose were drawn, the River lay open to our Sights of all sides, the Chamber itself was visible to all that were in the Boats, and the light that was scattered by so vast a Number of Torches as were disposed about our Galley, and which enlighthned the Chamber, falling upon the Glass, as well without as within, made such a fire on the River, as found light for all the other Boats, and seized with Astonishment all those that saw it.

You are not I believe, Sister, much in doubt whether we were much surprized or not, when we found ourselves in that little enchanted Vessel, and you would be soon perswaded that we had been deceived, and that it was not the Empress that we were obliged to for that magnificent Lodging. *Antonia* looked on me, not knowing what to think of those Things, and I could easily perceive in her Countenance, that she was to seek as to all Resolution, and that she was vexed to the Heart at the Trick that had been put upon her. She
looked

look'd all about for that Officer of *Livia*, but he was vanish'd as soon as they were gotten into the Boat, so that there was only the *Cupids* that rowed, left for her to wreak her indignation upon.

In the mean time, which way soever she look'd, she met with her own Characters and the Letters of her name scattered up and down amongst the burning hearts, and what she was most of all troubled at, was, that the very same Characters were expos'd in the streamers at the top-mast, fluttering as it were amidst the flames of that burning Heart, and, by reason of the great light whereby they were encompass'd, were visible to all that were upon the River. The vexation it was to her to see her self-engag'd with that passion which she had so much aversion for, had put her out of patience, if *Ptolemy*, *Marcia*, and my self, had not laugh'd her into a good humour, and told her, that if the same thing had happened to us, we had entertain'd the adventure with abundance of enjoyments. By this means did we make a shift to dispel the clouds of her melancholy and disturbance, and consider'd at leisure all those rarities which we could not have discern'd at first sight.

But this was not our employment alone; for this great fire, and that admirable object which it discover'd, had hardly appear'd on the waves of *Tiber*, but all the Boats left the places they had taken up, to come nearer to that which they wonder'd at so much at a distance. The Torches, the Hearts, the Streamers which were from the top of the Mast, remarkable on all sides, immediately drew all the World to it; insomuch that the Emperor himself, surpriz'd at this sight, as well as others, caus'd his own Boat to approach it. At first, the report went from one to another, that

that it was *Antonia's* Galley, so that all coming as near as they could to *Antonia's* Galley, there could hardly be any thing else heard on the Water, but *Antonia's* Galley, and the greatest part were resolved only to follow it, not minding much the other divertisements for which they were assembled. The Emperor, *Livia*, *Marcella*, *Julia*, *Agrippa*, and all the most considerable Persons having compassed it about, not without astonishment, *Augustus* asked who had bestowed that magnificent Galley on *Antonia*? To which the Princess not knowing what to imagine, could only say, that she had received it from the liberality of the Empress. *Livia* began to deny that she had made her any such present, which the Emperor hearing, told her she needed not take such pains to vindicate her self, and that it was apparent from all signs and circumstances that that excess of gallantry and magnificence proceeded from the invention and prodigality of some Lover. But while all these eminent Persons were assembled about the Galley, six of the *Cupids*, who were the Rowers, coming into the Chamber, drew the hangings, and discovering through the transparent Walks thereof, what was within the Chamber, filled all that were present with a new astonishment, and all the places about with a new light, which both near and at a distance was the most delightful thing that could be seen.

I shall not trouble you with any further particulars of that Night's entertainment; the description I have already made thereof having been haply too long, and therefore shall only tell you, that, when all had sufficiently admired *Antonia's* Galley, and had spent a long time in talking of it, had almost tired themselves in guessing at the Author of so sumptuous an invention, and had cele-

celebrated this sight beyond those that were to succeed it, they all advanced towards the place where they were to be entertained with the Sea-Fight, and the artificial Fires, doing our Galley the honour to follow it, as if it had been the leader of them, the lights of all the others being as much darkned by ours as the smaller Stars are by the rays of that bright Torch whence we derive our Day. I shall not give you any description of that Night's divertisements, which it must be confessed were not unworthy *Cæsar's* magnificence; but shall only tell you, that when all was over, and that it was thought time for all to retire, *Julia* coming into our Galley, together with *Marcellus*, *Agrippina*, *Domitius*, *Marcella*, and *Agrippa*, (for *Tiberius*, seeing that I had refused the Boat he had prepared for me, thought fit upon point of resentment to continue still in *Cæsar's*, and accordingly never came near us) and having seated themselves about the Chamber upon Chairs, the Floor or Planks that were under them immediately opened, and we frightened at it, began to cry out, for fear the Boat should sink, when there rises up from below a Table covered with as magnificent a Collation as ever could have been served among the *Romans*, not excepting the sumptuous entertainments of *Lucullus*; nay, such it was, that *Agrippa* and *Marcellus*, who were not to wonder at great things, were astonished at the magnificence and the neatness of it. In a word, whatever came to *Rome* from foreign and remote Nations, that were most rare and exquisite was there, and that heightened admirably by art: But, what most troubled *Antonia*, was, that what modes or forms soever the services were of, or what figure soever they were disposed into, (wherein there had been more than ordinary

ordinary care taken) the Characters of *Antonia* were scattered up and down among the burning Hearts, after the same manner as they had been all about the Vessel. This stirred up their Curiosity afresh, to find out who this Servant of *Antonia* might be, insomuch that *Marcellus* having acquainted *Agrippa* with what he had received from us, they sought and guessed a long time, but after all could not fix on any Person whom they could with any probability affirm to be the Man. But I shall trouble you with no more as to that: We made an end of our Collation, we went away with the rest of the Company, and retired with matter enough for Discourse as to that Adventure; but what was most pleasant of all, was, that, abating the trouble which *Antonia* conceived thereat, as we undressed our selves, she found another Letter in one of her Sleeves, though she thought she had made sufficient provision against any such Thing. I was hasty enough to read it, and found the Words of it to be these.

To the Princess *ANTONIA*.

‘ YOU see then, fairest Princess, how much I
 ‘ am obliged to artifice, and how I effect
 ‘ that by *Stratagem*, which I should never com-
 ‘ pass by open Hostility. You have granted the
 ‘ *Unknown Lover*, what you have denied Kings
 ‘ that were *professed* Lovers; and though he is
 ‘ obliged for this good Fortune to the Name of
 ‘ *Livia*, for which you have had so much re-
 ‘ spect, yet is he much more engaged for it to
 ‘ his own Industry, and the Confidence he had
 ‘ to effect his Design. You will pardon me that
 ‘ I have entertained you in so poor a Place, since I
 ‘ acknowledge I cannot conceive any noble enough

' to receive you, and cannot with you any other
 ' than that Heart you saw burning this day in
 ' the publick Sacrifice I have made thereof to
 ' you. In a word, my Fortune, whatever it may
 ' be, hath been envied this Day by all that is
 ' Great and Eminent in the Empire, whence I
 ' derive a certain Hope, that it will one Day be
 ' envied by all that shall think themselves the
 ' most fortunate in the World.

' I cannot, *said I, having made an end of*
 ' *reading the Letter*, but acknowledge, that this
 ' Man, whatever he may be, is an extraordinary
 ' Gallant, a great Wit, and inexpressibly magnificent. I grant you all that, *replied Antonia,*
 ' but you must acknowledge withal, that there
 ' is a certain spice of extravagance in his Design,
 ' and that all the pains he takes amounts to nothing. That I cannot tell you, *replied I;* nay
 ' methinks, I already perceive he hath effected
 ' some part of his intentions, for in that he hath
 ' declared to you at the beginning, that there is
 ' no other reason of his recourse to this artifice,
 ' than to induce you to endure the name of Love,
 ' and to reconcile you to that passion, which
 ' you avoid as a Monster, because you are not
 ' acquainted with it. You must needs acknowledge
 ' that he hath already prevailed with you, to endure,
 ' not only the Discourse, but all the Expressions
 ' of it, much beyond what you had suffered
 ' in all your Life before, and in a Word, that
 ' you have held a greater Correspondence with
 ' Love, since you first entertained the addresses
 ' of this unknown Servant, than you did upon
 ' those of all the rest put together. Ah! Sister, *re-*
 ' *plies Antonia very roundly,* what inclinations
 ' do I derive from what you say to hate him
 ' the more? And yet how true is that which you
 ' have

' have observed, and I must with shame acknow-
 ' ledge it to be such? But if it be possible, I will
 ' remedy it one way or other. What remedy
 ' can you think of, *said I to her*, while you are
 ' kept in this Ignorance? This Man is haply of
 ' such a Nature, that he will not discover him-
 ' self while he lives, and though we may very
 ' well from the transcendency of his Thoughts and
 ' Attempts, infer the greatness of his Birth, yet
 ' may it not possibly be such, as may furnish
 ' him with confidence enough to declare himself.
 ' Since we are fallen into this Discourse, Sister,
 ' *says Antonia*, I am to acquaint you, that not
 ' many Days since I found, in one of my Gloves,
 ' another Letter which I purposely forbore to shew
 ' you, by reason of some discontent that you were
 ' in that Day concerning *Tiberius*; but kept it
 ' nevertheless, that it might be communicated to
 ' you, for you know that I mind them only in
 ' order to your diversion. No, *said I to her*,
 ' *smiling*, 'tis because you would have me no
 ' farther acquainted with your secrets; at which
 ' Words perceiving she had found the Letter,
 ' I took it from her, and read out of it these
 ' words.

To the Princess ANTONIA.

' **T**Hough my name ought to be concealed
 ' from my Princess, till such time as she
 ' hath pardoned me the injury I have done her,
 ' to prevent all suspicions that may be conceived
 ' against an unknown Person, yet it is lawful
 ' for me to let her know (and I ought to do it
 ' in order to my justification, though it may be
 ' with some prejudice to my modesty and reser-
 ' vedness) that my person is not disliked by those
 ' whom

‘ whom I have address’d my self to, that I am
‘ not without some esteem or without some name
‘ in the World, and that my birth and fortune
‘ are such, as whence I may well derive an en-
‘ couragement to serve her. In fine, my Love
‘ is that which she might most disapprove in
‘ me, after the protestation she hath made her
‘ self, that the Person was not hateful; and from
‘ this defect it is that I hope for greater advan-
‘ tages than I can expect from either birth or
‘ fortunes.

This Letter furnished us with more matter of discourse and imagination than all the rest; but at last, having done all we could, we resolv’d not to trouble ourselves any further, and to expect with patience what might be the Consequences of that Adventure. *Ptolomy*, to whom I had given one of the Letters, had made it his Business to enquire all about, whether there were any such hand among those Persons of Quality, and never could meet with any that come near it, *Marcellus* had done the like, but to as little purpose. All that pass’d before had made no great noise, but the Galley occasioned abundance of Discourse, insomuch that for many Days after, the talk of all Companies was of the magnificent Galley of *Antonia*. The King of *Cappadocia* taking occasion to make a modest Complaint to her upon her refusal of the Boat which he had provided for her, told her she had very much Reason to slight that, when she expected another that was so magnificent. But *Antonia* satisfied him as much as lay in her power, telling him that it was not for its sumptuousness that she had preferred that Galley before his Boat, nor yet out of any other Consideration, than that it had been proffer’d her in the Empress’s Name,
from

from whom she neither could nor ought to have refused it. *Archelaus*, a Prince of a disposition easie to be pleased, was satisfied with that Answer ; but could do no less withal, than conceive abundance of jealousy against that unknown Lover, whose presents were preferred before his, and resolved to do all that lay in his Power to discover him. *Mitridates* was as earnest in the same Design as the other, and though he had been slighted by *Antonia* in such a manner, that, notwithstanding his great confidence, he durst hardly open his Lips before her, to entertain her with any Thing of his Love, after the discovery he had once made to her thereof, yet was not his Passion quite smothered, nor his jealousy inferior to that of *Archelaus*. Being therefore both unfortunate, and their Loves encouraged by little Hope, jealousy had not produced in them its ordinary effect amongst Rivals, and had left in them Friendship enough to visit one the other, and to communicate part of what they thought one to another ; so that having mutually acquainted one another with the desires they had to discover who that unknown Lover might be, who had made such signal demonstrations of his gallantry towards *Antonia*, they resolved to join their endeavours to that purpose, and not to leave any thing unattempted to find out the truth.

Many Days past ere any one came wherein they could discover any Thing, though they had their spies in all Places, and often-times took Occasion to walk themselves in the Night about *Octavia's* Palace, out of some Hopes they might meet with him, not doubting but that he might have some haunt thereabouts, especially at the Time that he was wont to entertain her with Serenades, which he had done several Times. At

last, after abundance of fruitless enquiry Fortune would needs have it, that one of those Nights wherein they were both together on Horseback, without any other Company than that of certain Slaves, who were a-foot, coming into the Street into which our Chamberlooked, they heard the found of certain Instruments and Voices, making an excellent Consort almost under our Window. They made no Question but they met with what they sought after, as knowing that *Tiberius* had given over entertaining me with Serenades; that since the Departure of *Coriolanus*, there was not any Person in *Rome* that had discovered any Inclinations for me, and that the Lodgings of *Agrippina*, *Marcella*, and *Marcia*, were in another part of the Palace at a good Distance from that; besides, that they also knew that the unknown Lover had given divers others before, and that having not the Liberty to express himself as others did, he took Occasion to discover his Intentions by Demonstrations of Gallantry of that Nature.

The two amorous Princes, not doubting but that they were in the right, resolved not to let slip the Opportunity they now had to be informed of what they were so desirous to know, and so attempt any Thing rather than not to effect their Design. They caused no Torches to be brought with them, not only out of a Desire to avoid being discovered, but indeed that it was but too light for their Design, and that the Moon being then in her full, any Thing in the Streets was easily discernible. Being thus light, they were no sooner come into our Street, but they perceived a Man on Horseback, who leaving the Place where he was, as soon as they came in sight, went to the Musick, and bid them give over, and disperse themselves as soon as they could. From this Action
the

the two Princes immediately inferred that it must infallibly be the unknown Lover: And being absolutely resolved to make all the Advantages they could of that Accident, they came on further into the Street, and passed under our Windows, where they could neither hear nor find any Body. They made a little halt to listen, and whereas the Man they had seen on Horseback could not conceal himself as they could that were on Foot, and that the Horse must needs make a great noise going upon the Stones, they could easily both hear and see him at a certain Distance before, endeavouring what he could to get away. They on the other side as carefully pursued him, and passed through many Streets, following him still by the noise, and seeing him before them. The Unknown, perceiving their Resolution to follow him, put on somewhat faster, and made towards the most solitary Streets, so to get out of their sight; but that stood in no stead, for they followed him every where, with so much Obstinacy, that they gave him at last some ground to imagine, that it would be a hard Matter for him to get off. At length, having forced him into a Street, at the other end thereof he saw several Torches and Chariots that might hinder his further Passage; he made a stand, and turning toward those that pursued him, took one side of the Street, as it were to give them the way. But they rid up to him, and *Mitbridates*, opposing the Design he had to make an escape: ‘ Do not hope, *said he to him*, to get hence, or to avoid us, if thou dost not discover thyself; and therefore tell us who thou art, if thou wouldst have thy Passage free to be gone.

The unknown Person retreated some few Paces at this Action of *Mitbridates*, and having reflected a little on what he had to do, he set spurs to his

Horse, and quick as lightning fell in between the two Princes, who were very near one the other, and rushing on *Mitbridates*, who was on his left Hand, with all the Violence he could both of himself and his Horse (which was one of the best in the World) and at the same time as he passed by, laying hold with his right Hand on *Archelaus's* Bridle, he with a Shock of his Horse overthrew *Mitbridates* Horse and Man to the ground; and with that he gave *Archelaus's*, at the same time, made him stand upright, in such Manner, that the Prince falling backwards, and holding still fast by the Bridle, overturned the Horse upon himself.

Their fall proved shrewd enough, and their Condition such, that they found it no small difficulty to get up again, especially seeing that they were not attended by any, and that the Slaves they had brought with them, being on Foot, had lost them in the several turnings they had made. At last, they made a shift to rise, not a little bruised, and going with some difficulty, approached one another with no small confusion. For, all considered, they were not so much troubled at the fall they had received, or the hurt occasioned thereby, as that they had been so treated by a single Person, and one they had forced to that Action by their own unsatisfied pursuit. They stood a while looking one upon the other, as not being able to find out Terms fit to express what their Hearts were burthened with; but at length, *Mitbridates*, as being the most eager and impatient, was the first that spoke, and expressed the Resentment he had of that Adventure in words full of fire, and visible Demonstrations of his fury. *Archelaus* endured that unfortunate encounter with more moderation, and told *Mitbridates*, that there was no other Satisfaction to be

be given to Curiosities that were so near a-kin to indiscretion.

At last they with much ado got up on Horseback, and returned to their Lodgings, where having gotten into their Beds, they were forced to keep them for some Days. *Mithridates*, for his part, extremely troubled at the Adventure, was desirous to conceal it; but *Archelaus*, being a Person more inclined to sincerity and freedom, and whose proceedings, in the Affection he bore to *Antonia*, were more clear, made no difficulty to acquaint all those that came to visit him, with the Truth of the Business; so that the very next Day, it was generally known, and was become the Subject of all Mens talk. We soon understood it from *Tiberius* and *Ptolomy*; and the perpetual Discourses, which all entertained *Antonia* with about it, added very much to the disquiet she was in before. But what troubled *Mithridates* more than all the rest, was a Letter that was brought to *Archelaus*, and which *Archelaus* sent him, as soon as he had perused it himself, as having been directed to both, whereof the words were these.

To King Archelaus and Prince Mithridates.

‘ I Am much troubled at the small Misfortune
 ‘ that hath befallen you, though, out of a
 ‘ desire of your own Satisfaction, you were your-
 ‘ selves the Occasion of it; and since I am no
 ‘ enemy of yours, though I have done you some
 ‘ hurt, I should have wished your curiosity a
 ‘ slighter punishment, had you left it to my choice.
 ‘ You may hence learn to beware how you here-
 ‘ after pursue with so much violence, those that
 ‘ would avoid you, and remember that you are

to make a Bridge of Gold for a retreating Enemy. If you are chargeable with no crime but *Curiosity*, disburthen yourselves of it, as being a Vice whereof you will find the inconveniences to be far greater than the advantages; but if you are withal guilty of *Jealousy*, learn, that *Jealousy* is a self-disturbing passion, whereof the Effects are ever dangerous, and elude the expectation. Besides, it is not much for your Reputation to be jealous of a Person that's unknown to you; and did you know me, you would haply find, that I am too much below you to do you any prejudice. In a word, whatever I may be, assure yourselves I wish you no other hurt than that you may see me more fortunate than yourselves in the Service of *Antonia*, and this Declaration of mine considered, I shall entreat you not to take it amiss, if you see me among those that come to visit you.

This Letter had been delivered to one of *Archelaus's* Officers, by a Man that as soon as he had done, was vanished, and could not be seen after, as having gone his way without being observed by any one, so that the two Princes were still in the same Ignorance they were in before. They were both very much nettled at it, though in a different Measure, according to their several Dispositions; and if *Archelaus* was more moderate than *Mitbridates*, yet was he not less moved at the satyrical Stile of his Rival. The last Words of the Letter where those that troubled them most, and they thought that fantastick Circumstance of their Adventure the most indigestible of any, that among their Friends that came daily to give them their Visits, they were to expect him that had put them into the Condition they were in, and who haply might prove him, they thought the most
endeared,

endeared, and could the least suspect. This Reflection made them look on all that came to see them with a certain Distrust, and taking it for granted, that their Rival was of that Number, they sought him among them without any Distinction, and that possibly sometimes where they were the most unlikely to find him. They fell into Discourse with all those that came to them upon that Accident, and observed their Countenances while they talked, to see what Inferences they might draw thence, but all proved ineffectual. For *Archelaus* and *Mithridates* being Persons that for their Rank, their Virtue, and the Respects which the Emperor had for them, were very considerable among the *Romans*, there were few among the Families that were most Illustrious that came not to visit them; so that amidst so great a Number, they made fruitless Inquisitions for that which in a lesser they might possibly have discovered. *Archelaus* hath told me since, that he was never at such a loss in all his Life, and that fearing he might see the Face of his Rival in all those that came near him, his Thoughts were in such a Distraction, that for some Minutes he could not make any return to their Civilities: And for *Mithridates*, he looked on all as Enemies, though his Resentment was directed to one single indeterminate Person. A few Days recovered them of the Hurt they had by the Fall, and with the Pain, they forgot part of the Affliction they had conceived thereat, their Thoughts being now taken up, (as were those of all the most considerable Persons about *Rome*) with Preparations for the Solemnity which was celebrated every Year on the Day of *Augustus's* Birth, on which the People were diverted by all sorts of Exercises and Shews, and at which Time, the more to honour the Emperor,

the

the *Romans* out-vied one another in point of Gallantry and Magnificence towards the Ladies.

In the mean time *Ptolemy*, whose Inclinations for *Marcia* were not so violent as to deprive him of the Divertisements he was addicted to, among other Designs of Pleasure, wherein he was every Day engaged, went one Day with many other Persons to walk in the same Garden of *Lucullus's*, whereof I have given you so large an Account already. Having slipp'd away from his Company, to enjoy more privately that of young *Lentulus*, whose Humour, of all his Friends, he found the most consonant to his own, and desirous to discourse with him about divers Things which they communicated one to another, they sought out the most solitary Walks, as being resolved not to join their Company for some Time. As they passed through one of the most remote from Company, they perceived, at a good Distance from them, two Women, who seemed to them to be of a very goodly Presence, and though they were alone, yet the sumptuousness of their Habit, which they could perceive glittering, easily argued them to be Persons of Quality, who seeking Solitude as they did, had left their Attendants in some other part of the Garden. These Women were coming towards them: But as soon as they had eyed them, at such a Distance as it was possible for them to know one another, they turned aside into another Walk, and continued their Solitude. These two young Men, having a more than ordinary Curiosity, and whose Thoughts were employed in their Pleasures wherever they were to be had, were suddenly possessed with certain Desires to know who those two Women might be; and their shunning of them adding to their Inquisitiveness, they resolved to follow them, and, if possible, to know who they

they were. To that end they went into the same Walk where they were, and had soon overtaken them, if the Ladies, having perceived them, had not avoided meeting with them, by turning aside, and passing over one of the Bridges, to get into some of the little Isles that are made such by the Rivulets, and wherein there are in several Places green Arbours, made of the Boughs of Trees twisted together so thick, that when the Sun darts down his most perpendicular Rays, they can hardly find a Passage through them.

Having observed the Way they intended to take, and satisfied of the Design they had to avoid all Company, they bethought them, that without an Excess of Indiscretion, they could not be so troublesome as to follow them any longer. But they on the other side having resolved, out of a Curiosity natural to young People, to have a sight of them, and that the Goodliness of their Persons had very much advanced their Desires of it, took Notice of the way they took, with a Design to meet them by other turnings, which they were not unacquainted with, which they yet might have done without any Body's perceiving what game they were in chase of. Accordingly, having traced them through divers Trees that lay between both, they at last saw them go into one of the little Isles, and made no question but they would go and rest themselves in one of the Arbours. They thought it their best course to give them the time to do so, and so having taken a good Walk, they made towards the Isle by other ways, and pass'd over another Bridge than that by which the Women had gone in. They were no sooner got in, but coming behind one of the Arbours, on a certain side at which they could not be discovered, they heard the voice of a Woman singing

singing in the Arbour, and making a halt to give her the greater attention, they found her admirable, not only as to the voice, but also as to the skill, whereby it was not a little heightened. They at first heard her at a distance, out of a fear of making any noise to interrupt her; but afterwards perceiving that they had much ado to hear the Words, and confident withal, that if the noise did not discover them, they might go quite to the Arbour, without any danger of being seen, by reason of the thickness of the Branches and Leaves, which admitted not any passage for the Sight, they went as softly as possibly they could, and came to the Arbour time enough to hear these Words, which were the last that were sung;

*She's now (alas!) o'ercome that would not own,
But still deny'd Love's charms and pow'r.
O may my Eyes my Heart's dear loss bemoan;
And let their Tears its shame devour,
That Slave-like yields to passion.*

The Lady concluded her Song with a deep sigh; and her Companion, who had hearkened to her with great attention, had no sooner perceived that she had made an end, but addressing her self to her, and speaking loud enough to be distinctly heard by the two Eye-droppers that were without the Arbour; ‘ But is it possible, *said she to her*, and
‘ must I believe it, my dearest *Tullia*, that, that
‘ God, who, as ’tis generally conceived, directs
‘ and disposes of the amorous Passion, should take
‘ such extraordinary vengeance on you, and that
‘ to punish you for the Cruelty which you some-
‘ times exercised, not without injustice, upon a
‘ Prince that adored you, he should infuse into
‘ you a kindness, nay, if I may presume to say
‘ it,

“ it, inspire you with a Love for a Prince that does
“ not so much as think on you, and one, that
“ though born of the same Blood, yet, hath not
“ any thing of those inclinations towards you
“ which his Brother had ?

These words were no sooner heard by *Ptolemy* and *Lentulus*, but they withal perceived, by the voice, that it was *Emilia* that spoke them, and could not be ignorant, having heard her name pronounced, that they were addressed to *Tullia*. They were both equally surprized thereat, and *Lentulus* looking on my Brother with Eyes, wherein were visible not only his astonishment, but all that he would have said upon so unexpected an adventure, had they been in a place where they might have discoursed without any fear of being discovered, grasped him by the Arm, as if by that action, and other gestures, he conjured him from making any noise, and to hear attentively as well as himself, a discourse, wherein, if he were not mistaken, he thought himself very much concerned. *Ptolemy* was willing enough to comply with his desires, so that continuing in the same posture they were in before, they heard *Emilia* re-assuming the Discourse ; “ Speak, my dearest *Tullia*,
“ said she, and since I am the only Person in the
“ World whom you think fit to entrust with a
“ secret that is so near your Heart, ease your
“ Spirits as much as you can, by acquainting me
“ with what you would conceal from all but *Emilia*. We are now where all things favour our
“ design, so far that the Sun it self, did he shine,
“ could not participate of the secret that is between
“ us, and all things promote to the solitude we
“ seek. Do your self therefore no further violence,
“ my dearest Friend, and open to me that Heart,
“ which being heretofore hard and impenetrable

‘ to all love and compassion, does now submit to
‘ the same Passion against which it was armed
‘ with so much rigour.

While *Emilia* was speaking in this manner, *Lentulus* had found a way, by turning the Leaves aside, to make a little passage for his Sight, and as good fortune would have it, he could through that little Place direct it just upon *Tullia*’s Face. By this happy means had he the opportunity to see the Face of that Beauty, leaning on the Shoulder of *Emilia*, bathed with certain Tears, which issuing out of her fair Eyes, ran down along her Cheeks, and dropped into her Bosom. With one of her Arms she embraced *Emilia*, in the other Hand she held a Handkerchief, wherewith she wiped the Tears which she could not forbear shedding. Her Hair was in a loose and negligent Posture, and all her gestures spoke a certain remissness; but all that negligence, all that languishing, did but heighten her ordinary Beauty, insomuch that there seemed to *Lentulus* to be much more lustre and divinity in it than he had ever observed before.

He further perceived, that after she had with some difficulty prevailed with her self to comply with the solicitations of *Emilia*, assuming the discourse with an action wherein were easily remarkable all the expressions of sadness and confusion: ‘ Why will you oblige me, *said she to*
‘ *her*, to repeat to you what my Eyes, what
‘ my Heart, what my Mouth have already acquainted you with? Are you so much in Love
‘ with my Grief, as to be delighted with the unhappy demonstrations I give you of it? Or
‘ would you have me, out of a reflection upon so
‘ many acknowledgments as I have made of my
‘ unhappiness, weakness and cowardise, to die for
‘ shame

‘ shame and confusion before you? If it must be
‘ so, my dearest *Emilia*, I am content, and since
‘ you are, and ever shall be, while I have a
‘ minute to breathe, the only Person to whom I
‘ shall discover my misfortune, I am willing my
‘ most secret imaginations should pass out of my
‘ Heart into yours, and wish you may be moved
‘ with pity for the misery which my inflexible
‘ destiny hath forced me into. I say, my destiny,
‘ *Emilia*, for it is that only that I can justly charge
‘ with all the misfortunes I am fallen into. Do
‘ not imagine it any effect of the celestial ven-
‘ geance upon me for the rigour I expressed to-
‘ wards *Julius Antonius*. Though I have con-
‘ tributed very much to his absence, and am
‘ charged as the occasion of it, yet have I not
‘ been troubled with the least remorse for any de-
‘ portments of mine towards him. Being *Cicero’s*
‘ Daughter, I could not upon the first addresses of
‘ his affection to me, be obliged to entertain any
‘ such thing from him; and reflecting on the
‘ Death of *Cecinna*, whom, being to be my Hus-
‘ band within three Days, he killed in my sight,
‘ upon my account; I was certainly dispensed
‘ from whatever the expressions of his love might
‘ require of me in his favour. And yet, the
‘ Powers of Heaven are my Witnesses, that I
‘ never hated him, that I never wished him any
‘ ill Fortune, that I have acknowledged his great
‘ worth, and that I do at this Day confess, notwith-
‘ standing my present sentiments, that he is as
‘ great as to point of Merit, and as amiable as to
‘ his Person as *Ptolomy* is himself. So that there
‘ is no ground to imagine that the Gods should
‘ inflict all this as a punishment of my Cruelty;
‘ but that it proceeds meerly from my destiny,
‘ which in this emergency acts against me, as it
‘ hath

hath done through all the misfortunes that have happened to our House.

But my dearest *Tullia* (replied *Emilia*) since you would not be flattered in your Passion, may it not be represented to you, that the same Reasons which you alledged against the love and merits of *Julius Antonius*, before he became an impardonable criminal by the Death of *Cecinna*, might with much more ground be urged against the affection which you have conceived for his Brother; since that, not being obliged to him for any the least demonstration of Love, you cannot but look on him as the Son of *Anthony*, which he is, you know, no less than his Brother? I am, no question, replied *Tullia*, obliged by the same Reasons to do the one as the other, at least in some part, (for yet I might tell you, did I stand upon my justification, that *Ptolomy* is not by his Birth such a Criminal to us as his Brother was, since that he is Son to Queen *Gleopatra*, who contributed nothing to the Death of *Cicero*, and not to *Fulvia*, who alone engaged *Anthony* in that design, and exercised her cruelty upon the Body of my Father, even after Death, by a many abominable indignities) but such was my misfortune, that I could not make use of them, and I need not tell you, that in those of this Nature, the assistances of Reason are not always infallible. You may further argue, that I have hardly seen *Ptolomy* above once; that he is a Prince younger than my self, by five or six Years; and a Person that neither does, nor haply will love me while he lives. All the Answer I have to make to these Objections, is, That my misfortunes are so much the more to be bemoaned, and that the rather, out of a consideration that

I have

I have not contributed any thing thereto my self, and have endured this violence to tyrannize over my Heart, without the least compliance of my will. Pity me then, if you please *Emilia*, and charge me not with an offence which I see no Reason I should take upon me. 'Tis not in the Power of either Virtue, or the Study of Philosophy to make us incapable of Passions, but only teach us how to struggle with them; and if they have not been able to make good the little garrison of my Heart against the assaults of that which now disturbs my quiet, they will so weaken it, as that it shall not produce therein any effects that may stain my reputation at the present, or my memory hereafter. I have been able to look on the Son of *Anthony*, but it seems under an unhappy constellation, which made me indeed but too sensible of what I thought amiable in his Person: I have been able to preserve the remembrance of it too dearly for my own quiet; I cannot think on him without tenderness, I can speak of him with delight, I can communicate my sufferings to you, I can sigh, and as you see, weep and bewail this sad exchange of my condition. But this, *Emilia*, is all that this destructive passion can work in my Soul; so that all the tempests it is able to raise there, shall not eclipse those lights of Wisdom, which it is not in the power of any Blindness to extinguish. I can pine away, yet conceal from all the World, *Emilia* only excepted, the reason why I do so; and if I must endure, even to Death it self, I can easily do it, not only rather than open my Lips, but rather than become guilty of a wish that should any way stain my Reputation, or cast a blemish on the former part of my Life.

• Bur,

‘ But, when all is done, replies *Emilia*, to speak
‘ sincerely, could you not wish that *Ptolomy* loved
‘ you, or can you with all your Wisdom and
‘ Philosophy, oppose such a wish? To this *Tullia*
could not for some Minutes make any positive Answer; but having a little after shaken off that suspense, and re-assuming the Discourse with a certain Blush, wherewith *Lentulus* could perceive her Face all covered; ‘ The desire of being loved,
‘ *said she*, by that which one loves, is a
‘ thing so natural in us, that I durst not tell
‘ you, that I did not wish my self loved by
‘ *Ptolomy*; but you are withal to assure your self,
‘ that this wish is so innocent, as not to injure my
‘ Virtue: Nay, I must add thus much, that
‘ though it should prove effectual, yet would not
‘ my condition be any thing the more fortunate,
‘ and that *Ptolomy* himself, though he should love
‘ me, should not know while he lived, that I
‘ ever had any affection for him. I should avoid
‘ him as an enemy, though he were dearer to me
‘ than my own Life; nay, though it should cost
‘ me this very Life, I should keep, to the last
‘ gasp, from the knowledge of all the Earth,
‘ those sentiments which have broke forth to that
‘ of all the *Romans*.

‘ But what is than your meaning, replied *Emilia*,
‘ what course do you intend to take, in order to
‘ your own quiet? To die, answered the Daughter
‘ of *Cicero*, to die, my dearest *Emilia*, if occasion
‘ require; and I am very much unknown to you,
‘ if you imagine, that I think my Life so considerable, as not to sacrifice it to preserve my
‘ Reputation. But I shall do what lies in my
‘ Power to struggle with this enemy that hath
‘ possessed himself of my Heart; and if the
‘ strength and assistances of Heaven, which I
‘ daily

‘ daily implore, prove such as that I may not
‘ gain the Victory, you shall find, *Emilia*, whe-
‘ ther I have not learned to die, rather than be
‘ guilty of Faults which might make you blush for
‘ my sake. I have acquainted you with the secret
‘ of my Heart, because there hath not been any
‘ transaction there which you have not known ;
‘ but did I imagine it should come to the know-
‘ ledge of any other Person in the World besides
‘ your self, I should think one hour a long time
‘ to survive the shame I should conceive thereat,
‘ and you should bestow on my Death those
‘ Tears, which compassion obliges you to shed,
‘ to accompany those which my unhappiness
‘ forces from me.

As she made an end of these words, she could keep in no longer those showers of Tears which fell down from her Eyes in abundance; which yet hindred not, but *Lentulus*, who looked on her with attention, or rather with transportation, thought her so beautiful in that Condition, and was so much moved at her discourses, the grace wherewith she delivered them, and the Fortune that obliged her thereto, that pity, which had by degrees taken place in his Heart, was of a sudden changed into a violent passion. For though he had seen *Tullia* several times before, yet did it not raise in him any inclinations for her, other than what her merit might raise in all that knew her; but now in this little interval, wherein grief appeared so amiable in her countenance, he became her absolutely devoted vassal, and in love with her after such a manner, that he had not the least strength to oppose it, and was not able to hear the Reason which should have dissuaded him from loving a Person whose affections were otherwise disposed of, and one from whom, ei-
ther

ther upon occasion of that discovery, or out of any consideration of her own humour, he was in all probability never to expect any thing. In a Word, Love here knew no degrees, but as soon as he could be said to love, he might be said to do it violently, insomuch, that sympathizing with her in the affection wherein he saw her involved, he participated thereof so far, that, when he turned towards *Ptolomy*, my Brother perceived his Eyes were red and-big with Tears. For his Part, he had not been at all moved, either at *Tullia's* words, or the discoveries of her affection, whether it proceeded from the resentment he had in heart against that Lady, or that naturally he had a Soul not over-susceptible of Love, or that all the affection it was capable of, was already devoted to *Marcia*, a Princess of excellent Beauty, and one to whom he ow'd abundance of Obligations. He was already desirous to remove from that Place, when *Lentulus*, fearing they might be surprized, and perceiving by the discourse of *Tullia*, that it would trouble her infinitely if she should discover that *Ptolomy* had heard her, took him by the Arm, and carried him away. They went thence as softly as they had come thither, and made so little noise, that they were not perceived or heard. They went out of the little Isle, and walked a good while ere they spoke one to another. *Ptolomy* knew not what to say of that adventure, so much was he surprized at the strangeness of it; and *Lentulus*, whose Soul was wounded by what he had seen, and whose Spirits were in some disorder, by reason of his newly-conceived Passion, could not think of Words whereby to express himself, and was content only to look on *Ptolomy*, in whom he could not perceive the least alteration upon that accident, and knew not, whether

whether he should, out of considerations of compassion, advise him to love *Tullia*; or out of those of his own Love and Interest, entertain him with the sentiments he had for her himself. At last, having taken some few turns, they were just falling into some discourse, when coming to the end of a Walk, that abutted upon that wherein they were, they met full-but with the two Ladies, who had left the Arbour in a manner as soon as they had, and without the least fear that they had been over-heard by any one, had reassumed their Walk. They were all very much surprized at that meeting, and particularly *Tullia*, as being the least prepared for it, and the most concerned in it. Her Eyes were still red with weeping, which *Lentulus* perceiving, and consequently the condition she was in, could not look on her without a certain trouble and disturbance.

They were so near one-another, that it was impossible to pass by without salutes; and *Lentulus*, submitting to the Ascendant which now began to govern him, could not follow *Ptolomy*, who after a Salute full of Respect turned aside. *Emilia*, who took Notice of his Carriage, not consulting at this time so much Decorum, as minding the Friendship she had for *Tullia*, called him, and having obliged him to turn back: 'What now, *Ptolomy*,
' said she to him, do you shun the Ladies? No,
' Madam, reply'd he, but it is not fit that the Son
' of *Anthony* should come near the Daughter of
' *Cicero*. Enmities, reply'd *Emilia*, should not
' be eternal; and I shall not be Friends with *Tullia*,
' if she make no Distinction between the
' Children of *Cleopatra*, and those of *Fulvia*, who
' alone wrought all the Unhappiness of their House.
' Both the one and the other are equally guilty by
' their

‘ their Birth, *replies Ptolomy*; nay though they
‘ were innocent enough to deserve that *Tullia*
‘ should wish them no hurt, they cannot be so far
‘ such as to hope for any of her Conversation.

This fierce young Man, not guilty of that Tenderness he was in Civility obliged to, would needs out of an affected Malice, repeat the same Words to *Tullia*, which she had sometimes said to his Brother, as he had heard it related; so that after this last Complement, he went away, and would have no further Discourse with *Emilia*. In the mean Time *Tullia* had not spoken at all, though *Lentulus* had not come to her, but had fastened her Eyes on the ground, as being in some doubt whether she should approve the Proceeding of *Emilia*, whose Intention seemed good to her, but her Action indiscreet enough. So that her Courage, and the Affection she had for my Brother, raised no small Distraction within her; but when she heard those last Words, and saw him go away with so much Disdain, her Face was of a sudden deprived of all Colour and Grief, and Vexation pressed upon her Heart in such a Manner, that after she had with some Precipitation said to *Emilia*, that she was not well, and was not able to stand, she fell into a Swoon in her Arms. *Lentulus*, whose Eye was but too much upon her, ran to her; and though her Misfortune touched him to the very Heart, yet was it some Joy to him to have her in his Arms, while *Emilia* sat down on the Grass, and with the Assistance of *Lentulus*, laid *Tullia* by her, and took her Head upon her Lap. *Ptolomy*, who had not had the Time to go far thence, turned about at the Cry which *Emilia* gave, and seeing, though confusedly, what they were doing, he suspected what the Business might be, though, it is possible he might
not

not think himself absolutely the Cause of that Accident. However, though he was not subject to much Love, yet would he not be wanting in Point of Civility, and consequently as to that Assistance which he thought due to her Sex; so that when being come near, he saw her in a Swoon, *Emilia* loosening her Garments, and *Lentulus* in such Amazement, that he knew not what to do; he ran to the next Rivulet, and, having taken up some Water in both his Hands, he brought it and cast it on *Tullia's* Face. Whereupon she immediately opened her Eyes, and that, Time enough to see the Action of *Ptolomy*, and to perceive that it was from him that she received that Assistance. I know not whether the Joy or the Confusion she conceived thereat were the greater; but being well furnished, both as to Courage and Reservedness, she betrayed not her Thoughts of it, and giving my Brother a Look, suitable to the different Passions she was then engaged with: ‘ I receive this
‘ Kindness from you, *said she to him*, in requit-
‘ al for what I did your Brother in the like Con-
‘ dition; but it is enough for an Enemy, and you
‘ are too too tender of the Concernments of your
‘ House to do me any more.

With these Words she turned gently towards *Emilia*, and spoke to her softly, to entreat them to depart; to which end *Emilia* making signs to them, they went their ways, but, after several manners; *Ptolomy* with such indifference, as if he had not been any way concerned in the Adventure, and *Lentulus* so moved, and so distracted in his Thoughts, that he hardly knew what he did. Being come some paces thence, they met with the Women that belonged to *Emilia* and *Tullia*, whom their Mistresses had left behind, that they might walk alone, and having

acquainted them with the accident that had happened, they obliged them to go to their Mistresses.

When they were gotten a good Distance from that Place, *Ptolomy*, who walked after his ordinary posture of Freedom and Chearfulness, observing the disturbance *Lentulus* was in, as well by his silence as by the several expressions thereof that were visible in his Countenance; 'Is it possible, *said he to him*, that you are so much troubled at this Adventure as you seem to be? 'But is it possible, *replies Lentulus*, that you can be so little, as your Face and Actions discover you to be? I assure you for my part, *says Ptolomy*, that I am not troubled a jot at it, and that I look on this Adventure as if it had happened to any other Body. How, *continued Lentulus*, hath neither what you heard from the Mouth of *Tullia*, of the Love she hath for you, nor yet what you have seen of the Effects of your disdain on her Spirit, raised no trouble or alteration in you? Not a jot, *replies Ptolomy*. And besides the aversion I had for that Lady, I am not much taken with what is bestowed on me upon such Occasions, if it hath not cost me something before, so that I shall not make any advantage of this Adventure; and all that I shall do for *Tullia*, that speaks any thing of Obligation is, that I shall not divulge it; and that I do, I do upon the account of Discretion and her Sex. So that it seems, *says Lentulus*, you do not love her, nor feel any inclination to do it? I do not love her now, answers *Ptolomy*, but I protest to you, I never shall love her. If it be so, *replies Lentulus*, I am somewhat less unhappy than I thought myself, that I am fallen into a Passion
.. which

‘ which I should have wrestled with while I lived, had it been any way prejudicial to our Friendship. And since you are the dearest of my Friends, I shall make no difficulty to tell you, that being come with you into this Garden, as free as your self from any love I had for *Tullia*, I am now fallen infinitely in Love with her, to so high a Degree, that it is impossible your Brother could be more.

These words made *Ptolomy* look on *Lentulus* somewhat amazedly, as if he could hardly imagine his Discourse to be serious : ‘ How, said he, is it possible, *Lentulus*, that in so short a time, and by so strange an accident, you should fall in Love with *Tullia* ? So deeply, replies *Lentulus*, that all the words I can use are not able to express it : And I thought *Tullia* so beautiful in her grief, and so amiable in her singing and discourse, that my Soul is bestowed on her without ever consulting my will ; I say bestowed, and that in such a manner, that I am not in the least hope ever to retrieve it out of her Power. I know I put myself to strange extremities ; and that, attempting to serve a Lady, prevented by a strong Passion for you, and one that hath studied Constancy and Resolution, such as *Tullia* is, I embark for a Voyage wherein I am sure to meet with many storms : But when all is done, it is the pleasure of my destiny it should be so, and it is not in my power to oppose it.

Lentulus went on with abundance of Discourse to the same effect, which the length of this relation obliges me to forbear repeating to you, though it put *Ptolomy* into such an astonishment at the fantastick adventure, that he could hardly imagine it to be real. He entreated him, since he was

not resolved to affect that Lady, never to speak ill of her, nor let the World know what he did concerning her passion, which haply the account and acknowledgment he made thereof, might in time oblige her to forget. My Brother promised never to speak of it while he lived to any one but to me, from whence he was not able to conceal any Thing, and engaged for me that I should not suffer that secret to take any further air. Accordingly, he failed not to come that very Night, to give me an Account of all that happened to him, conjuring me to secrecy, and I could not but be amazed as well at his relation of the Love of *Tullia*, as that of *Lentulus*, whose misfortune I much bemoaned, because he was a Person of a most illustrious birth, and very commendable among the *Romans* for his many excellent endowments. I had also some compassion for *Tullia*, though I had no reason to love her, and I blamed *Ptolemy* for the inflexibility of his Heart; but having great respects for *Marcia*, and looking on that Alliance as most advantageous for my Brother and all our House, I was very glad not to see him engaged in any other Affections that might have diverted him from her. He on the other side visited her oftner than he had done before, continuing and adding to the demonstration of his Affections; but with this Remark, that he did all Things with greater indifference and freedom of Spirit than she could have desired, and in such a manner, that his Love hindered him not from minding his ordinary diversifements, or discovering the aversion he had for Marriage. However, he provided against the day of *Augustus's* Birth, to do for her what all other young *Romans* did for the Ladies they served; and would come into the exercises, with the
Livery,

Livery, and all other demonstrations of the engagement he lay under to serve her. *Lentulus* did the like for *Tullia*, but he understood that she was not well, and was not likely to be present at the Solemnity. You may some other time have an Account of what hath past in the Loves of *Lentulus* and *Tullia*, possibly not unworthy your attention; but besides that there is not much come to my knowledge, they are not the subject of my present Discourse, and my relation is so long without it, that I doubt not but you will excuse me, if I say not any thing thereof.

At length, the Day destined for the Celebration of the Solemnity, and the honour of *Augustus's* Birth, being come, the whole Court, all the Nobility, and the People ran to the Sights. I shall say nothing to you of the Duels fought by the *Gladiators*, and the fighting of savage Beasts, which were the diversifements of the People for the Morning. The rest of the Day was spent in things of greater Magnificence, such as wherein the *Roman* Nobility discovered their greatest pomp and gallantry; and yet I shall give you but a short description of it, and that out of a necessity that lies upon me to make mention thereof in my Relation. There was no place within *Rome* able to contain the vast number of People that were to be present at the shews, and that of the Persons that were to celebrate them. The Emperor therefore had, without the Gates of the City, in a fair Plain upon the *Tiber* side, caused a vast tract of Ground to be rail'd in, having left two sides free for the People, which were bordered with an Amphitheatre of several Steps, on which an infinite number of People might be disposed. He had caused to be raised over against the entrance certain Scaffolds covered over with

rich Tapestry, for the Ladies, the Senate, and such other Persons as were destined for those Places. On the fourth side were disposed part of the Emperor's Guard, whose employment it was to open the Rails at the entrance of the Chariots, the Horses and People that were to come in, and all that side was wholly taken up by such as were requisite for that Office, to avoid all Confusion and Disturbance. The place was spacious enough for the longest Races of either Horses or Chariots, and of such an extent, as it was said, that it was sufficient for the Encamping of an Army.

The first sight was to be that of the Chariots, which was followed by Horse-races, and after that was a Combat on Horse-back, between two Parties with edgeless Weapons, which the *Romans* call *Troy*, and they say was invented by *Ascanius*, the Son of *Æneas*, at his arrival into *Italy*. All the Chariots passed one after another, took divers turns about the Place along the Rails, and after they had been seen by the Emperor, the Ladies, and the People, when the signal of the Races was given, they were all disposed according to the Order they had observed in coming in, at that End of the Place which was opposite to our Scaffold, in expectation of the last Signal at which they were to set forward. They had all four Horses a-breast, open before, with one only place behind for the Master of the Chariot, wherein he sat armed all over, having on, a Head-piece, the Vizor down, with a Buckler on his left Arm, and two Javelins in his right Hand; and the Chariots, the Slaves that followed them, the Cloaths that covered the Horses, and all the Equipage, wore the Livery of the Ladies, as far as they were known. Upon these occasions was it particularly, that the young *Romans* outvy'd one another,

another, to discover their inclinations, at least those who had no design to keep them secret; and to that end was there a greater distance between the Chariots as they passed by, that People might the better observe the attendance of every Chariot in particular, and that without any Confusion.

The first that appeared was that of *Marcellus*, all glittering with Gold and magnificent Workmanship; his Attendance was noble, and full of Pomp, and about his Person, and in all his Equipage, he wore the Livery of *Julia*. That of *Tiberius* came next, not inferior in point of Magnificence to that of *Marcellus*, with my Characters and Colours. That of *Domitius* followed him, with those demonstrations which argued the affection he had for *Agrippina*. After that came *Archelaus* with the Colours of *Antonia*. Next came young *Ptolomy*, very neat and gallant in his Equipage, wearing the Colours of *Marcia*. Prince *Polemon* followed him with those of *Marcella*; and *Mitbridates*, who came after him, made no difficulty to have also those of *Antonia*. The next was *Crassus*, with a Livery which none could guess whom it was for, and whence it was to be inferred, that his intention was not to have it known. Then came *Lentulus* with that of *Tullia*, and then *Albinus*, *Æmilianus*, *Cinna*, *Cepio*, and a many others of the most Illustrious Romans, to the number of Fifty, it being the Emperor's pleasure there should be no more, to avoid the confusion that might have ensued. Though *Agrippa* was not of an Age that made him incapable of these exercises, yet would not the Emperor have him engaged therein, but took him and *Mecenas* for Company's sake, to judge of the Races, and to order the distribution of the Prizes. And though all the Masters of Chariots had the Vizors

of their Head-pieces down, and were in such a posture, as if they had been ready to fight, yet were they known as they passed by, as well by the Persons that were of their attendance, as by divers other marks ; so that it was in us to judge of the magnificence and graceful carriage of them, which we did, and gave our opinions thereof very freely.

This great number of Chariots, (which certainly was the noblest sight in the World) had gone round about the Place, and it was thought there would not come any more, when the Lists being opened again, the place echoed with the noise of twelve Trumpets which appeared at the entrance, and began to march a good distance after the last of the Chariots that had passed before. They were mounted on twelve excellent Horses, and their long Coats were of a Sky-coloured Stuff, which was the Colour of *Antonia*, all covered over with enflamed Hearts, and the characters of *Antonia*, in embroidery of Gold ; but the noblest and most sumptuous embroidery that ever had been seen at *Rome*. The Flags which hung at their Trumpets were full of the same characters. After the Trumpets, came one after another twenty Horses, led every one by two Slaves, who held them in on both sides by two Scarfs of the colour and embroidery afore-mentioned. The Horses were of the best kind of Gennets, and the proudest in their Paces that ever were seen ; they had in their Heads, which they lifted up with a certain Pride, great pennaches of the aforesaid Colour, and their Mains and Tails ty'd up with Ribands of Gold and Sky-colour. The bits of their Bridles were enamell'd with Gold, and embellished with precious Stones, and they were covered with Sky-coloured Cloaths hanging

hanging down to the Ground, and enriched with the same embroidery of Gold, and the same characters of *Antonia*. The Cloaths of the Slaves were of the same Stuff, and had the same trimming. After these came fifty others clothed after the same manner, without any difference, and went on both sides the Chariot which immediately followed the twenty Horses.

The Chariot had in it four Horses white as the very Snow, done with Ribands, and Harnessed as the former. It seemed to be all of Gold, mixt with Sky-colour at certain distances, with double A A's, burning Hearts, Darts, Chains, and other emblems of Love and Servitude. The two sides had the form of two Lions, that seemed to have submitted to the Yoke, upheld the seat, and served for a leaning Place on both sides. And behind there was a *Cupid* made of the height of a Man, whereof the Figure was somewhat greater than ordinary, which resting only on one Foot behind, stretched himself out as it were to fly, and, having the Wings spread, covered therewith the Person that was in the Seat, and seemed to have been put there purposely against the injuries of the Weather, and as it were a covering for the Chariot. The sculpture of that *Cupid* was admirable, his Face as handsome as the best Engravers could have made it, and his Wings glittering with Gold and precious Stones, which shined in several Places. In one hand he carried a Heart upon the top of one of his Arrows, and in the other a little Flag of sky-coloured Silk, wherein between Two Chains, and other Marks of Slavery, might be seen these Verses written in Letters of Gold:

*I like a Captive pine and sigh ;
Yet place a glory in my woes :
I'd rather own this Slavery,
Than of the Universe dispose.*

All the rest of the Chariot was open, so that it was easy to see how the Person was accommodated that was within it. He had on a Cuirass and a Head-piece of Gold, enamell'd with a Sky-colour, and enriched, in several Places, with Stones of a great Value. The Head-piece was covered over with a many Plumes of blue Feathers, which both backwards, and on both sides hung down to his Shoulders. But in the enamel, as well of the Head-piece as the Cuirass, might be observed every where the Characters of *Antonia* ; and the Sleeves and the lower Part of his under-garment, which came down somewhat below his Knee, being interwoven with gold and blue Silk, were full of the same Characters, with an excellent embroidery of Gold, and his Buskins interlaced with Gold and Blue, adorned with rich Buckles and precious Stones. Nor was there any want of them, about the Sword he had by his Side. He had in his right Hand two Javelins, with the Points gilt with Gold, and in the left, a Buckler of the same Metal, with the edges enamell'd suitable to the rest of his Arms, and enriched in the middle with the Picture of the fair *Antonia*, done so like her, that it was immediately concluded to be the work of the most excellent Painters of *Italy*.

I thought it not amiss to give you this short description of him, for that indeed we spent more time in looking upon him, than we had done on all else that was to be seen ; though it must needs
be

be acknowledged there was no want of state or magnificence any where. But in regard that all the rest were known, and that there was no means to discover this last, either by the Persons of his Attendance, or by any other Mark, he drew after him, not only the astonishment and acclamations of the People, but also the curiosity of all others. And yet though it was impossible to know either his Face or Name, yet from some other circumstances, that were publick and remarkable enough, it was generally concluded that it could be no other than the unknown Servant of *Antonia*, who some days before had bestowed on her the magnificent Galley, who had overthrown *Archelaus* and *Mithridates*, and of whom, under the name of the *Unknown Lover*, there were such strange reports spread up and down *Rome* and elsewhere. It immediately ran from Mouth to Mouth among the Spectators, and all the discourse was concerning *Antonia's* Servant, inso-much that *Archelaus* and *Mithridates* perceiving it, conceived not a little trouble and envy thereat, and could not for a certain time recover themselves out of that disturbance of thoughts which that sight had caused in them.

Antonia and my self were not far from the Emperor, so that overhearing all the discourse which fell not only from *Cesar*, but all those that were about him, upon occasion of this accident, there spread such a redness over *Antonia's* Face, as could not be gotten off for almost all that Day. And though I was not thereupon thrifty of my discourse to her, and earnestly entreated her to communicate her thoughts to me upon that emergency, yet was it a long time ere she would so much as open her Mouth to make me any Answer. ‘ Sister, said I to her, was it not shrewdly
‘ guessed

‘ guessed of me some days since, that your unknown Servant was a Person admirable as to point of invention and magnificence, and do you not find that in whatever he undertakes, he eclipses all that is done by others? In troth, I cannot forbear speaking for him, and to tell you, that I have conceived an extraordinary good opinion of him.’ *Antonia* was in some uncertainty, whether she should discover her displeasure at the adventure, or make her diversion of it as others did: But what thoughts soever her disturbance might inspire her with, yet could she not but entertain in her Soul a certain joy at the advantages of a Person that loved her, though he did it contrary to her intentions, and the reputation he acquired, whether she would or no, for his gallantry and magnificence.

But not long after, she had much more reason, for in fine, Sister, (not to tire you with a relation of all that passed that Day, which it were impossible to relate to you fully) I shall think it enough to tell you, that this unknown Person having provided all things for that Day, with all the care and prudence imaginable, and furnished himself with the best and fleetest Horses that could be had, carried away all the prizes, as well for the Horse-races as the Chariots, leaving behind him at a distance all that ran with him, and in that Combat on Horse-back called *Troy*, he behaved himself with so much address and vigour, and did all things with such an admirable grace, that he alone drew after him the general acclamations of the Spectators. In fine, he was by the Emperor himself declared Conqueror, how partial soever he might be for *Marcellus*, and received the Prizes, which he came and laid at the feet of *Antonia*, bending the Knee, and bowing

to her with a submission that spoke him her Slave. *Antonia* blushing for shame and vexation, though haply she was not much dissatisfied at the adventure, did by the commandment of *Octavia*, receive them, and immediately after, the Unknown Lover mounting one of the best of his Horses, rid him before us with such a grace, and seemed to us to be of such a noble presence, and so well to become the bow of the Saddle, that we could not forbear admiring him. A while after, he went in among the rest, and, taking his time, and making his advantage of the disorder and confusion they were in, he went out of the Lists, and got away with as much speed as could be. His Chariot and Equipage were gone along before, for he had given order, that as soon as the Chariot-races were over, all should withdraw, while the People were taken up with the other exercises, wherein he was to make use of no more than the Horse he rode on.

By this precaution had he taken a Course, that those who were not concerned in his Affairs, should not follow the Persons that were of his attendance, in order to discover him, as it might have been the design of divers. But as he retired himself, how circumspect soever he might be, he could not escape the Eyes of the jealous *Mithridates*, who fully satisfied it could be no other than the same Rival that had cast him to the ground, took a Resolution to follow him to the World's end, and never to leave him till he had discovered who he was, or that the other had made him Satisfaction for the injury he had received from him. He went out of the Lists soon after him, and perceiving he made all the speed he could away, he followed him at a distance towards certain Houses, whither he saw he intended, and
are

are distant from the City about fifty or sixty *Stadia*. *Archelaus*, perceiving that *Mithridates* was gone, presently imagined the occasion of his departure, and it being no less his concernment than the other's to be acquainted with his Rival, would needs follow him, and took his Course that way which he was told he had taken.

In the mean time *Mithridates* was gotten far enough before, and having observed that his unknown Rival turned towards a little Wood on the left Hand, he made after him with all the speed he could, and reached it in a manner as soon as the other. It was with no small difficulty that he overtook him, nor indeed had he done it, had his Rival suspected any thing of his design; but ere he perceived any such thing, he was gotten so near him, that all he could do was to pull down the vizor of his head-piece, which he had raised up to take a little more air, and he did it time enough to prevent *Mithridates* from knowing him. Having so done, he would have kept on his way, but *Mithridates* made a shift to get before him through the Trees, and opposing his passage; 'Hope not (*said he to him*) to get away this time again, till I have known thee, and possibly till thou had made me Satisfaction for the many injuries thou hast done me.' The unknown Lover, troubled at this rencounter, was in suspense for some Minutes what Answer to make him; but at last, perceiving what extremity he was reduced to, and thinking that, besides the Care he should take to disguise his voice, the Head-piece would contribute so much thereto, as to make him undiscernible by the other; '*Mithridates* (*said he to him*) thou hast little reason to be so obstinate in pursuing a Man that is not thy Enemy, but may become such through thy

‘ thy importunate persecution of him. If thou
‘ art my Friend (*replies Mithridates*) thou shouldst
‘ not conceal thy self from me, and if thou art
‘ not, I little fear thy displeasure, after the dis-
‘ graces I am fallen into by thy means.

As he uttered these Words, he opposed his Passage more than before, and held up against him the Point of a Javelin he had in his Hand. The unknown Lover would have avoided fighting, without discovering himself, but perceiving it impossible to do it: ‘ Thou wilt haply have Occasion to remember (*said he to him*) what Violence thou dost force me to; and if thou receive any Inconvenience thereby, thou hast no Body to blame but thyself.’ With these Words they charged one on other at the same Time, and having broken their Javelins on their Bucklers, upon which they received them, they drew their Swords, and many Blows were dealt on both sides. But my little Experience in Matter of Combats, permits me not to give you all the Particulars, and therefore shall only tell you, that the unknown Lover finding in one pass, *Mithridates’s* Horse in somewhat an unsettled Posture, ran his own a-breast upon him, and so overturned both him and his Master to the ground.

The unknown Lover thought himself freed by the Fall of *Mithridates*, and would accordingly have kept on his way, when there coming before him *Archelaus*: ‘ Stay, *cry’d he to him*, having seen *Mithridates* fall, thou hast done but half thy work, unless thou conceive me less concerned to know thee than *Mithridates*.’ The second Stoppage put the unknown Lover out of all Patience, though he very much esteemed the Person of *Archelaus*, and seeing divers others coming from the City, he conceived he had but little Time
to

to lose, and accordingly without any further Consultation, he fell upon *Archelaus*, who answered him with Blows as to weight, not much inferior to those he dealt himself. They fought for a good while on equal Terms; but at last, the unknown Lover perceiving the Persons he had seen before, coming nearer and nearer, run to *Archelaus*, and laying hold of him, he put on his Horse, which was one of the best in the World, to force him out of the Saddle, and so free himself by his Fall, as he had done before by that of *Mithridates*. And certainly he put so much strength to it, that he did what he desired in some Part, and drew *Archelaus* out of the Saddle upon the crupper, whence he slipped down to the Ground. But *Archelaus*, having, as he fell, gotten hold of the other by the Head-piece, held him with such Force, that he broke the Chin-pieces of it, and taking it with him, his Enemy's Head was naked and disarmed. Upon which *Marcellus*, *Ptolomy*, *Crassus*, and divers others being come into the Place, ran to the two Combatants, and in the sight of all those Persons, as also of *Archelaus* and *Mithridates*, who were gotten up, the Face of the unknown Lover was seen, and known to be *Drusus*, Son of *Livia*, and Brother to *Tiberius*.

The Astonishment of the two Princes that had been worsted by him, of *Marcellus*, *Ptolomy* and the rest, was not ordinary, when they found *Drusus* to be the unknown Lover of *Antonia*, who had served her, without discovering himself, with so much Gallantry and Good-liking: And if *Archelaus* and *Mithridates* were troubled that they had met with so powerful a Rival, they were in some Measure comforted as to their Disgrace, because it happened by the Hands of a Prince, whose Valour was known to all the World.

Drusus

Drusus was in a little Trouble and Disorder to see himself discovered, as thinking he had not come to that Point that he should have done ere he had been known; but perceiving the Misfortune to be incapable of any Remedy, he generously resolved to endure it, and turning towards Prince *Marcellus* and *Ptolomy*, who stood near him: ‘ Most illustrious Princes, *said he to them*, I crave your pardon for the Surprize and Stratagems I have used towards the Princess your Sister, and the Offence I have committed against you by serving her without your Knowledge. Had I thought myself worthy that Glory, I should not have had any Recourse to artifice; but how mean soever I may be as to point of Merit, I cannot but hope from the Goodness of Prince *Marcellus*, for whose sake I chearfully quitted all the Pretensions I had for *Julia*, that he will grant me, out of an Excess of Favour, that which I durst not presume to desire of him, before I had in some sort obliged him to love me, by the Services it was in my Thoughts to do him. And from Prince *Ptolomy*, a Person I have ever infinitely esteemed, I do expect he should not oppose me in the Design I have, absolutely to sacrifice my whole Life to the Service of the Princess his Sister.

To this Effect was the Discourse of *Drusus*, which when he had done, he expected the Answer of the two Princes with that Confidence, which he might well derive from the Friendship they had expressed towards him for some Time before. ’Tis true, *Drusus* was a Prince of so great Merit, that he was infinitely esteemed by all that were of his Acquaintance; and from the Time that *Marcellus* was reconciled with him after the Duel they had fought for *Julia*, having discovered his
excellent,

excellent Endowments, as well in his Conversation, as the Earnestness he observed in *Drusus* to purchase his Affection, he had conceived more Respect and Friendship towards him than any other among the *Romans*, and preferred no Man before him in his Inclinations, but only *Coriolanus*. On the other side, *Drusus's* Fortunes were so considerable by Reason of the Authority of *Livia*, and the Interest his own Worth had justly gained him with *Cesar*, that neither *Marcellus*, nor *Ptolomy*, nor any of the other Friends of *Antonia* could wish her a Match that were more advantageous. They accordingly studied not long for the Answer they were to make him, and *Marcellus* speaking for both, out of a Confidence that what he said should be confirmed: ‘ Prince, said he to *Drusus*, we have some Reason to be displeased with you; but it is only for the little Reliance you have had in our Friendship, and the Esteem we have for you. But that you shall hear more of another Time; and therefore in the Interim, since you have thought *Antonia* worthy your Affections, I shall tell you that I think her happy, and very much honoured in the Inclinations you have for her; that I question not but that *Cesar*, *Octavia*, *Alexander*, (wherever he may be) and *Ptolomy* are of the same Mind, and that, for my part, if in the Design you have upon her, you need the Assurances of a Brother that hath some Power with her, I proffer you all you can desire or expect from me, as being one that endeavours nothing so much as the Acquisition of your Friendship, and next to that, the Continuance of it while he lives.

What *Ptolomy* said to *Drusus*, was to the same Effect, whereat this Prince was so much satisfied, that he could not express his Joy without a certain

tain Confusion. After he had discovered his Resentments thereof to both, as much as he possibly could, he comes to *Archelaus* and *Mithridates*, and made his Excuses to them, as to what was past, in the most obliging Manner that could be. These two Princes felt so much Grief within, that they could not think of any Consolation; but not so much for the Disgrace of their Falls, as for that their ill Fortune had raised them so dreadful a Rival, and the Words they had heard from *Marcellus* and *Ptolomy*, from which, together with the Confidence they were in, that *Augustus* and *Octavia* would declare for *Drusus*, they could not but infer that the little Hope which they had conceived in the Course of their Affections, would come to nothing. But however they were burthened with Grief, they received the Civilities of *Drusus* as they ought, and on their side craved his Pardon for their Indiscretion, and whatever they attempted against him, while they knew him not.

I see, Sister, you are desirous I should contract this Relation, since it is indeed of an excessive length, and therefore, I shall only tell you, without insisting too much on particulars, that notwithstanding all the Resistance that *Drusus* made thereto, *Marcellus* and *Ptolomy* would needs have him immediately, and in that very Posture, presented to *Antonia*, and that *Drusus* having opposed it for some Time, out of Fear to displease her, at last was prevailed with to come along with them, and followed them to the City, and so to the Emperor's Court, where all the most eminent Persons about it were assembled, and discoursing of the unknown Lover of *Antonia*. They were yet speaking of him, when *Marcellus* comes into the Room, leading in *Drusus* by the Hand; and

it was before this illustrious Assembly that *Marcellus*, having presented him to the Emperor, and *Ottavia* brought him to *Antonia*, and having discovered him to her for the unknown Lover, who had given her such gallant-like Expressions of his Love, and that in so extraordinary a Manner, entreated her to entertain him, as a Prince that had devoted himself to her Service, and whose Inclinations for her were an Honour to all their House. The whole Assembly was nothing but Applauses and Acclamations at the Sight and Discovery of *Drusus*; and being a Person generally beloved, all were glad to hear that it was he who had done such noble Things for *Antonia*, and cry'd out they were worthy one another, and that it was a couple the best matched of any in the World. The Emperor conceived an extraordinary Joy at it, *Livia* was well pleased with the good choice her Son had made, and the Emperor and she together, joining with *Marcellus*, (having performed the first Civility to *Ottavia*) addressed themselves to *Antonia*, intreating her to entertain *Drusus* into her Service, and give him leave, by open Hostility, to take in that Heart which he would have surprized by Stratagem.

Antonia, somewhat troubled at the Adventure, found it some Difficulty to recover herself out of the Disorder she was in; and though it be certain, that it was some Joy to her to see the unknown Lover changed into *Drusus*, who was the Person of all the *Romans*, into whom she had most Reason to wish him changed, yet was she still vexed at the Artifice he had used towards her, and could not of a sudden overcome the Resentment which was risen thereof in her Mind. However, she had a Command over her ordinary Moderation, and having raised *Drusus*, who was on his Knees be-
fore

fore her, she only told him, that there was a Consonancy between her Will and those of the Persons to whom her Birth had made her subject; and that, (I mean her Moderation) she made use of not only for that Day, but was the same for a many that followed; insomuch that *Drusus* hath found it true, that all the Demonstrations of Love that may be, have no Influence on her Spirit, and amount to no more than the Compliance she had for the Disposal of *Octavia*. He was at last received into her Service with the Joy and Acclamations of all, insomuch, that *Antonia*, having since had a greater Acquaintance with his excellent Endowments (if she were incapable of Love) hath at least submitted to the Commands laid on her by *Octavia* and *Cesar* in his behalf, and hath satisfied him, by Expressions worthy his solid Virtue, and of the Esteem she hath for him. And so it hath continued ever since, by the happy meeting of these two compliant Dispositions, who are not subject to any Trouble, because not to the Weakness of a many others; so that it is out of all Question that the Emperor will have them married at the same time that the Nuptials of *Marcellus* and *Julia* shall be solemnized.

Drusus hath told us since, how that he had heard from *Mithridates*'s own Mouth, the Discourse that had passed between him and *Antonia*, when they walked together, upon which he grounded his first Letter, as also what Course he had taken to conceal himself from all the World, as well that Day that he bestowed on her the magnificent Galley, as that of the publick Shews, before which some few Days he had pretended Affairs of Consequence in the Country, because there should be no Notice taken of his Absence, at an Assembly, wherein he should in all likelihood be one of the first. Some few Days after, *Archelaus* overcome
with

with Grief, went to ease himself of it in the War, whither he was called to assist the King of the *Medes*, his Kinsman, against the *Partians*, and wherein, as they say, he hath gained Abundance of Reputation. *Mitridates* was in the same Posture, incapable of any Consolation, though his Love had not made so much noise as the other's: But to satisfy him in some sort, the Emperor having the Crowns of *Pontus* and *Comagenes* where there had happened very great Revolutions, to dispose of, bestowed that of *Pontus* on *Polemon*, and that of *Comagenes* on *Mithridates*, and sent them to take Possession thereof.

Ptolomy, according to his ordinary way of Courtship, continued his Addresses to *Marcia*, that is, with little Earnestness, and much Esteem and Respect, but discovering little Inclination to Marriage. He never minded *Tullia*, who in requital was very violently courted by *Lentulus*; but I shall not give you any Account of their Loves, because they relate not much to the subject of my Discourse, though they may be said to be some Consequences thereof. I have already given you an Account of all that happened to myself at that Time, as well as to the News I received of the Infidelity of *Coriolanus*, the Departure of *Marcellus* and *Tiberius*, and the Emperor's Voyage, wherein we accompanied him; so that you are fully acquainted with the Affairs of our House; and the better to satisfy and entertain you therewith, I think, and that truly, that I have spoken more in three Days, than I had done all my Life before.

Thus did the fair Princess *Cleopatra* put a Period to her long Relation, which to do, she had done a more than ordinary Violence to her Disposition, and *Artemisa* had heard her with an Attention, which had suspended in her Mind the Memory of her Misfortunes.

Hymen's



Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART IX. BOOK III.

A R G U M E N T.

Megacles discourses with the unknown Person, whose life he had saved, about the constancy and inconstancy of Fortune; Cleopatra and Artemisa, of the fidelity and infidelity of Coriolanus. The King of Armenia visits Cleopatra with a great deal of Courtship and personated Affection. She abhorring him for his cruelties, and having resolved to be Coriolanus's, slights him, and looks on his addresses as the pure effects of Insinuation and Sycophancy. However, he forbears force, because far from his own Kingdom, whither he would make all the haste he could, but is prevented by contrary Winds. Zenodorus the Pirate entertains Artaxus with the History of his Life. He marries

marries Elisena, a beautiful Lady of Armenia, and not long after grows jealous of her, through the means of one Cleontes, a young Man with whom she was over-familiar. His jealousy still increasing, Cleontes is by Elisena desired to depart the Court. The Day before his departure, he and Elisena taking their last leaves, in an Arbour, are surprized by Zenodorus, who transported with rage and jealousy, immediately kills Elisena in the midst of their embraces. Cleontes gets away, but afterwards bearing of the Death of Elisena, offers himself to Artaxus's Sword, who runs him through. As he lay dying, he discovers his Neck and Breast, and is found to be a Woman, Artesia, of near kin to Phraates, King of the Parthians, to avoid whose addresses she had disguised her self. Phraates, to revenge her Death, comes with an Army, and drives Zenodorus out of his Tetrarchy, which is afterward begged of Augustus by Herod. Zenodorus having lost all, seizes some few Ships, and turns Pirate. He follows Piracy with great success for ten Years, at last takes Candace Queen of Æthiopia, whom he falls in Love with; but she, firing his Ships, and casting her self over board, escapes. Losing her, he takes Elisa, sole Heiress of the King of Parthia, but going ashore to seek out Candace, he loses both Elisa and all his Ships, bath most of his Men killed, and is himself wounded. He is met within a Country-Man's House, under the Surgeons hands, by Aristus, and by him brought along with the Men he had left to the King of Armenia.

While



WHILE the two Princesses were thus engaged in discourse, *Megacles*, whose care was equally divided, between that of having them in safe Custody, to obey the commands laid upon him by his Master, and that of affording them the best attendance he could, to satisfy in some sort his own inclinations, which were ever directed to virtue, omitted nothing of what he thought might be expected from him in order to either of these Obligations. And whereas on the one side it was some dissatisfaction to him to be employed to secure them, out of the fear he was in to incense a Prince who was not wont to pardon any thing ; so on the other, he with no less joy laid hold on those occasions which presented themselves, to discover unto them the repugnance which he struggled with to displease them. Being therefore obliged not to part from the Ship, he had sent *Aristus* betimes in the Morning to see what news he could learn of the King of *Armenia*, and this Man being returned, had brought him word, that the King would infallibly come aboard the Vessel that very Day ; and though he were in such a posture as to point of health, that he could not well undertake such a Voyage without some danger, yet had he absolutely resolved to venture it, out of the great desire he had to see *Cleopatra*, and the fear he was in of losing so noble a Prize.

Megacles, having received this intelligence for certain, began to dispose all things in the Vessel in order to his entertainment ; and having understood that the Princesses were desirous to be alone, he out of the great respect he had for them, would

not so much as come near their Chamber, and was content only to give notice to one of the Women that belonged to *Cleopatra*, that he desired that notice might be sent him, when the Princesses were pleased that he should wait upon them, and when they would have any thing brought to Dinner. That done, calling to mind the unknown Person, whom the Day before he had rescued from the devouring Waves, and of whom he had conceived a marvellous good opinion, he would needs give him a visit, and being come into the Chamber, where he had left him a-bed, he found that he made a shift to get on his Cloaths; but that afterwards, being much troubled with the great quantity of Salt-water he had drank, he had been forced to cast himself again on the Bed they assigned him. *Megacles*, as soon as he came in, caused a little Window to be set open, to give a little more light to the Chamber, and having by that advantage of light, made fresh observations of the good countenance and handsomeness of the Unknown, he was now much more surprized at him than the Day before, and could not look on him, but with a certain admiration. The other, who with much ado knew him again, and reflected on the assistance he had received from him, as also on the conversation they had had together, and the more than ordinary pains and earnestness he had expressed in the saving of his Life, entertained him with abundance of kindness, and gave him some occasion to see through the clouds of his melancholy, that though he had little love for the good office he had done him, yet had he abundance of acknowledgment for his good intentions. Add to that, that all his behaviour, all his gesture, nay indeed, all things seemed to be so great, as if there had been in him a conjunction
of

of sweetness and modesty with a noble and majestic air, that, notwithstanding all his ill fortune, *Megacles* felt in himself abundance of inclinations to respect him, as he would do the Person of *Artaxus* himself. After he had sat down by him, that he had felt his pulse, and had desired of him some account of his health, the unknown Person assuming the discourse with a sigh, which by its depth seemed to have come from the bottom of his Heart: ‘ My health (*said he to him*) is but in too good a posture compared to that of my Fortune; but whatever it may be, you see that I do not any way oppose the return of it, and that I have kept the promise I had made you not to attempt any thing against my Life, while I shall be in your Power. And for that very reason, replies *Megacles*, you shall continue in it as long as I can possibly keep you; and I should find it no small difficulty to suffer you to leave us, if I had the least imagination that you forsook us, to go and seek out Death. When I consider what posture my Life is reduced to, replied the Unknown, I think Death to be the only happiness I either can, or ought to hope; and yet since I have had that of seeing you, having made some reflections on the things you told me yesterday, on the strange manner whereby I was delivered out of the very jaws of Death, contrary to all probability, and other circumstances of my misfortunes, I concluded, that I ought not to put a Period to my own Life, before I had done all that lay in my power to serve a Person on whom I had bestowed it; since that in all likelihood she stands in need of it, and that it is not impossible, but that by some one of those extraordinary accidents that happen to me, but she may yet receive it. Out of this

consideration, and upon the account of this obligation, rather than out of any hope or remainder of love that I have for my Life, had I taken my Cloaths, and would have begged your leave to be gone; but, to deal truly with you, the Body was not able to follow the Motions of the Spirit, and perceiving that all the strength I could muster was hardly able to bear me up, and consequently far from putting that in Execution which I intended, I was forced to lie down again, till such time as I shall have recovered it a little better, as I possibly may ere this Day be quite passed. The Gods have the praise of this good resolution, replied *Megacles*, and I shall think my self obliged to give them thanks while I live, for the opportunity they have furnish'd me with to prevent the effects of your despair, since that by this very demur we have made to it, we may haply have absolutely diverted and dismissed it. Alas, alas! replied the *afflicted Person*, with a sigh, how little acquaintance have you with my Fortune? And how far would you be from that opinion, had you but once an account of my misfortune? I shall know them, when you shall think good, replies *Megacles*; but I shall not desire it of you, till such time as your own inclination shall inspire you to give it me: For, the little time I have known you considered, I have conceived such a respect for you, as permits me not to deal with you as I haply should with ordinary Persons. That compassionate sentiment, which you have for the miserable, replied the *Unknown*, you rather derive from your own Vertue, than any thing you might have observed in my Person, which is only the mark of Heaven's indignation, and a Ball continually tossed and bandied by the

the inconstancies of Fortune. And therefore
 assure your self, that the opinion I have con-
 ceived, and the resentment I have, of this com-
 passion you express toward me, should, no
 doubt, prevail with me, to make a discovery
 of my self to you, rather than to any other
 Person, if I might thereby convince you of the
 esteem I have for you, and were I not obliged
 to secrecy, out of other considerations than what
 concern my self. You may judge of the truth
 I now tell you, by the posture wherein you
 have seen me, and I doubt not but you are satis-
 fied, that he who contemns his Life, as I have
 done, hath nothing to fear, as to himself, that
 might hinder him to discover himself. Till
 such time then that I am at that liberty, I shall
 only tell you, that whatever incensed Heaven,
 and the indeprecable destinies may have exe-
 cuted that were most insupportable, on a great
 number of miserable Persons, is fallen in such a
 manner on me alone, that neither the times of
 our Fathers, nor yet our own, could ever af-
 ford such another example. And whereas you
 have seen divers Persons become unfortunate
 through the loss of Dignities, Friends, Estates,
 the Affection, nay, and the Persons too of all
 that they love in this World, you have in me,
 not only a draught of all these, but a draught
 a thousand times greater than your imagination
 can represent it to you.

I have ever been of Opinion, replied *Mega-*
cles, that your misfortunes were indeed extra-
 ordinary; and your Soul hath appeared to me
 so great in the expressions I have seen thereof,
 that I immediately inferred it impossible as to
 ordinary ones: And yet I shall presume to tell
 you, that in the course of the World there have

' been seen Revolutions strange enough to raise
 ' up and encourage the most crushed hopes, and
 ' that several Persons, out of the most dreadful
 ' Abysses of misfortune, have, as it were, in an
 ' instant, flown up to the highest pitch of Happi-
 ' ness and Glory. Who could have promised
 ' *Megaëles* in the midst of his Miseries, that glo-
 ' rious change, that happened in his Condition ?
 ' And who could have put him into such a hope,
 ' as that out of the Fen where he had hid him-
 ' self for the safety of his Life, and out of the
 ' Dungeon, wherein he had been exposed to the
 ' mercy of those that were sent to murder him,
 ' he should, within a few Days after, enter
 ' *Rome* in Triumph, and be raised up to the
 ' same height of Greatness whence he had be-
 ' fore been cast down ?

' You find it no small difficulty, replied the
 ' unknown Person, to meet in all our Ages but
 ' with this one Example, to prove the possibility
 ' of Man's return from Misfortunes to lost Feli-
 ' cities ; but you may easily find an infinite num-
 ' ber to demonstrate how easy it is to fall from
 ' Thrones into Chains, and from Fame and Hap-
 ' piness into Shame and Misery. So many Kings
 ' in *Rome*, drawn after Chariots, loaden with
 ' Chains, and disposed into Prisons ; and among
 ' the *Romans* themselves, the Great *Pompey*, and
 ' the Deplorable *Anthony*, furnish us with Ex-
 ' amples of it sufficiently dreadful. A Man may
 ' endeavour to struggle with Fortune by the
 ' assistance of Vertue and a great Courage, but
 ' not expect the return of her Favours, when she
 ' hath once withdrawn them by her inconstancy :
 ' For this envious Goddess is much more inclined,
 ' and subject to pull down what she had once
 ' built up, than to raise up what she had once
 ' brought

brought to ruin. Besides, there are some Happinesses, and some Misfortunes in our Lives, that have no dependence on Fortune, and wherein she is very little concerned: And whereas she hath no power over Men's inclinations, it were in vain for those, whose greatest happiness should consist in the loss of an affection, which they thought extremely precious, to expect the return of it from Fortune, and it were fruitless for them any ways to rely on her assistance. *Sylla*, who seemed to have made an Alliance with her, and who might well attribute more to her indulgence than he could have done to his own Vertue, enjoyed the continuance of her Favours to the end, with a more than ordinary constancy; and that *Greek Captain*, whom she in his Dreams presented with Cities besieged in Nets, acknowledged her ever for an assistant Goddess. But neither of these two great Examples ever sought any other Happiness, or feared any other Misfortunes than those which are deriveable from her Empire; and she might well be their principal Divinity, since she disposed of all those things that could raise in them either Fears or Desires, and consequently could make them either fortunate or unfortunate: But for my part, who, with all she could take from me, have lost what she cannot restore to me, alas! to what God can I address my self? Or where shall I find either Assistance or Compassion, when both Heaven and Earth have conspired against me?

These Words fell from him with such an Expression of Sadness, and yet he had uttered them with such a Grace, and in so obliging a Manner, that *Megacles* had not only all the Pity that could be

for him, but also all the Admiration: He therefore omitted nothing of what he could say to him, that he thought might give him any Comfort, and having, before he would stir out of the Place, caused Victuals to be brought in, he would not leave him till he had eaten something: Which done, out of a Fear he might be troublesome to him, and a Consideration that rest would do him much good, he left him, and went about those Things which his Charge obliged him to look after, and particularly to take order for the bringing of Victuals and other Necessaries from *Alexandria*, in order to their Voyage, wherein he was to be so circumspect, as that the Vessel might not come thereby into any Danger of being discovered. In these Employments and some other which he had, the Morning and better part of the Day was spent; so that at last perceiving it was very late, and that the Princesses had not called for any thing, he went to their Chamber-door, and sent to entreat them, that they would be pleased something might be brought them to Dinner. It was much about the Time that the fair *Cleopatra* had made an end of her long Relation; insomuch, that upon the Sollicitation of *Megacles* and their Women, they gave way that somewhat should be brought them in, and took a little Nourishment.

About the end of their Repast, the Princess *Cleopatra*, who seemed to have slumbered herself into a deep Recollection, gave a sudden Start, and was, as it were, in a great Trouble and Disturbance; but a little after recovering herself, and fetching a Sigh from the bottom of her Heart: ' Good God! Sister, *said she to Artemisa*, how true is that which I told you this Morning concerning the Force of our Imagination; and how certain is it that the Remembrance which I still
' have

‘ have in my Soul of the unfaithful and unfortunate Son of *Juba*, hath imprinted such strong
‘ Idea’s of him in my Mind, that if his Countenance appears not to my Eyes, his voice I am
‘ sure smites my Ears! Even at that very Moment
‘ that you might have observed some Alteration
‘ in my Countenance, I thought I had heard him
‘ distinctly very near me, and several times this
‘ Day, during the Time of the Discourse I have
‘ entertained you with, the same deluded Imagination of mine brought that sound to my Ears,
‘ and had almost put me out in my Relation. I
‘ could not have believed that for an Unfaithful
‘ Person, there should have remained such strong
‘ Impressions in my Mind; but, alas! how un-
‘ constant soever he may have been, he is haply
‘ dead for my sake, and by the Blood he hath
‘ shed by defending us against the Barbarians,
‘ he hath haply expiated part of the Offence he
‘ hath committed against us.

‘ Introth, Sister, *reply’d Artemisa*, whether he
‘ hath lost his Life in our Cause and Assistance,
‘ or that it hath been the Pleasure of the Gods to
‘ preserve him, as it is not impossible but it may
‘ be so, I cannot for my part, imagine he should
‘ be unconstant: And what hath appeared to me
‘ in order to his Justification, hath had such an
‘ Influence over my Belief, that I am still of the
‘ same Mind, and cannot forbear telling you, that
‘ I think him very innocent. Might it please the
‘ Gods he were such, *reply’d the afflicted Princess*,
‘ and were it the Pleasure of the same Gods
‘ that I had purchased the Innocence you attribute to him, with the best part of my Bood,
‘ *But having paused a while*, O! vainest of wishes,
‘ *continued she*, the pure Effect of the Tenderness
‘ of my own Heart! What Advantages can I de-

'rive to myself from his Innocence? If he were
 'destined to dye, should it not be some Satisfac-
 'tion to me that his Infidelity hath happened be-
 'fore his Death, that so I might be capable of a
 'Comfort which I should never have hearkened
 'unto, had he dyed constant? And if on the other
 'side he be living, when he considers the Wretch-
 'edness of my Misfortune, and the Captivity I
 'now am in, which haply will never suffer me
 'to see him again, am I not much less unfortu-
 'nate in that I have only my own Miseries to be-
 'wail, than if, it being supposed he were con-
 'stant to me, I should be obliged to have a Re-
 'sentment of his as much as if they were my own?
 'And yet all this notwithstanding, *concluded she*
 'with a sigh, (*proceeding either from Weakness,*
 'or that she had some Reason for it) I cannot
 'repent me of my Wish, and I should be glad,
 'though haply it might cost me my Life, he were
 'not unconstant to me.

'I am very much of your Mind as to that
 'point, *reply'd Artemisa*, and accordingly make
 'it out of all Question, that of all the Miseries
 'which it is in the Power of Fortune to force up-
 'on us, there are not any but are more supporta-
 'ble to a Heart sensible of a tender Affection, than
 'those that proceed from that very Affection, as
 'being such as are all directly levelled against the
 'same Heart that is wounded by them. There
 'are in our Souls several Degrees of Tenderneſs,
 'for they are not equally sensible of the Happi-
 'nesses and Unhappineſſes of this Nature, as of
 'those that proceed from other Causes; nay, I
 'dare affirm, that while they have this Impres-
 'sion, they have no other Considerations of these
 'latter, than that they were Assistances or Obsta-
 'cles to those which we look on as purely real and

essen-

essential: Which granted, I can, without any Difficulty believe, that amidst all the Misfortunes which the just Indignation of Heaven may send upon us, the Unconstancy and Infidelity of the Person beloved, is the most indigestible, and most grievous and insupportable, and by a certain Violence of Assault, storms that strength of Mind which might possibly hold out against all other Unhappineses. And you must on the contrary acknowledge, that amidst all the Miseries through which our inexorable Destinies will needs force us, the Faith and Constancy of the Person we love, raises up our Spirits into such a height of Consolation and Enjoyment of ourselves, that during such Time as we make a strong Reflection thereupon, we are almost in an Apathy as to all the rest, all our Sensibility being taken up by the other.

Ah! Sister, *replies Cleopatra, fixing her Eyes on Artemisa, with a languishing, but without an amiable Look*, how true is all you have said, and consequently how fully have you convinced me, that I am the most unfortunate Person in the World, and that you are not unhappy at all, since that being exposed to all those Misfortunes, which you have mentioned, and particularly to that which you acknowledge to be most insupportable. I am deprived of that dear Consolation which might in some sort alleviate them, and which the Gods have been pleased to leave you. I must indeed confess, *reply'd Artemisa*, that I shall never think myself absolutely miserable while my *Alexander* is constant to me: But I hope you are in the same Degree of Happiness, and cannot forbear telling you over and over, that I find more Reason and Probability in the Circumstances that make for Co-

riolan 45

Coriolanus, than in those that make against him.
 And you ought to give me so much the more
 Credit, Sister, for that I speak on the behalf of
 truth, contrary to my own Interest, and against
 my own Quiet. Your Interest, Sister! *says*
Cleopatra to her; and what Interest have you I
 pray in the Fidelity of *Coriolanus*, other than
 what our Friendship obliges you to have? I am
 so much concerned in it, *replies Artemisa*, that
Coriolanus is not much more himself. And
 this you might easily have imagined, though I
 have not spoken any thing to you thereof, since
 it is apparent enough, that, if, according to the
 Presumption you have of the Inconstancy of *Co-*
riolanus, you should once banish him your
 Heart, the King my Brother, whose Prisoners
 we are, and who loves you well enough as you
 have had sufficient tryal, might conceive a lit-
 tle more Hope from your Neglect and Oblivion
 of *Coriolanus*, than if you still afforded him a
 Place in your Affections. And if that Alteration
 should once happen, what Fortune were com-
 parable to mine, since I might hope to be two
 several ways your Sister, and to possess my *Alex-*
ander without any Danger, and that with my
 Brother's Consent? And yet you see, Sister, that
 this Interest could not prevail with me to speak
 contrary to what seemed to me to be truth, and
 the Innocency of *Coriolanus*; and all the For-
 tune might happen to me, should it be other-
 wise, could not force me to disguise my thoughts,
 or betray the Affection I have for you.

Your Deportment in this Business, *reply'd the*
Daughter of Anthony, speaks you a Princess
 nobly born, full of Goodness and Virtue, and I
 conceive myself obliged to you for this parti-
 cular Demonstration of your Friendship, much
 more

more than for all the others you might have given me. But since you have thought fit to make this Overture to me of yourself, give me leave, Sister, to entreat you, by whatever is dearest to your Thoughts, to persevere in that good Intention you have for me; and I beseech you by all the good Inclinations you have for me, never to aggravate the Miseries of my Captivity by such Discourses as haply the King your Brother will oblige you to entertain me with on his behalf: I shall not tell you, that by his horrid Cruelties, as well towards my Brother as yourself, he hath rendred himself unworthy, both of the Affection he expects from me, and the Assistance which he hopes you may afford him. Nor shall I add to that, as I very well might, how that by the same Cruelty, whereof I have been acquainted with the abominable Circumstances, both from the Relations of *Alexander* and your own, he hath raised in my Heart the greatest Horror that may be, for him; whence it comes, that I look on him rather as a Tyger than a great King. But I shall not stick to tell you plainly, that, though his Life were not stained with any base or reproachable Action, though his Manners and Disposition wanted not that Mildness and Affability I should require, though his Person were more than ordinary amiable, and that to his single Crown he could add the *Roman* Empire, he should never have any part in this Heart, which I have once bestowed, and never can do a second time. *Coriolanus* hath had the first Spoils of it, and shall carry them with him to the Grave; whether he be living or dead, constant or inconstant, he only shall have that Advantage. And if, by his Infidelity, I am dispensed from the Affection which I ought

to

to have continued to the very last gasp, had he persevered in his; or am, by his Death, disengaged, as to him, of a Friendship, which it is needless to observe towards the shades, there is nothing can disengage from myself, that is, from what I imposed upon myself, when I first submitted to that innocent Affection, and consequently nothing can set my Soul at Liberty in order to a second choice, or into a condition to entertain any new Impression of Love. 'Tis enough that the great *Cleopatra* hath once given way to Love, and been taken with the great Perfections of the most amiable among Men; but the Justification which I might find for my former Weaknesses, would not haply be accepted for the latter. Expect not therefore from me, my dearest Sister, what I could not obtain of myself, for myself, though I should pretend a greater Interest it should be so, than that which you represent, and imagine that there cannot be any Felicity hoped from an Affection contracted by such extraordinary ways. To do you what Service I can with the King your Brother, and to oblige him to treat you with more Civility, I shall conceal part of my Resentments, and the Aversion I have for him; and therefore you ought to be satisfied with me, when you shall see me do that for you which I should never endure to do one Minute for myself, and consider the Violence I do myself for your sake, as no slight Demonstration of my Friendship.

Artemisa gave *Cleopatra* many Thanks for the Promise she had made her to force her Inclinations upon her Account, and begged her Pardon for what she had said concerning her own Concernments; and in requital, made a Protestation to her that she would never speak to her more on the behalf
of

of the King her Brother, and That she had too great Esteem for those Resolutions of Fidelity and Constancy which she had taken, ever to be guilty of any Design to oppose them.

Thus were they engaged in Discourse, when of a sudden, they heard a very great noise in the Ship, and not long after, that it was upon Occasion of the King's coming into it. What Lectures soever they might have read one to another of Constancy, they both grew pale, and were a little startled at this News, and looking one upon the other without speaking, they were at a loss as to all Resolution; yet, so as that there might be some Difference in their Thoughts; and if the Soul of *Cleopatra* was burthened with a more lively Grief, that of *Artemisa* was subject to more Fear. At last, *Cleopatra*, whose Courage was greater than that of *Artemisa*, was the first that broke forth into any Resolution, and looking on *Artemisa* with a Countenance that spoke something of more Confidence: ' Sister, said she to her, let us rely on
' the Assistance of Heaven in our Misfortune, and
' in the mean time summon together all our Virtue,
' and let us not forget the Resolution we have taken.
... *Artemisa* had not the power to make her any Answer, nor indeed had she time; for immediately thereupon their Chamber-door being opened, the first Thing they saw was the dreadful countenance of the King of *Armenia*. He was somewhat of a pale Complexion, and lean'd, as he came along, upon one of his Men; but his paleness was dispelled at the sight of that Object by which he was enflamed, and he made a shift to forget all his weakness to get near *Cleopatra*, who at first coming in was risen from the Place where she sat. *Artaxus* saluted her with abundance of Respect, and *Cleopatra*, who was glad to con-

tinue

tinue him in that humour, and loath to force him to those extremities, which she might justly fear from a Man so violent, returned him, though with a sad and serious Countenance, what was due to his Quality from a Princess of hers. Before he spoke to *Cleopatra*, he cast his Eyes on *Artemisa*, who trembling for fear, had her Eyes fixed on the Ground, not having the confidence to look him in the Face. The fear and confusion he perceived her to be in, added not a little to his joy; but however, he thought fit to speak to *Cleopatra*, before he addressed himself to the other, and looking on her with a Countenance wherein he endeavoured to moderate some part of his natural fierceness, and to take off somewhat of that which was most dreadful in him: ‘ Madam, *said*

‘ *be to her*, my Love forces me to wait on you,

‘ though the justice of the Gods hath made you

‘ mine to be disposed as I please; even in the

‘ late accident, you might have taken notice of so

‘ much, and you ought to forget your own re-

‘ sentments of it, out of a Consideration of the

‘ Blood I have lost to preserve you. I shall never

‘ believe, *answered* *Cleopatra*, that it is to be attri-

‘ buted to the justice of the Gods, that a free Per-

‘ son, and one of my birth, should become your

‘ Prisoner, without any War, and contrary to

‘ the Laws of all Nations. You might have ob-

‘ served no less yourself in this very Adventure,

‘ where it hath cost you so much Blood, and it

‘ is impossible they should approve the unjust vio-

‘ lence you do me, if they are, as it is believed,

‘ the asserters and patrons of Justice and Inno-

‘ cence. What violence, *replies* *Artaxus*, can he

‘ be said to do who casts himself at your Feet?

‘ Or wherein does he violate the Law of Nations,

‘ when he gives you a full right and absolute

‘ Power

' Power over both his Heart and his Crown ?
 ' Do you imagine that this injustice is of the same
 ' kind with those which the Gods punish, and are
 ' you not afraid to incense them yourself, by enter-
 ' taining so much aversion and animosity against
 ' a King that adores you, and is ready to die at
 ' your Feet ?

Having said these words, he turned towards
Artemisa, and looking on her with a little more
 mildness than ordinary, by reason of the presence
 of *Cleopatra*, whom he knew to have a horror
 for his cruelties : ' Well, *Artemisa*, said he to
 ' her, you see after what manner Heaven hath
 ' prospered your Designs, and how it hath ap-
 ' proved, that the Daughter of *Artabazus* should
 ' forsake her Brother and her King, to run away
 ' with the Son of *Anthony*. My Lord, replies
 ' *Artemisa*, endeavouring to recover her self a
 ' little, though my affection was, I must con-
 ' fess, very great towards *Alexander*, yet was it
 ' not such as should have obliged me to forsake
 ' you; to follow him; could I have taken any other
 ' course to have saved his Life; which you would
 ' have taken from him, and he should have lost
 ' for my sake. This makes nothing for your
 ' justification, replies *Artaxus*; but you do not
 ' stand much in need of any, having found such
 ' a sanctuary in the Princess *Cleopatra*. The
 ' power she hath over me, disarms the indigna-
 ' tion I have against you, and I have no hatred
 ' for *Alexander*, since I adore *Cleopatra*. In a
 ' word, your destiny is in her Hands, and I
 ' shall not only pardon you the Offence you have
 ' committed against me, but I shall further con-
 ' sent to your Marriage with *Alexander*, if *Cleo-
 ' patra* will be but mine.

‘ It is not possible, *replies Cleopatra*, *not staying for any answer from Artemisa*, but that we may find other means to get out of your power; and if they fail us, we will follow those resolutions which the Gods and our own courage shall inspire us with. In the mean time, be not flattered with so fond a hope, as that *Cesar* should tamely suffer you, in his own Dominions, and almost in his Arms, to carry away a Princess that is one of his House, and under his Protection; but on the contrary, assure your self, that by such a contempt of his Authority you may stir up such a fire as it may set your Kingdom all into a flame.

‘ *Cesar*, I question not, *replies Artaxus*, will remember, that my Father hath always served him, and died in his Cause, through the cruelty of your Father, who was his implacable Enemy. I my self, in my younger Years, have drawn my Sword on his side against *Anthony*; and if the Children of his Enemies are not more considerable to him, than those of his Friends and Allies, he will not think there is more injustice in the carrying away of *Cleopatra*, than in that of *Artemisa*. *Artemisa* hath not been carried away, *replies Cleopatra*, *she* hath only fled away from your wrath, after she had saved my Brother’s life. It was her obligation to preserve it, because it was for her sake that he had exposed it to that ignominious Death, which you had intended he should suffer. And so after she had thus acquitted her self towards a Prince who was not unworthy of her, she was content to follow him, and participate of his Fortune in order to the safety of her Life, which she could not hope to have secure with
‘ you,

‘ you, after those examples of cruelty which she had so fresh in her memory.

‘ Well, Madam, replied the King of *Armenia*, whether *Alexander* carried away *Artemisa*, or *Artemisa* carried away *Alexander*, it matters not; this is certain, that I received the Affront in the very heart of my Dominions; and that a Prince of the quality of *Alexander* had no ground in the World to go and remain incognito in the Court of a King, whom he knew to be his Enemy, whether it were to gain the affections of his Sister, or out of any other design which he might have had; and that there is not any Prince in the World, by whom he had not been ill treated upon such an account. But though this reason, and the others I have already alledged of the interests and the services of our House, should amount to nothing with *Cæsar*, I am now to appeal to another Power than his, and since I have submitted myself to yours, I stand in greater fear of your indignation than *Augustus's*.

This he seconded with some other discourse, after which, he desired leave of her to sit down, by reason of his Wounds which had weakened him very much, and were not a little troublesome to him. *Cleopatra* laughed in her Sleeve at this pretended respect, and yet was not a little pleased to keep him in that humour, out of a fear he might break forth into disorder, and accordingly not much care what violences he had put in execution. Nor indeed was the design of *Artaxus* any other; it being impossible that his fierce and cruel Nature should spend it self long in fruitless compliances. But he thought it his best course to dissemble, while he was yet in a condition to fear all things, and out of that consideration would not

not make use of his Power, till such time as he were come into his own Kingdom. In the interim, he had resolved to do all that lay in his Power to humour *Cleopatra*, and omitted no humble submissions, to make her forget, if possible, the aversion she had conceived against him. He would needs have the Ship hoise up Sail at that very instant, though his Surgeon had made it appear to him, that the Sea was prejudicial to his Wounds, and indeed, on the other side, some reason to fear he might be surprized upon that Coast, by those that were sent out in quest of *Cleopatra*. He conceived, not without probability, that he had not escaped so long, had it not been for the little likelihood there was that those who had carried away *Cleopatra*, should stay so near *Alexandria*. And indeed it was out of that very consideration, that those who went in their pursuit, as well by Sea as by Land, had gone the farther from the Place where the fact was done. Besides, the Vessel was so hidden by a Rock, which in a manner covered it, that on the Land-side it could not any way be seen; and to prevent all suspicion from the Sea, of its being that Vessel wherein were the Princesses, orders had been taken, that neither they nor any belonging to them, should at any time appear upon the Deck.

With this precaution, and these favourable circumstances, *Artaxus*, not conceiving himself yet cur'd, would needs have been gone thence at that Instant, when a Wind, contrary to his designs; and consonant to the wishes of the Princesses, rises at the same time; but a Wind so contrary to the Course they were to take, that it was thought impossible to get out of the River, while it blew with the same violence it had begun; nay there was

was some fear, that if they went out of the Place where they were, wherever they had cast Anchor, it could not be so private as the other. The King of *Armenia*, exasperated at this, railed at the Gods and Fortune for this Misfortune, but after he had tormented himself for some time to no purpose, he was forced to give way, and to suffer the remainder of the Day and the Night following to pass away in expectation of a change. In the mean time he was retired into a little Chamber which they had made a shift to dress him up in the Vessel, where he thought fit to take his rest for some time, and have his Wounds dressed.

The two Princesses had soon Notice of this favourable change of the wind by *Camilla*, who had heard it from *Megacles*; and this Wench, who was indeed very much esteemed by her Mistress, as well for her Virtue, as her many excellent Qualities, after she had told them the News with a Countenance full of Joy and Chearfulness: ‘ Madam, said she to her, let us not despair of Heaven’s Assistance, and since it begins to declare it self for us, let us believe that its Assistance will prove absolute and effectual, and that it will never forsake such great and virtuous Princesses in such a Misfortune as you are in: I am very much inclined to hope it, my dear Wench, replies the Princess, and we ought to join our Prayers together, to beseech the Gods to direct those to the Place where we are, who in all Probability run up and down to our Rescue. There is no doubt to be made, added the fair *Artemisa*, but that *Alexander* will search the World over in our pursuit; but he goes far enough to find us, while we are so near the Place where he lost us; ’tis so much the more our Unhappinesses,

‘ you are astonished to see me upon this Coast,
‘ and in the posture wherein you find me, I am
‘ no less my self to meet you in that condition
‘ wherein you appear to me. About the time of
‘ your departure from *Armenia*, while yet I was
‘ but young, I heard thousands of Stories of you,
‘ and have understood since, that for these eight
‘ or ten Years you have scoured the Seas with
‘ several considerable Ships of War, have taken
‘ many Prizes, fought divers memorable Fights,
‘ and grew dreadful beyond all the Pirates that
‘ found so much trouble to the Great *Pompey*.

‘ ’Tis very true, my Lord, *replied that Pirate*,
‘ that I have done part of what you say, and that
‘ I have been feared as well on the main Sea, as
‘ that where we now are. I was, not many
‘ Days since, the richest of all the Pirates, and
‘ had gotten together riches enough, to forget all
‘ resentment for what had been taken away from
‘ me to bestow on *Herod*; but Fortune hath eased
‘ me of a great part of them. The late Tempest,
‘ which lay so heavy on this Sea, dispersed some
‘ part of my Ships, the rest have been taken by
‘ the Prætor of *Egypt*, and I have received my
‘ self upon this Coast, a thrust through the Body,
‘ which left little hopes of Life behind it, and yet
‘ I have with much ado recovered it, and by a
‘ miraculous assistance am brought into the con-
‘ dition wherein you now see me. What you
‘ tell me, *replied the King of Armenia*, I am
‘ not only astonished, but much troubled at, and
‘ if ever we come into *Armenia* again, I will
‘ furnish you with those supplies which you shall
‘ conceive necessary to restore your fortune to the
‘ posture it was in before. But in regard I have
‘ heard a many strange and wonderful things of
‘ you, and that without any order or dependency,

I should

' I should be very glad to understand from your-
 ' self the Accidents of your Life, such as are of
 ' greatest Consequence, as may best suit with a
 ' short Discourse, if it may be done without any
 ' Inconvenience to you.-I shall be no less satisfied,
 ' my Lord, *reply'd Zenodorus*, to give your Ma-
 ' jesty that Demonstration of my Obedience and
 ' Respects, and notwithstanding the Paleness which
 ' is so visible in my Face, and proceeds meerly from
 ' the Quantity of Blood which I have lost, I feel
 ' no Inconvenience that shall hinder me from giv-
 ' ing you a Relation of my Adventures, which
 ' were not haply worth your Majesty's Attention,
 ' were it not for one Accident, which, being very
 ' remarkable, hath accordingly made no small
 ' noise in the World.' With these Words he came
 somewhat nearer the Bed, and sat in the Place
 where the King had commanded him, and hav-
 ing caused his Men to leave the Room, *Megacles*
 received them, and lodged them with the others
 that were in the Vessel; so that having, by a little
 Rest, and some Minutes of Silence, prepared him-
 self for the Discourse he was to make, he began it
 in these Terms.

The History of the Pirate Zenodorus.

I Shall not be so disingenuous as to deny, that
 in the Life I have led for these eight or ten
 Years, I have been forced to do many Actions full
 of Impiety, Injustice, and Cruelty; that I have vio-
 lated all Manner of Laws, and committed all Man-
 ner of Crimes: Nay, that by the constant prac-
 tice of them, I have contracted such a habit of
 evil, as I shall haply find it no small Difficulty to
 reform myself of. But I would withal, if possi-
 ble, gladly perswade your Majesty, that a great part

of the mischievous Inclinations which are grown so powerful within me, are rather the Consequences of my cross Fortune, than the Effects of my own Nature, and that if the Misfortunes that have happened to me since my Departure from *Armenia*, had not exasperated my Disposition, and corrupted my Manners, I should, as I had been born with great Inclinations to Virtue, have continued in the same Esteem and Reputation that I was in, when your Majesty was pleased to honour me with more than ordinary Favours and Kindnesses. I shall contract the Discourse of my Misfortunes as much as I can, as well because I am unwilling to abuse your Attention, as that considering the Condition your Majesty is in, it were very unseasonable for me to spin out any over-sedious Relation.

Your Majesty hath heretofore understood that I was born in the Frontiers of *Judea*, where the Fortunes of my Father were such, that through the Affluence thereof, he had the Means to purchase the Estate of *Lisania*, which was a small Portion of that Country endued with sovereign Power, and without appeal to any other Monarch than the Emperor. *Lisania* had possessed it as such for a long Time; but at last, having for certain weighty Considerations, exchanged it for some other Estate which my Father had, and some Monies he had gotten together in the several Employments he had gone through in the Wars, my Father became the peaceable Lord of it, and I by that Means came into a Rank which rendred me the more considerable among my Neighbours. I spent the first Sallies of my Youth in the Armies, and through the natural Inclination I ever had to the Wars, I gained therein some Reputation. I was in that of *Anthony* against the *Parthians*;
and

and being not meerly a Soldier of Fortune, and minding Faction, I followed the Children of *Pompey*, against *Augustus Caesar*: And among other Services, I was at that famous Sea-fight that happened between *Menas* and *Menecrates*. That War receiving a Period by the Ruine of young *Pompey*, I sought out new Employments elsewhere, visited the Courts of divers Kings, and at last came to yours. You were then but about fifteen or sixteen Years of Age, and it was not long before the taking of the King your Father. He honoured me very much with his Kindnesses; but he being shortly after taken by *Anthony*, I had, in those Attempts which, young as you then were, you made to procure his Liberty, and afterwards to revenge his Death, the Honour to follow you, in a very considerable Employment in your Cavalry; and I was so happy as to have it from your own Mouth, that you were satisfied with my Services, and accordingly received those Presents and Acknowledgments from your Liberality which I have had Reason to celebrate ever since.

But besides the Inclinations I immediately conceived for a valiant and a grateful Prince, which engaged my stay in your Court longer than in all the rest, another Thing that detained me there was the Beauty of *Elisena*. I shall not need tell your Majesty, who remembers it well, as having seen her, that that Lady was one of the greatest Ornaments of your Court, that by her Birth she was one of the most considerable, and that in Point of Beauty and Desert, there was none comparable to her. A Man cannot well imagine any Thing more amiable, or more excellent than her Face; but the Advantages of her Mind were no less admirable, and the Reputation of her Virtue was generally known through the whole Court

of *Armenia*. Thousands of Persons sighed for that Beauty; of which Number, I had no sooner seen her, but I became one. My Love encreased from Day to Day, till at last, that Passion became as violent in my Soul, as ever it had been in any, though the most possessed by it. I entertained her with all the Demonstrations I could of it, with Respect, Earnestness and Assiduity; but she seemed to be little moved thereat, and discovered little Resentment for all those Expressions of Love which she received from all the rest who made their Addresses to her. She was endued with a Virtue which nothing could shake, and was subject to a modest Kind of Severity, which was Proof against all Passion. Her Inflexibility at that Time drew daily Complaints from my Mouth, and Sighs from my Breast; but if I was troubled at the small Success of my own Sufferings, I had still this Comfort left me, that the Fortune of my Rivals was in no better a Posture than my own, and that she seemed not to incline to any Choice, other than that which she should be advised to by those to whom she ow'd her Birth.

But, to be short, my Lord, (why should I abuse your Patience, by acquainting you with Things that you know?) your Majesty was pleased to employ your Authority on my behalf, you spoke yourself for me both to *Elisena* and her Friends: Insomuch, that about the same Time, news being come that my Father was departed this Life, and that I was absolute Lord of that little Estate which he had died possessed of as a Sovereign Prince, your Majesty was pleased to further my Interests, made appear the Advantage of my Alliance, and, to the Confusion of all my Rivals, though they were your own Subjects, I carried away the fair *Elisena*, and married her. The Nuptials

rials were solemnly celebrated in *Artaxata*, and I had gotten into my possession that Beauty for whom I had suffered so much, and in the Possession whereof I found much more Sweetness than I had imagined to myself. Alas! can I reflect on these things without dying? And though my Mind be grown brawny, by Reason of the Accidents I have run through, and the barbarous Employments wherein I have spent my Life, can I resist the Resentment they should produce in me? I became Possessor of *Elisena*, and with her of all the Excellencies both of Body and Mind, that can be wished in one single Person. Nay, what is contrary to what ordinarily happens, the Possession encreased my Love, and through the more particular Knowledge that I had of my *Elisena*, I discovered a many excellent Qualities which I had not observed before in their full Lustre. After I had made some stay in *Armenia*, I took leave of your Majesty, I departed, and carried away my dearest *Elisena*, that she might take Possession with me of that little Estate which my Father had left behind him. I was there received as their Sovereign, and began to lead the most pleasant and delightful Life that could be imagined. Thus far, my Lord, hath my Life been known to you, thus far was it innocent.

Now may your Majesty be pleased to understand what hath happened to me since, and to have so much Goodness for me, as to charge my adverse Fortune with some Part of my Crimes. In my little Retirement with my *Elisena*, I knew not what meant the least Disturbance from abroad, and enjoyed all imaginable Felicity at home. My Government, though of no greater extent, was such as I was content with; and though it were envied by *Herod*, who was too powerful a Neighbour

bour for me, yet with the Assistance and Protection of some others, I could make a shift to maintain my own, the Love I had for *Elisena* having had such an Influence over me, that I had given over all Thoughts of the Wars, to which I had before sacrificed all my Inclinations. My amiable *Elisena*, though she had married me purely out of the Compliance she had for the Commands of her Friends, yet had ever after so much accommodated her Affections to her Duty, that she had an extraordinary Love for me, as soon as she was convinced that she ought to love me. Accordingly might it in a manner be said that we were inseparable, for that at all Hours of the Day, whether we stayed in the Chamber, and went a Walking, or a Hunting, wheither I carried her sometimes, and in all Manner of Divertisements, *Zenodorus* was never seen without his *Elisena*. Heaven itself, I fear me, envied our Felicity: Or, it may be, I was not born for that pleasant Kind of Life, and those who know me at this Day, would find it no small Difficulty to imagine, I could ever spend my Time as I did then.

The first Year of our Marriage was not yet run about, when, among the Persons whereof our little Court consisted, I took Notice of a young Man lately come thither for Sanctuary, as he said himself, against certain Enemies that were more powerful than himself, who had forced him to leave those Places where he was born, and who, having been very courteously entertained among us, set up his Staff there. He was called *Cleontes*, and this I may truly say of him, that of all the Men I ever met with, I never saw a handsomer, or more genteel Person, in all his Actions, nor a more amiable in all that appeared outwardly of him. Suitably to these good Endowments, he

im-

immediately insinuated himself into the Affections of all the World, in so much, that there was no Divertisement appointed between Persons of either Sex, but the amiable *Cleontes* was invited thereto. All the World courted him, all the World spoke well of him, and all the World were extremely desirous to oblige him. He very pleasantly received those Demonstrations of Kindness and Friendship which were rendered him: And though he seemed not to be above eighteen Years of Age, yet did he discover such Prudence and Conduct in his Behaviour, as is seldom in Persons of a far greater Age. Yet was this particularly observed in him, that, slighting ordinary Persons, nay indeed many Ladies, by whom he was not a little courted, he enjoyed himself in no other conversation but that of *Elisena*, whom he accordingly honoured with his constant Attendance. In so much, that at last he got a haunt of visiting her so often, that he was in a Manner perpetually in her Company. And whereas it was none of the most inconsiderable Perfections of *Elisena*, that she was admirable in Matter of Discourse, and that *Cleontes* was infinitely pleasant in that Kind also, they passed the best part of their Time away with Abundance of mutual Satisfaction. Among all the rest that perceived it, I took Notice myself of the great Kindness and Familiarity that was between them, but at the first looked on it without the least Disturbance, and out of the extraordinary Opinion which I had of the Virtue of *Elisena*, I not only harboured not the least Suspicion of them, notwithstanding all the Compliances, Services, and constant Addresses which *Cleontes* had for her, but also took Notice, without the least Worm of Jealousy, that *Elisena* looked very favourably on him, and dissembled not

the Pleasure she took in his Company beyond what she did in that of divers other Persons that came to see her.

Several Months were past and gone in this manner, before ever I conceived the least Suspicion of the Demonstrations of Friendship that past between them; and though I was indeed of Opinion that their Familiarity was greater than there ought to have been between a Person of the Quality of *Elisena*, and a Man of the Age and Beauty of *Cleontes*, yet did I attribute their Weaknesses to their Youth, and the Friendship which *Elisena* naturally had for Persons of good pleasant Wits. In a Word, their Manner of Behaviour made greater Impressions on other Mens Minds than it did on mine; and among the many Persons that conceived an ill Opinion thereat, there happened some to be indiscreet enough to act the part of the unlucky Crow, and to bring me the Tidings of my own unhappiness. One above all, a Person I very much credited, egged on by an imprudent Zeal, came to me on a Day, and pumping, not without some Difficulty, as I could perceive, for Words wherein to dress his passionate Expressions the more modestly: ‘ My Lord, *said*
‘ *be at last*, is it possible your voluntary Blindness
‘ should be such as must reduce your most faithful
‘ Servants to a Necessity of giving you those
‘ Discoveries of their Fidelity, which they cannot
‘ do without Regret and Violence to themselves?
‘ Or, are you resolved not to open your Eyes to
‘ see what is done against you, while it is yet in
‘ your Power to remedy Things by mild and
‘ gentle Courses, and that Evils are not come to
‘ their Extremities? Observe, my Lord, after what
‘ Manner *Elisena* and *Cleontes* live together, and
‘ spare

' spare me the Confusion it will be to me to tell
' you what follows.

This was the discourse of that indiscreet Person, which yet had this effect upon me, that I should not have been more cast down, had I received a mortal Wound. However, I did what I could to smother the resentment I conceived at his Words, and thought it enough to tell the Man, that we ought to pass our judgment lightly of a thing that might be innocent; that I was confident of *Elisena's* Virtue; and if, through the pardonable Eruptions of Youth, she had been too familiar with, and too liberal of her company to *Cleantes*, I could not thence safely infer it proceeded out of any unjustifiable design or intention. This I spoke to him with a countenance wherein yet he might have observed some part of the effect of his own discourse; and having dismissed my intelligence, I would be the more at liberty to make reflections on the knowledge he had given me of my own misfortune. It began to magnify in such manner to my apprehension, that my Soul for some Minutes was as it were in a Tempest, and my mind overcast with such Clouds as darkened all its former light, the better to dispose it to receive melancholly and fatal Impressions. All that before had seemed so innocent to me, presented it self now to my thoughts under another form, and calling to mind all the occasions upon which I had observed too great familiarity between *Elisena* and *Cleantes*, I was astonished at my own blindness, or rather inadvertency, and upon that came to my memory a hundred circumstances which I condemned all as criminal. O ye Gods, how did this fatal discovery eat into my Heart, to make a place there for the greatest grief it could be capable of! And what deplorable effects did that self-tormenting

Passion immediately produce there? This black impression wrought a kind of Metamorphosis in me, insomuch that I was become quite another Man than what I was some Days before. Being thus convinced of my want of circumspection, and consequently of my Misfortune, I railed at Fortune, I quarrelled with Heaven, and I took any occasion to discover my affliction. ' Is it possible, ' *said I*, that one that is so dear to my Heart, ' this great Example of Virtue and Conjugal ' Love, hath so soon turned Bankrupt as to all ' virtuous inclinations, and lost all the affection ' she had promised me? Or if she never were virtuous, nor had any real affection for her Husband, is it possible she should be so well read ' in the art of dissimulation, as to conceal it from ' a Man's knowledge with so much artifice for so ' long time? How, can that *Elisena*, to whom ' I had absolutely sacrificed my Heart! that *Elisena*, for whose sake only I love my Life, prove ' unconstant to me, and it may be, dishonour me! ' O inexpressible Cruelty of my destiny against ' which it cannot be expected my Courage should ' be able to rescue me! O Heaven! O Fortune, ' what resolutions would you have me to take? ' Shall I ever be able to hate what I have so affectionately loved? and from Hatred can I ' proceed to Revenge, against an Object so dear ' to my Heart, and that the only Object of all ' my affections? But if I do not, I shall be insensible of the perfidiousness of an ungrateful ' Woman; and can I with an unparalleled baseness endure those extraordinary affronts which ' must needs blast my Honour for ever? Hatred, ' Love, you that divided my Heart between you, ' let either one or the other give place, and per-

' secure

‘ secute not my Soul with perpetual uncertainties
‘ and irresolutions.

Many Days did I spend in these reflections and discourses, while in the mean time my Countenance began to change with my Humour, and the akeration that happened there was so observable, that all the World took notice of it. *Elisena* was one of the first that observed it, and by all demonstrations and expressions of Love, took occasion to discover the grief she conceived thereat; but her carriage towards *Cleontes* was still after the old rate. And whereas my Eyes were now much more open than they were before, and discerned all things after another manner than I had done in times past, methought I could perceive in all her actions, so much tenderness, and so much Love for *Cleontes*, that I made it no more a question, but that I was as unfortunate as I had imagined my self. I saw the whole Day in a manner was little enough for them to spend together; they had ever and anon some secret or other to communicate one to another, and when they were at too great a distance to speak one to another, they discoursed by their Eyes, and cast looks at one another that were more eloquent than any thing of Conversation, and this to the observation of all the World as well as my self.

This akeration seemed very strange, insomuch that all those that had known *Elisena* a little before, could not without an excess of astonishment, make any comparison between these Sallies of Lightness and Liberty, and her former Reservedness and Modesty. True is it nevertheless, that notwithstanding all those demonstrations of affection that past between her and *Cleontes*, her carriage towards me, was as it had been ever before,

fore, and I could never perceive either from her discourse or her countenance, that there was any abatement or remission in her Love towards me, or that she was less taken with my Person than at the first hour of our Marriage. Her caresses, and her insinuation were still the same; she spoke with the same sweetness, and acted with the same compliance, save that she did it not so constantly as in times past; that she left me often, to go and discourse with *Cleantes*, and bestowed on his entertainment the best part of those Hours which she had before only devoted to mine. At last, my grief was seconded and reinforced by my Resentment of those things, and after I had been a long time sad and melancholly, I became at length exasperated, and studying how to be revenged of *Cleantes*, I began to discover to *Elisena* how that her Caresses had not over me that influence they were wont to have; that I looked on them as the pure effects of artifice and dissimulation, and that I felt my Soul change from the Love I sometime had for her, to the Passion that was most contrary thereto. I gave over looking kindly on her, I took a Bed by my self, and by degrees forbore all discourse with her.

She seemed to be as much troubled at this alteration as the most affectionate Woman in the World could possibly be, and gave me all demonstrations of a grief as violent as any Soul can be able to endure. She used all the insinuation that could be, she melted into tears, and omitted nothing, which she could imagine might persuade me that she was really moved. In some intervals, I was extremely sensible of those expressions of her affliction, and those imperious remainders of Love, that were yet left in my Soul did partly produce
therein

therein the effect she desired ; but a little after, through the cruel prejudice that had taken root there, all was dashed out again, and I had no more regard to what she did, than as if it had been meer personation and sycophancy. At last, after a many Days silence, she would needs force me to speak, and having found me all alone in my Chamber, whither I was often wont to retire since the change of my Humour, she runs to me with her Face bathed in Tears, and grasping both my Hands, with an action full of earnestness and passion ; ‘ Ah, my dearest Husband, *said she* ‘ *to me*, shall I be any longer unhappy, and not ‘ know the cause of my unhappiness ? And will ‘ you by so many several expressions make it appear to all the World that I am odious in your ‘ sight, and not acquaint me by what horrid misfortune I have lost your affection ? Am I less ‘ worthy of it now than I have been formerly, by ‘ Reason of some defect you have discovered in ‘ my Person ? Or have I made my self unworthy of it by any offence I have committed ‘ against you ?

To these Words she added a many others, no less earnest, and pressed upon me so far, that I could not forbear making her some Answer. ‘ Madam, *said I to her*, methinks you take ‘ abundance of pains to express with your Tongue ‘ that which hath no acquaintance with your ‘ Heart, and if my quiet had been so dear to you, ‘ as you would make me believe, you would not ‘ have utterly ruined it by your own cruel inconstancy. ‘Tis enough for me to be miserable, ‘ and not that you should aggravate my misery by ‘ your dissimulation ; and you ought to be satisfied ‘ with what I have suffered hitherto, and not ‘ put my affection to greater Trials.

Elisena

Elisena seemed to be extremely troubled at these words, as I could easily observe in her Countenance; but mustering up all her strength together to recover herself, 'My Lord; *said she to me*, it is not any change in me that disturbs your quiet, or may have been the occasion of that which is happened in your self. The Gods are my witnesses, that I am the same Woman to you that I ever was, and that my Life is innocent even to the least thoughts. It is very strange, *replied I*, that the Thoughts should be innocent when the Actions are criminal, and that they appear such not only to the Eyes of a Husband, but to the Eyes of a thousand other Persons.

These words were a little indigestible to *Elisena*, so that she took a little time to ruminate upon them, without making me any Answer, but with the countenance of a Person recollecting and examining her self, to find out wherein she had offended. At last, looking on me with an action which spoke something of clearness and confidence, 'Can it be possible, *said she to me*, that the cause of my unhappiness must be no other than the demonstrations of kindness and friendship which have past between me and *Cleontes*? And knowing me so well as you ought to know me, is there any possibility that you should persuade your self, that in the good entertainment I make him, there can be any thing criminal or unhandsome? The demonstrations of your affection towards *Cleontes*, *replied I*, are so publick and so remarkable, that you need not pretend so much astonishment, that, when all the World had taken notice of them, they should at last come to my knowledge; and you ought to be so much the less surprized at the effect they have wrought on my disposition,

if

‘ if you but reflect on the Love I have had for
‘ you.

This proved another bone for her to pick, so
that she could not make any answer thereto, till
that she had been silent a good while, with an
action that discovered her uncertainty, and loss of
resolution. At length, lifting up her Eyes, which
she had all the time before fastened on the ground,
and directing them on me with a countenance
much more settled and serene than before : ‘ My
‘ Lord, *said she to me*, when I recollect my self,
‘ and call to mind things that are now past, I
‘ must acknowledge, that there has been some
‘ want of Prudence in my Carriage ; and if I have
‘ committed any fault, no question but it hath
‘ been out of the excess of Confidence which I
‘ have had in your Love. I cannot deny but I
‘ have entertained *Cleontes* with very great de-
‘ monstrations of a particular esteem ; nay, I
‘ confess that I have still abundance of respects
‘ for him, as well upon the account of his own
‘ Worth, as for other Reasons - which oblige me
‘ thereto, and which I shall acquaint you with,
‘ when you shall give me leave to do it : But I
‘ call all the Gods witnesses of my innocence, and
‘ desire them to send me some exemplary Death
‘ before your Face, if ever I have injured you as
‘ much as in the least Thought, or ever discover-
‘ ed in *Cleontes* any design or intention that you
‘ might condemn. I freely give you leave to
‘ take away my Life, if in process of time you
‘ find not my words true, and will accordingly
‘ be sorry for the injury you have done me. In
‘ the interim, I conjure you to restore me to
‘ your affection, the loss whereof is much more
‘ insupportable to me than that of my Life. And
‘ since you have not taken it away from me, but
‘ upon

‘ upon unfortunate appearances, which rather
‘ argue my imprudence than bad intentions, I
‘ shall make such provision against the like for the
‘ future, that you shall not have the least occa-
‘ sion to suspect me.

This was the discourse of *Elisena*, but uttered with so much assurance and serenity, that I began to be perswaded she might be innocent; whereupon that Love whereof there were still some remainders in my Heart, speaking to me on her behalf, with as much force as her Words, dispelled by little and little some part of my suspicions; and if it could not absolutely clear them, and make it a bright day in my mind, it did at least put me into such a posture, as that I was willing to hearken to what it suggested to me for her advantage, and to expect her justification from time, instead of condemning her for what was past. I immediately acquainted her with all the transactions that past in my Soul, promising, that in case I should find her as innocent as she would perswade me she was, I should love her with the same passion that I ever had for her, and she entertained that promise and assurance with such demonstrations of joy, that I could not at that time suspect her guilty of any artifice.

From that day she began to live after another rate with *Cleontes*, that is, with much more reservedness and distance than formerly; she forbore all secret meetings, and private discourses with him, and entertained him no otherwise than as civility required, that such a Person as *Cleontes* should be. This alteration occasion'd a change in my humour, and I began to recover the Rest I had a long time wanted, and was convinced that *Elisena*, having been a little extravagant through the imprudent sallies of Youth, had
by

by the strength of her own Virtue and good Advice, recovered her self. I also, for my part, carried my self towards her as I had done formerly, and expressed my Love to her with the same earnestness as I had done, before my mind became disordered by Jealousy.

This lasted for some Months, during which time we lived together with as much delight as can be imagined; but not long after, the same Person who had made the first discovery to me, came again to tell me, of certain kind and amorous looks, and other circumstances, whence he concluded there was a secret intelligence between *Elisena* and *Cleontes*. Now my disposition being before prepared for impressions of this Nature, I entertained them much more easily than at the first time, and observing my self, that there was a certain violence in that reservedness of *Elisena*, I fell into my former humour, and that so violently, that I was likely enough to fasten on any desperate resolution.

When *Elisena* was sensible of the alteration, she soon took notice of it in my Countenance, and would know the reason of it, I answered her with nothing but bloody reproaches, and the passion I was then possessed with, furnished me with all the words I could desire upon such an occasion. *Elisena* heard them with much patience, and at last, when I had given over speaking, joining issue in the discourse with abundance of resolution, but a resolution full of modesty, and the demonstrations of that confidence which is ever the attendant of innocency: ‘ My Lord, *said she*
‘ *to me*, I thought I had reduced my self to such
‘ a Behaviour toward *Cleontes* as you expected,
‘ and was of opinion, that I had entertained
‘ him no otherwise than I ought in pure civility
‘ to

' to do. But since I have been so unhappy, ei-
 ' ther through my ill Fortune, or my imprudence,
 ' there is now no dispute to be made of it, but
 ' the occasion must be removed. For the corres-
 ' pondence which is between *Cleontes* and me,
 ' is not of such consequence, as that we should
 ' thereby purchase the danger and inconveniencies
 ' which are the effects thereof. I shall not there-
 ' fore tell you, that I will not see *Cleontes* any
 ' more, or that I will never speak to him again.
 ' No, this is not security enough for you, while
 ' *Cleontes* shall continue in your Territories;
 ' no, he must not tread your ground; and
 ' though it speaks a certain Barbarousness and
 ' and Inhumanity, to force away a Person from
 ' the place where he had taken Sanctuary against
 ' a malicious Fortune, yet is it not considerable in
 ' comparison of the Mischiefs which his abode here
 ' hath already, or hereafter may occasion. I will
 ' therefore take it upon me to send him hence so as
 ' he shall never return again, and after the term that
 ' you shall appoint for his Departure is expired,
 ' I promise you, that neither you nor I shall ever
 ' see him more.

These words of *Elisena* gave me some satisfac-
 tion, though I think she discovered some vio-
 lence when she made that proposition to me, and
 so resolved to grant it her. ' Well Madam, said
 ' I to her, if you expect that you and I should
 ' live together in any quiet, there is a necessity
 ' that *Cleontes* should be sent away. His longer
 ' abode here may haply involve us into some
 ' Misfortune which we shall do well to avoid,
 ' when it lies in our own power to do it; and
 ' therefore I shall intreat you to dispose him to
 ' leave us within eight Days; that is the longest
 ' day I can afford him to provide for his depart-
 ' ure,

ture, and to find out some other place for his
Refuge, and that time once expired, I beseech
you let such Order be taken, that he may never
be seen in our Dominions again. I promise
you to do it, replies *Elisena*, and I shall take
occasion this very Day to acquaint him there-
with, and endeavour what I can to have things
so carried, as not to raise among our Neigh-
bours any suspicion of the true cause of his de-
parture.' With those words she went away
and left me; but as she took leave, she expres-
sed so much affliction in her Eyes, that it was
easy for me to judge, through the constancy which
she so much affected, that it was not without a
sensible regret that she was induced to dispense
with the company of *Cleontes*.

The next day I saw them speaking together,
and I perceived they were very earnest in their
Discourse, and in their Gestures and Looks, dis-
covered much Sadness. But conceiving all to be
in order to his Departure, I bore with their con-
versation, at that Time, as also what they had in
my Presence the Day following, during which
Time *Cleontes* took leave of his Friends, alledging
certain Reasons to them for his so sudden leaving
of them. The seventh Day, which was just that
Day before his Departure, guided by some unfor-
tunate Genius, and my own malicious Fortune
together, I would needs take a Walk in my Gar-
den. And being desirous of Solitude, and at that
very time reflecting on the Uncertainty I was in,
as to what I should believe of *Elisena*, finding Ap-
pearances of all sides, as well to demonstrate her
Affections to me, as to satisfy me of her Infideli-
ty, I went aside from those that followed me, and
leaving some of them in one of the fairest Knots of
the Garden, and others in the more spacious Walks,

I went

I went into those that were most private and solitary, and so continued my Walk in the most remote Part of the Garden. At the furthest end of the Knot, before mentioned, there is a little handsome Grove, and in divers Places of the Grove, Arbours made of the Boughs of Trees plashed together. Coming near that which lyes at the greatest Distance, I heard the noise of some People talking, and going forward still to come yet somewhat nearer, and listening with much Attention, I could discern the Voice of *Elisena*. The Privacy of the Place bred a little worm in my Brain, and I immediately suspected there might be some unhandsome Action committed; and not willing to let slip an Opportunity so favourable for the Discovery of the Truth, I crept softly between the Trees, and coming near the Arbour with so little noise that I was not heard, I put my Head close to the Branches whereof it was made, and finding an easy Passage for my Sight, I presently perceived all that was done in the Arbour. O ye Gods! what a Spectacle, with what Objects were my Eyes unhappily smitten! I saw, my Lord, since I must reap up those doleful Passages of my Life, I saw *Cleontes* set upon a little Table that stood in the middle of the Arbour, holding *Elisena* standing between his Legs, compassing her with his Arms, while he was as amorously embraced by those of *Elisena*, and at the same Time both giving and receiving thousands of Kisses from him. Sighs, Tears, and bemoaning Expressions were the burthen of their Caresses, and reciprocally wiping off one another's Tears, they reiterated their Kisses with so much Love, that a Person, the least subject of any in the World to suspicion, would never have been perswaded but that there might be yet a further Familiarity between
Per-

Persons so passionate. For my Part, I made not the least Question of it, and from that fatal Spectacle, concluding my unhappiness undeniable, I gave way to the Rage then gaining ground upon me, and stayed not a Moment to consult upon the Resolution I was to take, to revenge my injured Love, and to repair the loss of my Honour. I seldom went any where without my Sword, and as ill Fortune would have it, I had it then about me. I drew it, transported with Fury, and running to one of the Doors of the Arbour with so much haste, that those two amorous Persons had hardly the Time to break off their kissing; *You must dye, base perfidious Wretches*, cry'd I, *you must dye*; and putting my Fury in Execution upon the first Object that offered it self, it fell upon the unfortunate *Elisena*, whom running my Sword in at the Breast, there needed not much strength to force it in up to the Hilt. *Cleontes* had the Time to get out at one of the Doors of the Arbour, and had got away as soon as he saw me appear, with all the speed he could make: But the unfortunate *Elisena*, who stood nearest to me, receiving the mortal Wound, fell down at my Feet in a Torrent of Blood, and as she fell, fastening on my Knees, she held me so, that I could not get off from her to run after *Cleontes*. In the mean time *Elisena* expiring, strove as much as she could to speak, and with Abundance of Difficulty made a shift to bring forth these Words. ‘ Zeno-
‘ dorus, *said she to me*, thou hast spilt innocent
‘ Blood, which will cry out for Vengeance against
‘ thee; but far be it from me to desire it of the
‘ Gods, and I forgive thee my Death, which my
‘ own Imprudence, and thy want of Recollection
‘ hath brought me to: Thou wilt find that I
‘ have not injured thee, and therefore content thy-
‘ self

‘ self that thou hast taken my Life, and meddle
‘ not with *Cleontes*, who is-----.’ She would
have said somewhat else, but ere she could bring
it out, both Voice and Life had taken their Leaves
of her.

This Spectacle, you may well imagine was de-
plorable enough to move me to some Pity, and
the Love which I had formerly had for *Elisena*,
whom I saw expiring at my Feet, beautiful even
in her Paleuess, and amidst the very Looks of
Death, as amiable as ever she had been in her Life,
must in all likelihood force me to some Compass-
sion. But Rage and Fury being grown predomi-
nant over my Soul, and I looking on the loss of
my Honour as a thing infallibly certain, and from
the last Words of *Elisena*, when she recommended
unto me the Life of *Cleontes*, and seemed so indif-
ferent as to her own, drawing no other Conclu-
sion than that of the excessive Love she had for
him, my Fury derives new Strength from that
cruel Confirmation, and leaving the Body of *Elise-
na* in the Hands of her Women, who were come
in at the noise out of a Place where they waited
hard by, I pursued *Cleontes*, with the Sword all
bloody in my Hand, that way that I had seen him
run away. He was gotten far enough from me,
and I should have found it no small Difficulty to
overtake him, if at the same Time a noise had
not been spread about the Garden, that *Elisena*
was dead. At this unhappy News *Cleontes* stays,
not desirous to save his Life after the Misfortune
which he had been the Occasion of. As I came
into the Knot of the Garden, I saw him coming
towards me, tearing his Cloaths, pulling his Hair,
and filling the Place with his Lamentations. Instead
of avoiding my Sword, he would run upon the
Point of it, and presenting his naked Breast to me,
be

he therein received the mortal Thrust which ran him through and through. After he he had gone two or three Paces backward staggering, he fell down at the Feet of *Diana* of Alabaster, which stood at one of the Corners of the Knot, and as he fell embraced it: ‘ Goddess of Chastity, *said* *he*, receive this Life which I offer up to thee, and if I stain it with my Blood, thou knowest it is pure and innocent.

There was something in those Words that seemed so mild, and withal so mournful, that the better part of my Fury was thereby abated; and while a many Persons were running to the Place where I was, the expiring *Cleantes*, turning his Eyes from the Statue, and fastening them on me: ‘ Barbarous Man, *said he to me*, hope not that the Gods will pardon the Death of the innocent *Elisena*, though I forgive thee mine, and since I have not Life enough left me to convince thee of her Innocence, acknowledge it upon the sight of what I had never shewn any Man, and which thou of all mankind art the most unworthy to see.’ With these Words, contracting together all the strength he had left, he made a shift to open, or to tear that which covered his Stomach, and by discovering to us a Neck and Breasts, whiter then the Alabaster which he embraced, easily satisfied us that he was a Woman.

Artaxus interrupting *Zenodorus* at this Passage: ‘ Heavens! *Zenodorus*, *said he to him*, what is this that you relate to me, and what an unfortunate Adventure was this of yours? Till now, though there were Things deplorable enough in your Relation, yet had I not been moved to compassion at any; and I thought there was so much Reason in all Proceedings, that I could not bemoan the Destiny of two Persons whom I con-

ceived

‘ceived worthy the Chastisement they received at
‘your Hands. But these last Words of your Re-
‘lation having changed the whole Scene of the
‘Adventure; and though there lies no more guilt
‘on you than there would have done, had it been
‘otherwise, yet I must confess you are so much
‘the more to be pitied. You may very well think
‘it, my Lord, replied *Zenodorus*, and with the
‘same labour comprehend some part of what I
‘was not able to express.’ At that sight, that
fatal sight, that fatal and too slow discovery, I was
in a manner more like a dead carcass than those
I had deprived of Life; and not able to oppose
all the passions which then made their several
assaults on my Soul, with as much violence as can
be well imagined, nor express them by words,
I was almost grown immoveable and senseless
in the arms of those Persons that were about me.
I apprehended my self at the same time to be the
murderer of two Women, of two beautiful and
amiable Persons, and two innocent Persons,
whereof one had been my own Wife, whom I
had loved as dearly as my own Soul, and the
other meerly upon the account of compassion had
already raised in me an affection towards her.
This demonstration of the innocence and fidelity
of *Elisena* did at the first reflection on it stick a
Sword into my Heart, much more cruel than
that wherewith I had pierced her Breast, and the
sight of that unfortunate Person, now no more
Cleantes, but one of the handsomest Ladies in the
World, wounded my Soul with the most violent
affliction that it is capable of. Certain it is, that
some other Person, endued with a greater tender-
ness of mind than I, who have ever been of a
fierce and harsh disposition, had not survived so
deplorable an accident, and yet, such as I was, I
really

really felt in my Heart whatever a lively and piercing grief can have in it of Torment.

After I had recollected my self for some time in the hands of those Persons who had taken away my Sword from me, as having gathered from the fury of my Looks, that it was not unlikely I might do my self a mischief, I drew nearer to the expiring Lady, making signs to others to endeavour to help her, when perceiving my intention: ‘ Stand away, cruel Man, *said she* to me, and come not near me. Thy assistance is more hateful to me than the Death thou hast given me; and since the unfortunate *Elisena*, whose Death I have unhappily been the occasion of, is no longer living, oppose not the last demonstrations of the friendship I had for her, and suffer me to expire without any other regret, than that of having sacrificed to my misfortune, a Person so vertuous as she was. O *Elisena*, *Elisena* ! since my last kisses proved so fatal to thee, learn among the dead, where I am coming to enjoy thee again, that I was unwilling to survive thee, and that I run after thee, to continue among the shades that friendship which was so dear to us here.

As she uttered these Words, she saw passing by the Body of *Elisena*, which they were carrying out of the Garden, and at that sight, crying out louder than her weakness could bear, she withal sent out her last breath in the Arms of those that were come about to relieve her. Among those that came immediately after, a young Gentlewoman that served her, and who after her example disguised her Sex by Man’s Cloaths, casting her self upon the Body as soon as she could get near it, made the Air echo again with her cries and her lamentations, and did a many things wor-

thy compassion, which I was not in a condition to take notice of, for that at the sight of the Body of *Elisena*, which they had very indiscreetly caused to be carried close by me, I grew absolutely senseless and distracted, and was conveyed away and cast upon my Bed, where I was carefully looked after, out of a fear I should have fallen into despair. When I had a little recovered my self, I ran to the place where they had laid the Body of *Elisena*, and giving it thousands of Kisses, with an affection equal to that I had for her at the beginning of our unfortunate Marriage, I did all that lay in my power to die near her, and have a thousand times since wondered, that my Grief alone should not be strong enough to do that, which, no doubt, I should have done with my Sword, had I been left at my Liberty. Her Innocency and her Virtue being then but too well known to me, I became a continual prey to that remorse, and those implacable furies which unmercifully torment the Soul; and looking on my self as a Dragon, or some horrid Monster, I made against my self the most terrible imprecations, that a Man could make against his most inveterate enemies.

From the Body of *Elisena* I went to that unfortunate companion and partaker of her Death; and though I had not had any affection for her while she lived; yet had the unhappiness of her destiny such an influence upon me, and she had appear'd to me so amiable, even in the last minutes of her Life, and in the last words she spoke, that my Soul was possessed by something greater than compassion, and I was no less liberal of my tears for her Death, than for that of *Elisena*. When I was so far recovered, that I could apprehend any thing was said to me, I was very desirous to know who she was, and the Gentlewoman that

that had waited on her, and who after her Death had no Reason to conceal what she had kept secret while she lived, being brought before me, though she could not look on me without horror and detestation, and being informed what my desires were, gave me this account of her: ‘ Since you are desirous to know, *said she to me*, who this unfortunate Woman, whom you have put to death, was, I shall soon satisfy you to your sorrow, for with that you shall know what Enemies you have raised your self by your cruelty. She was born among the *Parthians*, of an extraction that is equally noble with any of the Subjects of *Pbraates*, and was allied on both sides to the Illustrious Family of the *Arfacides*. Her name was *Artesia*, and her Beauty such, when it appeared in its meridian Lustre, under Cloaths suitable to her Sex, that the World can afford but few comparable to her. She hath neglected it very much ever since, and indeed hath had no great reason to be much in love with it, because it hath proved the occasion of all the misfortunes that have happened to her. Being brought up about the Queen, as a Princess that could claim some kindred to her, and having in a short time discovered to the whole Court, as well the Beauty of her Countenance, as that of her Understanding, she was there generally beloved; but indeed much more than she desired to be, insomuch, that the amiableness of her Person having enflamed *Pbraates* with an affection towards her, she became accordingly the object of his cruel Persecution. She endured the torment of it for some time with an admirable Virtue, and endeavoured to smother the extravagant inclinations of the King, by all those ways which in any other Soul might have

produced that effect. But her modesty and resistance adding to the eagerness of the King's love, he would at last needs come to violence, and without any consideration of the nobleness of *Artesia's* Blood, which was no other than a branch of his own, he laid a design how to put his wicked resolution in execution upon her. This virtuous Lady, whose Father had been dead many Years before, destitute of all protection against her King, and that such a King, as to whom, after he had put to death his own Father, all crimes ought to be easy and familiar, had no way but to fly, to deliver her Virtue from that Tempest; and there being no way for her to conceal her self from so great a King, but by disguising her Sex, she put on Man's Cloaths, and causing me to do the like, took only me along with her in her flight, and two ancient Men-Servants of her Father's, whose fidelity she was confident of. After several Journeys to and fro, wherein she had still inviolably kept the secrets of her adventure, she at last came into your territories. It was not her design to make any long stay therein; but she immediately charmed by the Virtue of *Elisena*, and in process of time coming to a perfect knowledge of her, and conceiving her a Person with whom she might safely enter into solid Friendship, and in whom she might repose a great confidence, she discovered her self to her, acquainted her with her Fortune, and revealed to her what she had so carefully concealed from all the World. *Elisena* entertained these demonstrations of her affection and confidence with an admirable goodness, and offered her all the assistance that lay in her Power. This was meerly the effect of her generosity as to a

Stranger;

Stranger ; but not long after, the virtue and excellent endowments of *Artesia* having wrought their effect on the Spirit of *Elisena*, as those of *Elisena* had upon that of *Artesia*, it became the cement of such a perfect friendship between these two amiable Persons, that the present age could hardly have furnished us with a nobler example. The mutual demonstrations which they gave thereof one to another, with less circumspection than Persons, whose intentions are criminal, are wont to observe, raised jealousy and suspicions in you, insomuch, that upon the first discoveries you made thereof, they consulted together, and considered whether it were safe to discover the truth to you, and acquaint you with the Sex and Fortunes of *Artesia*. But after much debate, *Elisena* her self thought it not either safe or seasonable ; and knowing that you stood in some fear of the power of *Pbraates*, and that your Terrarchy lying near his great Empire, it concerned you very much to hold a good correspondence with him, did not think it fit that that secret should be communicated to you, as being in some fear, that either to put an obligation upon *Pbraates*, or to avoid the occasion of making him your Enemy, you might discover to him that *Artesia* was in your power, and haply have sent her back to him. The sincere friendship which *Elisena* had for *Artesia*, inspired her with that fear, which indeed became so great afterwards, that upon your relapse into jealousy, and the second discoveries you made thereof, she chose rather to be deprived the sight and company of her Friend, than that you should be acquainted with the secret of her Life, and consequently expose it to any danger. . . This separation

' could not but occasion a violent Grief on both
 ' sides, infomuch, that when you unfortunately
 ' took them in the Arbour, they were taking
 ' their last leaves one of another, with those De-
 ' monstrations of Friendship which proved so
 ' fatal to them. You are but too well acquaint-
 ' ed with what followed; I desire to be excused
 ' as to any further Discourse with you, and your
 ' leave to return to that Body which I so much
 ' loved when living, to render it my last Services,
 ' and to take some course of carrying of it away
 ' out of this cruel Country; and since it is now
 ' beyond all Fear of the Violences of *Phraates*,
 ' dispose it among the Monuments of her Fathers.

Such was the Discourse of the desolate Gentle-
 woman, whereby coming to understand as well
 the extraction, as virtue of *Artesia*, I felt the Grief
 and Remorse, which I thought violent enough
 before, assuming new Strength to torment me the
 more. I was in a perpetual Posture of sighing
 and sobbing, which being pent up in the Crannies
 of my Breast, forced out their way with the greater
 Violence, bringing forth with them Words so pi-
 tiful, that it raised a certain Compassion in all
 those, who upon the cruel Consequences of my
 mistake, had conceived a Horrour for me. I con-
 tinually called upon the Name of *Elisena*, and
 with that of *Elisena*, I oftentimes brought out that
 of *Artesia*, whose lamentable Adventure I was no
 less troubled at, than I was for the loss of my
 Wife, whom I had thought so amiable, and ac-
 cordingly so dearly loved.

I shall not tire you, my Lord, with tedious Dis-
 courses of my Complaints, or with Relations of
 all those things which I did for some Days, dur-
 ing the Extravagance of my Affliction, and shall
 only tell you, that those who know me at this
 pre-

present, and know what course of Life I have led for these many Years together, would not easily believe the strange Effects it wrought in me. The Gentlewoman, who had waited on *Artesia*, and her two ancient Servants, having caused the Body to be embalmed, carried it away into their own Country; and that of my *Elisena* was disposed into a sumptuous Monument which I caused to be built for her. I visited it every Day, and spent whole Hours in washing it with my Tears, embracing the cold Marble, and doing a hundred Actions which sufficiently discovered my Love, Melancholy, and Despair. There was not any thing from which I could derive any Comfort; in the Day time I avoided the Society of Men, and in the Night, methoughts I saw perpetually at my Bed's-head, the unfortunate Images of *Elisena* and *Artesia*, shewing me their Wounds, and loading me with the most bitter Reproaches that might be. During these Imaginations, I was many times in a manner distracted, insomuch, that in time, if I were not grown absolutely mad, I was at least so far gone, that I had nothing of Mildness, nothing of a sociable Humour left in me. By degrees I became more and more savage and barbarous, much more than I was naturally inclined to be, and out of an Imagination I had, that all the World ought to abhor me, I began to abhor all the World. Accordingly, from that Time all Things fell out contrary to my Expectations, and my Crime was such, that Fortune declared herself my Enemy as well as Men. The King of the *Parthians*, who was infinitely troubled at the Death of *Artesia*, immediately resolved to ruine me; and *Herod*, who watched all Occasions to possess himself of my Tetrarchy, to join it to his own Dominions, whereof he conceived

it should be some Part, having no Pretence of War against me himself, promoted underhand the Designs of the *Parthian* King, gave a Passage through his Country, to the Army he sent against me, and supplied them with Provisions, out of Hopes of getting my Estate into his Hands.

Things fell out in a manner as they had designed they should; so that I, who in the Height and Favour of Fortune, had not been able to oppose the Forces which the King of the *Parthians* sent against me, could hardly, in the Misfortune I was fallen into, lost as to Friends, Courage, and all Things, make any Resistance against them. The *Parthians* forced me out of my Country, and *Herod* having gotten it into his Hands upon some Treaty there had past between him and *Phraates*, he not long after went and begged it of *Augustus*, alledging that he had some Interest in it, during the Time that *Lisanius* was in Possession thereof. It was bestowed on him, and he was put into Possession thereof by the Emperor, who sent *Sossius* to settle him quietly in it, and who accordingly maintained him therein, against the Pretensions of the King of the *Parthians*. This was the Occasion of the Difference wherein *Phraates* was so much exasperated against *Herod*, and which bred the War that happened between them since, and which was begun by *Phraates* not long after the carrying away of *Phasela*, and old *Hircan*.

In the mean Time, I made a shift to get away with a certain Number of Ships, destitute of all Friends and Supply, nay indeed, lost as to all Things; for having applied myself every where for Assistance, all proved ineffectual, all denied me; insomuch, that my mind exasperated by the constant Malice of my Fortune, I became lost as to all Virtue and Morality; and thence out of an Assurance

Affurance I had that all the World were Enemies to me, I became an Enemy to all the World. While my Grief, for the loss of *Elisena* continued strong upon my Spirits, I was but little troubled at the loss of my Estate, and Friends; but when Time had wrought some Abatement of it, I could not, without Indignation and Rage, look on the change of my Condition, and see *Herod* possessed of all I had, and so powerful through the Authority of *Augustus*, who maintained him in it, and there was but little Probability of ever getting it out of his Hands.

This put me upon Resolutions of getting that elsewhere, which had been wrested out of my Hands at home, and having yet a Number of Ships under my Command, I began to make a Sea War, first against those only that had taken away my Estate, and afterwards against all Nations, without any choice or distinction of Parties. I had gotten with me my Nephew *Ephialtes*, as valiant and daring a Person as ever followed this course of Life, who contributed much to the carrying on of my Design; insomuch that when I had, by a great number of rich Prizes, got together abundance of Wealth, I bought more Ships, and so reinforc'd my Fleet, and hir'd in a many Soldiers, who found better service and pay in our War, than they would have done in any lawful one. In fine, I became so powerful, that I had Squadrons of Ships on all Seas. Having made *Ephialtes* my Vice-Admiral in those parts of the Sea, which admitted not of any communication by Sea, we went and met by Land, having Horses and private Retreats for that Purpose. So that, of a desolate Man, and one that, in all probability, should have spent his whole Life in weeping over a Tomb, I became terrible and

dreadful to all Nations, the terror of all that had any business with the Sea, and famous for thousands of Prizes, which made me the richest of all the Pirates that ever were. This course of Life have I led for these ten years very near, and yet I shall not entertain you with the most considerable actions I have been engaged in, not only because it would require a long relation, such as possibly might prove very troublesome to your Majesty, but also for that I am confident you have already had some account thereof, and have, not without astonishment, heard of the several changes of my Fortune. I shall therefore only tell you, that during the space of ten years, that I have followed this Trade, there happened not any thing memorable unto me, in comparison of what hath come to pass within these few days, upon these very coasts, there having, in a manner at the same time, fallen into my hands, two of the most beauriful preys that the whole Universe can afford. And this I am confident you cannot but acknowledge, when I have told you, that in two days time, I had in my power and disposal, the fair *Candace*, Queen of *Æthiopia*, and the Princess *Elisa*, the only Daughter and Heir of the Great King of the *Parthians*. I took the Queen of *Æthiopia* just at the mouth of the *Nile*, and this Soul of mine, which since the death of *Elisena*, had not entertained the least impression of Love, nor ever thought it could have been capable of any, remitted some part of its Forces, upon the first view of that Princess, and by degrees became absolutely subject to her Beauties. I was ignorant both of her name and quality, and yet Love made me at first slight the proffers she made me of a considerable ransom, and when afterwards she told me that she was Queen *Candace*,

dace, I would not absolutely believe what she said, out of an imagination that she might take that name upon her, purposely to keep me within those terms of respect which she perceived I should not be long able to observe. During that uncertainty, I did all that lay in my power to persuade her to my Will, and having found all the ways I took ineffectual, I hoped at last to effect my own satisfaction, by making use of the power I had over her, when that, during the space of one night, which I had allotted her to fix on some resolution, this Princess, daring above her Sex, and beyond all example, set my Ship on fire, which broke forth in several places, and cast herself into the Sea, within some few Stadia of this River. You may well imagine, what an astonishment I was in, when it came to knowledge that I had lost her in that manner. I made the best shift I could to repair the breaches which the fire had made in my Ship, that I might the sooner make after her into this River, whither I conceived she might get upon planks, with the assistance of some Men, who had cast themselves over-board at the same time with her.

We were busy a mending of our Ships, when it was the pleasure of Fortune, (to make me some requital for the former loss) to send me a Vessel, wherein was the Princess of the *Parthians*, which having with much ado escaped wreck in the great Tempest that had been, and being not furnished with Men to maintain her, came and cast herself into our hands. We boarded her without any great difficulty, and the first thing I was entertained with, was the shouts of certain Slaves, whom I found to have been my Soldiers, and some of those that I had left *Epialtes*. They presently gave me an account of the death of my

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Nephew, and pointing to a Person that stood near the Princess, they told how he had been his Murtherer. I cast my Eyes on the Man, and notwithstanding the admirable things I could observe in him, yet was I resolved his Life should be sacrificed to the *Manes* of my Nephew, whom I had so dearly loved, and thereupon caused the points of all our Swords to be turned upon him. But, good Gods, how strangely did he behave himself! For passing through our Armies without any fear, he comes up to me, takes hold of me by the middle, and cast himself into the Sea with me in his Arms. I was relieved and taken up again by my own Men, not without some difficulty; but when I had recovered the danger, cast up the Water I had drunk, and put on other Cloaths, the presence of a Beauty which all the World might admire, but that seemed o'erwhelmed with an insupportable grief, could not make me forget her, who may be said to have set my Heart a-fire as truly as she had done my Ship. And therefore resolving to follow her living, or find out her dead Body about this River, I came hither, and landed with thirty of my Men, leaving the fair Prize I had taken in my Vessel, under the care of a Lieutenant whom I trusted her with. I wandered up and down the River-side all that Day, and could not make the least discovery of what I sought; and the next Day, after I had spent some part of the Day in the same enquiry, and having divided my Men into several parties, in order to visit more places, I came at last, accompanied only by two of them, near a Spring, where I saw two Men engaged in a furious Combat. They were both Persons of an admirable goodly Presence, their Arms rich and magnificent; but there was nothing comparable

to the Valour where with they fought, but the animosity they expressed in the Combat. One of the two had upon his Arms, which glittered with Gold, the *Roman* Eagle spread in divers Places, and those of his adversary, remarkable for certain Lions, causing me to observe his stature and action, I at last discovered him to be the same Person that had cast himself over-board with me in his Arms, and whom I had given over for drowned.

I was at a loss what I should do upon this occasion, when, notwithstanding the attention where-to it might be thought the Combat obliged him, he cast his Eyes towards me, and immediately calling me to mind, he retreated a little before his Enemy, and having said something to him, which I could not hear, he left him, and fell upon me with as little mercy as a Bird would on his Prey. I was astonished at the violence of his proceeding; but though I had then no other Arms about me but my Sword, yet I saw there was a necessity I should put myself into some posture of Defence. When I saw falling dead at my Feet, upon the dealing of but two Blows, my two Companions, who had set themselves before me, I must needs confess, that this sudden Execution frightened me a little; and seeing my self without Arms, to engage with a Man armed all-over, I was afraid to meet with him, and so made away from him as fast as ever my Horse could carry me. I rid a great way, flying still before him, and he had very near overtaken me, when coming into a pleasant Valley, I met with a Person on Horseback, very sumptuously and richly armed, who secured me from him, and in the very same Place had I a sight of that admirable Princess, whom I sought after. I was not a little encouraged at this happy adventure,

ture, but being not in a condition to carry her away without some assistance, I returned to my Companions, and having met with some of them, I came back again along with them into the Valley, and with their help carried away the fair *Candace* on Horse-back. 'Tis true, the greatest part of my Soldiers were killed by those valiant Men that engaged with us at our coming into the Place, insomuch that I had but one about me by that time I got to the River side. Here it was that I was satisfied as to the inconstancy of Fortune, who had treated me so oddly in one and the same Day; for my Ships were all gone, and casting my Eyes toward the Sea, I saw them at a good distance, making as much Sail as they could away. However, I resolved not to quit my Prize, and accordingly carried her into a Wood that was hard by, in spite of all the resistance she could make. At last having made a shift to get from me, while I was upon the point of recovering her again, I was set upon by divers Men on Horse-back, and being run through with a Sword, I fell down to the Ground with very little hopes of Life. That Soldier of mine, who had followed me, saw me fall at a good distance from the Place; and when our enemies were gone away with the Princess, he came back to me, meeting in his way with another party of his Companions, which I had sent some other way, and had not been engaged in the fight we had had. They were extremely cast down to see what condition I was in, and perceiving there were some remainders of Life in me, they carried me to a poor Country-Man's House, not far from that Place. This Man was sent into the City for a Surgeon, having before engaged himself to keep all things secret, and my Men having put them both in hopes of extra-

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extraordinary rewards for the good they should do me, they have accordingly done as much for me as I could have desired them. I had about me both Money and Jewels to engage them to fidelity and attendance, and I must confess, they have done all things with so much good success and secrecy, that they have brought me into the condition you now find me in, without the least discovery of any thing.

During the time I remained at that House, such of my Men as had gone several times to *Alexandria*, purposely to see what news were stirring, brought me word that *Candace* was in *Alexandria*, that it was the Prætor himself that had wounded me, and that the very same Day those whom he had sent to Sea had taken my Ships, killed all the rest of my Men, together with my treacherous Lieutenant, and recovered the Beauty I had left with him, who had discovered herself to be *Elisa*, Princess of the *Parthians*. Till then I had been ignorant who she was, but had learnt *Candace's* name from her own mouth, as I told you before, though my people told me that she was not known in *Alexandria*, for any other than a Lady of great Quality born in *Æthiopia*, and one whom it was thought the Prætor was fallen very deeply in Love with. In a word, my Lord, having lost all my Ships, my Men, and the noble Prize I had taken, with the assistance I have happily met with, I am gotten into the condition wherein you see me, and this very Day, as I was thinking of my departure from that House, *Aristus*, seeking out where there were any Provisions to be sold, comes in. We had been heretofore very intimate Friends, and, notwithstanding the alteration, which so many Years must needs have made in our Faces, yet after we had looked,

looked a good while one upon the other, we called one another to mind, we embraced, and after we had enquired one after another, what accidents or occasions had brought us into these Parts, he told me, that your Majesty was hereabouts, and made me believe, that my own Service, and that of these Men I have left me, might be worth you acceptance, and contribute somewhat to the furtherance of your designs. Whereupon I thought myself obliged to follow him, which I did with the greater joy, for that it gives me some occasion to satisfy you, that even in the midst of my misfortunes, notwithstanding all the changes I have run through, nothing hath been able to force out of my memory the resentment of your goodnesses, or the desire I have, by all the Services it lies in my power to do you, to acknowledge them.



Hymen's



Hymen's Præludia :

O R,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART IX. BOOK IV.

A R G U M E N T.

The King of Armenia acquaints Zenodorus how he had brought away the Princesses Cleopatra and Artemisa, tells him what Designs he had upon them, and is encouraged in his Enterprize by the Pirate. Artaxus is set upon by an Egyptian Vessel, for the Deliverance of Cleopatra, and is like to gain the Victory, when an unknown Person that was in Artaxus's Ship, awakened by the Noise, comes into the Relief of the Armenian, and forces the Egyptian to retreat. Having secured the Victory, he is known by Cleopatra to be Coriolanus, whereat she is almost distracted. Upon her Reproaches to him for the Disservice he had done her, he swoons, but

but soon after recovers, pleads his Ignorance, and the Innocency of his Intentions. To expiate his Crime, he undertakes to deliver her out of the Hands of Artaxus, who thereupon sets his Men to kill him, but upon the Mediation of Cleopatra, he is proffered Life and Liberty. He refusing both, is again set upon, kills Aristus, Zenodorus, and divers others, and keeps all in play so long, till a Ship of Alexandria, coming in quest of Cleopatra, comes to his Relief. The Ships being ready to close, Artaxus threatens to kill the two Princesses, whereupon the Egyptian Vessel, wherein were the Princes, Alexander and Marcellus, dared not fasten to the other. Artaxus would have put his barbarous Design upon the Princesses in Execution, but is miraculously prevented by Coriolanus, who thrusting him to the other side of the Ship, set himself before the Princesses. Marcellus taking his Advantage upon that interval, boards the Armenian. Alexander would have killed Artaxus, but upon the Mediation of Artemisa, forbears; yet he, scorning Life from an Enemy, falls upon his own Sword. Coriolanus is charged with, and, at last informed what his ancient Infidelity to Marcellus and Cleopatra was, promises to clear himself, and is promised to be restored to Cleopatra's Affection. Marcellus, Alexander, and the two Princesses, return to Alexandria, whither the Body of Artaxus is brought by Megacles, who in his way set Coriolanus ashore, to find out some Means to approve himself a faithful Lover and Servant of Cleopatra.

THIS



THIS was the Conclusion of *Zenodorus's* Discourse, and when he had given over speaking, the King of *Armenia* acknowledged his Obligations to him for the Proffers he had made him of his Services, and by way of Requital promised him, that, as soon as they were arrived in *Armenia*, he would furnish him with all the Assistance he could desire, either to restore him to his Estate again, that he might spend the rest of his Life in Quiet, or put him to Sea in as good a Condition as he had been in some Days before. *Zenodorus* told him on the other side, that it was neither Prudence nor safe for him to make any stay in *Armenia*, because of the Friends of *Elisena*, who could not look on him without a certain Horrour; and therefore he relied more upon the hopes he had put him into, of his Furtherances in that Course of Life which he was resolved to follow. *Artaxus*, who by this unexpected Supply, was twice as strong as he had been before, in Men, not only well versed in Sea-affairs, but much acquainted with those Coasts, was not a little glad of the Adventure: And out of a Design of engaging *Zenodorus* the more to serve him, he thought it not amiss to discover to him all that had passed, how things then stood, and related to him the manner how he had brought away the Princesses *Cleopatra* and *Artemisa*, and how that his Intentions were to carry them to *Armenia* as soon as the Wind should serve.

The Pirate was infinitely pleased to see a King fallen into that Course of Life which he had followed for so many Years, and being almost out of himself for Joy that he had such a Companion, he

he encouraged him in his Enterprize, and promised him Success in it, or that he would perish in his Service. These two Souls, near of the same making, were extremely glad at this renewing of their Acquaintance; but *Megacles*, a Person of a quite different Disposition, and one that could not without a certain Regret endure the Violences of his Master, looked on the Pirate with Horrour, and had shed many Tears at the unfortunate Adventure of the deplorable *Elisena*. Having therefore taken his rest (which he should otherwise have done out of a Consideration of his Indisposition) during the whole Time that this Relation had lasted, *Artaxus*, thinking it long since he had seen the Princess *Cleopatra*, rose up from his Bed, and was going to her Chamber. But before he was gotten into it, calling to mind that virtuous unknown Person in whose Commendation *Megacles* had spoken such great Things, and though he were of a cruel Nature, yet upon the Account of his Courage, which indeed was very great in him, having a certain Esteem for noble and generous Persons, he would needs give him a Visit, and so went to the Place where he was in his Bed. The unknown Person lifting himself half up at his coming in, (for having heard the Word King often spoken of in the Vessel, out of an Imagination that he might be the King himself who did him that Civility) he received him with Abundance of Respect, and with as great Demonstrations of Cheerfulness, as might be expected from so deep a Melancholy as he then groaned under. The Place was something dark, and the Day almost spent; but it was not long ere Torches were brought in, by the light whereof the King soon discovered the Gracefulness of the unknown Person; which raised in him not only
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astonishment, but much Respect for him. The first Discourse he made to him, was to express how much he was satisfied with the Assurances he had received from *Megacles*, repeating some part of those Proffers which *Megacles* had made him before: And the unknown Person on the other side, though he entertained them not as one that had any Intention to make Advantage of them, yet acknowledged how great an Obligation he had laid upon him, and did it in such Terms, and with such a Grace as raised no small Admiration in the *Armenian*. Having understood by the Account *Megacles* had given of him, that he was a Person much inclined to Virtue, he thought it not fit to let him know any thing of his carrying away of *Cleopatra*, as conceiving he might not approve it, whence it may be inferred, that Virtue hath this Advantage, that even in the Persons of the miserable, she raises a Fear of herself in the most happy and most powerful. He told him, that he had to his no small Satisfaction understood, that since his coming into the Ship, he had lost some part of that Aversion which he had for Life, or at least, that he would not prove his own Executioner, as he had intended the Day before. The unknown Person made him answer, that as to matter of Life, it was no dearer to him than it had been, when he had endeavoured to rid himself of it; but that having called to mind certain Obligations that lay upon him, to continue it till such Time as he should be disengaged from it, he had resolved to make one attempt more to meet with some Opportunity to do it, and consequently not to die with Regret, of having omitted any part of his Duty.

That Discourse ended, the King asked him whether he would go along with him, in a Voyage

age he intended to make with the first fair Wind, or if he had no Inclinations to that, whether he had in some other Design any Occasion of his Assistance? The unknown Person made answer, that not able to imagine how he could do him any Service, by Reason of the despicable Condition whereto Fortune had reduced him, and satisfied on the other side that being unserviceable, he must needs be troublesome, he made no Proffers of his Company, but entreated him, that, ere they set Sail thence, he would order him to be set somewhere ashore.

Some further Complements past between them; but at last the King remembering where he was to go, and impatient to see the Princess, put a period to the Discourse, and having left the Unknown to his rest, which he seemed very much to want, he went to the Chamber where *Cleopatra* was. He came to her with a Countenance wherein through the Love it discovered, was visible some part of the Discontent he was in; and not able to dissemble the Occasion of it: ‘ All things, Ma-
 ‘ dam, *said he to her*, are contrary to me, all
 ‘ things oppose me, while you are against me,
 ‘ nay, the winds themselves, which seem to de-
 ‘ pend of another Power than yours, will never
 ‘ turn to do me any Service while I am hateful in
 ‘ your Sight. You may thence also infer, *reply’d*
 ‘ *the Princess*, the Injustice of your Designs, since
 ‘ that where there is a want of that Assistance of
 ‘ Men, the very Elements fight against you. We
 ‘ must not always, *reply’d Artaxus*, measure the
 ‘ Justice of the Intentions by the Easiness of the
 ‘ Obstacles which we meet with in the Executi-
 ‘ on of them; and if you lay that down as a ge-
 ‘ neral Rule without any Exception, you must
 ‘ consequently reconcile Fortune and Virtue, who
 ‘ are

are seldom found to be very great Friends. I am of your mind as to that, *replies the Princess*; and if Fortune did take part with Justice, and afford her assistances to Virtue, 'tis out of all Question that you had been ere this punished for the Violence you do me, or at least I should not be your Captive. Ah! Madam, *says the King of Armenia*, do not call her my Captive, who herself hath me in Chains, and disposes of me with a sovereign Power! I pray give me leave only to dispose of myself, *says Cleopatra, interrupting him*, since that there's no Law in the World that gives you any Power over me. The Laws of Nations, *replies Artaxus*, are of much less Authority than those of Love, and it is only to these latter, that Men such as we are, that like so many stars of the greatest Magnitude, or of the highest Quality, ought to submit themselves. By this Law of Love, whatever my Passion puts me upon, is justifiable, and all that I could alledge, as concerning the Affronts and Injuries I have received from your House, hath much less of argument in it than this imperious reason.

It was with no small trouble, that *Cleopatra* endured, not only the discourse, but even the presence of the King of *Armenia*; and notwithstanding her reservedness, no question but she had treated him with a great deal of Scorn and Contempt, had it not been out of a Consideration of *Artemisa*, whose Condition pitied her no less than her own, and a Conceit withal, that there was no way to keep *Artaxus* within the Bounds of Civility and Respect, but by an excess of Patience. Supper was brought them in, and the King to express his Compliance, permitted them to eat alone, as knowing they would look on it as a Favour, and

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endeavouring by such behaviour to dissemble the Resolution he had taken to make use of his power, when he was gotten off a little further from a Country where he was not over-confident of the safety of his Prize. He spent some part of the Night in discourses of the same Nature with the precedent; and when he thought it time to leave the Princesses to their Rest, he withdrew into his own Chamber, and before he lay down, gave order that a good strong Guard should be set in the Ship, to prevent all designs the Princesses might have to get away in the dark. The two Princesses passed away this Night as they had done the precedent, save that they were in a much greater fear of their sudden departure than before, if it were not prevented by some unexpected assistance from Heaven, and the kindness of the Winds, which did them all the favour they could. *Artaxus*, tormented with his Love, and a fear of losing his beautiful Prize, could sleep but little. The unknown Person disburthened himself of frequent sighs, which were heard by some in the Vessel that were nearest him: And *Zenodorus* bursting almost with Grief and Rage for the Losses he had received, had much ado to find any Rest.

The Day hardly began to appear, when upon the first dawning of it, those who were upon the Watch discovered a Vessel, which being gotten somewhat near them while the darkness was not yet dissipated, made all the Sail she could towards them, as having a very good Wind, that indeed in a manner forced them upon the Shore. They immediately gave the alarm, and all being prepared, and in expectation of an engagement with the other Ship, all that were able to bear Arms took them, and came upon the Deck, in order

to a Fight. There were much more Arms in the Ship than were requisite for the Number of Men that were in her, insomuch, that the Sea-men who minded only the Conduct of the Ship, could not, as she then lay, be any way employed, as being in such a Posture as they were loath to quit, by Reason of the Advantage of the Place, which was so advantageous that the Enemy could not assault them but by one only side. *Zenodorus* and *Megacles* having put all into Arms, and there being, as I told you, but one side to make good, they fortified it with Men, and put it into such a Posture of Defence, that it was as defensible as if they had had a far greater Number of Men. This Charge did *Zenodorus* and *Megacles* take upon them, because of the Wounds which the King had received not long before, whereby he was still a little indisposed, and would fain have had him kept his Bed. But he would by no Means take their Advice, by Reason of the great Concernment which he had to make his party good, and accordingly starting out of his Bed upon the first Alarm, he called for Arms, and came upon the Deck in the Posture of a Man that wanted not either Courage or Confidence. *Zenodorus* and *Megacles* walked up and down the Ship, putting all things in good order, and *Artaxus* shewing himself among his own People in a Posture of fighting personally with them, endeavoured to encourage them as well by Example as by Words. He omitted nothing of all that he thought might any ways animate them to fight, and promised them extraordinary Rewards, if they behaved themselves gallantly, and came off with Honour.

During all this Time the other Vessel drew nearer and nearer; and when it was come within a competent Distance, *Zenodorus* discovered by the

Flag, that it was one of those Ships that belonged to the Prætor *Cornelius*, and which ordinarily lay in the Port of *Alexandria*. This Discovery exasperated him not a little, as calling to mind the Wounds he had received, and the great Losses he had suffered by the same Enemies; and thereupon he told *Artaxus*, that he need not question but he would be set upon, and that infallibly it was one of the Prætor's Ships purposely set out by him in the pursuit of those that had carried away *Cleopatra*. Upon this Discourse, which made some of the Company tremble, *Artaxus* reiterated the Intreaties he had made to them to defend themselves to the utmost, and they all promised him, though possibly with unequal Resolution, that they would stand to him to the last drop of their Blood. The two Princesses, who had awakened at the first noise that was made, and had, from what they had distinctly heard through the Ship, easily imagined the Truth of what had passed, got immediately out of Bed, and betaking them to their Devotions, prayed the Gods to send them those Assistances whereof they then began to conceive some Hopes.

In the mean time the Vessel of *Egypt* being come up to the *Armenian*, the Person that commanded it shewed himself upon the Deck very well armed, and having made some Sign to shew that he was desirous to speak with those of the other Vessel before they engaged, asked for him that commanded the *Armenian* Vessel. *Artaxus* having shewed himself to be the Man, and asked him what his Business was with him: 'My Business, said he to him, is to find out the Princess *Cleopatra*, and those that have carried her away, and if you are any of those, you are either to restore the Princess, or prepare to fight.' *Artaxus* would have

have been glad to avoid fighting, as not conceiving himself strong enough to deal with his Enemies, who very much exceeded him in Number; and accordingly making him answer, though not without shame and some repugnance. 'Those whom
' you seek, *said he to him*, are not among us,
' and there is very little likelihood that any People having made such a Prize should stay so near
' *Alexandria*. What you say, *replies the other*,
' may possibly be true, but we shall not take your
' Word, and therefore must search your Ship,
' which we are empowered to do by the Orders
' of the Prætor and the Authority of *Cæsar*.' *Artaxus*, exasperated at this Discourse, and perceiving there was no way to avoid fighting: 'I am
' not a Person to acknowledge any Orders, *said*
' *he*, nor know I any Authority, that should force
' me to commit a base Action; and therefore if it
' be fighting that thou desirest, prepare thyself
' for it without seeking any other Pretences.

These Words were spoken so loud, that they were distinctly heard by the Princess *Cleopatra*; and out of a Fear that she was in, lest *Artaxus* might persuade those of the other Vessel with fair Words, and divert them from their intended Design, she would needs shew herself to them. Finding therefore the Chamber-door fast, she ran to a little Window that was on one side of the Ship, and opening as hastily as she could, she shewed them her beautiful Countenance, which seemed to shine a new Day upon the Waves, and lifting up her Voice so as that she might be heard: 'Here,
' Generous Men, *cry'd she*, here is *Cleopatra*,
' whom you look after, I expect my Liberty from
' your Assistance, and I beg it of you out of the
' Compassion which my Misfortune may have rais'd in your Souls.

There needed no more to satisfy all parties so as to resolve upon what was to be done, insomuch that she was scarce delivered of these Words, but the *Egyptian* Vessel had fastened her grappling Irons in the other. The Fight, upon the first Onset, was very terrible, and so much the more cruel, in that they were come to handy Blows, those that were come to rescue the Princess, having it seems purposely forbore to make use of Arrows, out of a Fear they might hurt them. There being therefore on both sides a many gallant Men, and those animated by considerable Interests and Concernments, they all fought with Abundance of Valour, insomuch that within a few Minutes the Waves were dy'd with the Blood of both Parties. With the first Rays of the rising Sun were seen the Swords glittering, and the Blows falling at the same time either on the Bucklers opposed thereto, or on those unarmed Places where the Steel found its Passage to dispatch Life. And whereas *Artaxus* and his Men were only upon the defensive, and stood to their Business close and covered with their Bucklers, it was very difficult to force them, and so to board the Vessel. The first that came on of the Enemies was cast over-board, and there fell more than one by the Hands of *Artaxus* himself. He was gallantly seconded by *Zenodorus* and *Megacles*, though this latter fought with some Regret upon so unhandsome a Quarrel. But after some Dispute, the Number of their Enemies being still greater than theirs, and being also better armed than they, and commanded by no less valiant Men, and that of *Artaxus's* side there were but twenty fighting Men, and the rest only ordinary Seamen whom they forced to fight both against their wills and their customs, Fortune began to turn to their side who fought for
the

the Liberty of *Cleopatra*, and their Commander Having with an unmerciful Blow upon the Head laid *Zenodorus* groveling on the ground, and gained the Places which he had forced him to quit, his Companions took Encouragement by his Example, and Victory seemed to declare herself for their side.

Things were come to this pass, when the unknown Person, who rested himself upon his Bed in the bottom of the Vessel, and perceived that through the rest he had taken he had recovered his strength, having heard the noise, and at length understood the Truth of what was done, immediately got on his Cloaths. And though he seemed a Person little concerned in what was done in this World, yet his Generosity being not quite extinguished by his Misfortunes, he thought himself obliged to assist those Men, who had done him such civil Offices in his Despair, and who were set upon in a Vessel wherein he was with them. Possessed by this Imagination, he stood not to resolve on what he was to do in that Emergency; so that finding his Sword lying by him, he took it, without any other Arms, and comes up on the Deck; where meeting with a Buckler at his Feet, he covered with it his left Arm, and in that Posture went towards those that were a fighting. Just as he came in, were *Artaxus* and his Men ready to quit the Place, and their Enemies pressing very hard upon them, began to board the Ship in several places. The unknown Person stood still a little to consider how the Fight stood, and perceiving what an ill Condition they were in whom he was to relieve, he ran and set himself in the head of them, and by the first Blows he dealt, let them know that in one single Person, they had met with an Assistance far greater than

they could have expected. The two stoutest and most forward Men of the Enemies side fell dead at his Feet at two Blows, and rushing in upon the rest with such a Force as they were astonished at, he dispersed the most daring, in such manner, that in a few Minutes, he brought the Victory into dispute, which had been before concluded for the other side. *Artaxus* and *Megacles* were immediately sensible of this Assistance, which had so much changed the Face of their Affairs, and perceiving him to be the gallant unknown Person, mentioned before, because he fought without any thing on his Face, and without any Arms other than a Sword and a Buckler, they were overjoyed at the Relief they had received in him, and looked upon him as some miraculous Person.

When he had by the first Blows that fell from him scattered the most confident of the Enemy, calling *Artaxus* and his Men to him, and encouraging them to prosecute the Fight both by his Words and Example: 'Take Heart, *said he* to them, gallant Men, fight with me for your own Safety, and do not fear Enemies that dare not stand before you.' These Words were seconded with such heavy Blows, that there durst not any Enemy appear before him; and *Artaxus* and his Men having recovered a little of their Courage at this miraculous Assistance, came up to him, and began to fight again with Abundance of Valour.

During all this Time, the fair *Cleopatra*, who in a strange Disquiet expected the Success of a Fight on which her Liberty, and all the Happiness of her Life depended, after she had spent a good space in Prayers to the Gods for those that fought for her Deliverance, would needs, if possibly she

she could, see them fight, out of an Imagination that they might derive no small Encouragement from her Presence. To this end coming to the Chamber-door, which during the Time of the Disorder of the Fight, was not guarded, she found a Means to open it, and to get up upon the stern of the Ship. From thence she soon discovered how things had past, and perceived, much to her Grief, that those of her Party fled before the dreadful Sword of the unknown Person, and those others whom his Example had animated, and that that Man; without Arms, by a prodigious Valour, sweeping all that came before him, forced the others into their Vessel with much more speed than they had made to get into that of the King of *Armenia*: 'Woe is my lot, cry'd she at that Sight, 'overwhelmed with Grief! What Man is this 'that the Gods have armed against me, and why, 'if they are just, have they not made him one of 'those that came to my Rescue, since that I might 'with more Reason expect my Safety from his 'single Sword, than from the Assistance of so many 'Men, whom he puts to flight? Thus, *continued she, sighing and speaking a little lower*, did 'not many Days since my unfortunate, or un- 'constant *Coriolanus* fight for me, and with the 'same Valour would he fight again, had it but 'pleased the Gods to send him to me.

While she thus discoursed to herself, the unknown Person, whose Valour she so much admired, and was withal so much displeased at, either flung his Enemies over-board into the Sea, or forced out of the Vessel whatever stood in his way; and being at last come up to the Commander in chief of the contrary Party, who had fought all this Time very gallantly, he burthened him with such heavy Blows, that notwithstanding his extra-

ordinary Valour, not able to bear them, he was forced to retreat towards his own Vessel, and had gotten his Foot into it, when he receives a Blow on the Head from the same dreadful Hand, which made him fall to the ground among his own Men, who reached out their Arms to save him from falling into the Sea. The fall of their Commander, and the Death of the best part of their Companions, put the Enemies to a loss of all Courage, and having, as soon as they could, got their Ship clear from the other, they made all possible haste away, and would meddle no further with either the Victory or Relief of *Cleopatra*. 'Tis inexpressible what Affliction it was to the Princess, to see all the great Hopes she had conceived vanish of a sudden, and with what Resentments was she not exasperated against that valiant, though unknown Person, whose Valour had proved so fatal to her? She looked upon him sighing, and when after he had secured the Victory, he turned his Face towards that part of the Ship where she was, which before he had always had upon his Enemies, she cast her Eyes upon him full of Tears. But, O celestial Powers! what a strange Astonishment, what an incredible surprize was she in, when in the Countenance of that detestable Stranger to her, who had been the only hindrance of her Liberty, and had returned her once more into the Power of *Artaxus*, she saw that of *Coriolanus*? Here certainly all expression is too weak to make the least Representation of what she felt upon that cruel Discovery, and the Strangeness of the Accident wrought so violently on her, and put her into such a Distraction, that having not the command of her Constancy for some small Time, she was upon the point to cast herself into the Sea at the sight of that ungrateful Person, and so to sacrifice to him
a Life

a Life which he had made so insupportable to her, by delivering her up to the most cruel Enemy she had in the World. She looked on him for a good while together, out of a Fear she might be mistaken; and found it no small Difficulty to convince herself of that cruel Truth. But at last being satisfied that her Eyes did not deceive her, and that it was but too too certain that she saw no other than the true *Coriolanus*, she was out of all patience so far, that she discovered her Grief by such Circumstances and Demonstrations of it as she was not able to conceal, and made the Ship, and the hollowness of the adjoining Rock to echo again with the noise of her Lamentations. ‘ Is it possible; wickedest of Men, *cry’d she*, that thou shouldst fight against the Liberty of *Cleopatra*? ‘ This then is the Innocence thou pretendest to, ‘ and wouldst have had me to believe; or art thou not sufficiently satisfied with thy former ‘ Treachery, which had armed the Powers of ‘ Heaven and Earth against thee, but thou must ‘ commit a second more detestable than the other, ‘ by being thy self the Instrument to deliver her ‘ whom thou hadst so ungratefully forsaken into ‘ the Hands of the greatest of her Enemies?

She had no sooner begun to speak, but *Coriolanus*, (for it was really *Coriolanus* himself) smitten with a Voice he was so well acquainted with, had cast his Eyes upon her with some Precipitation, and perceiving it to be the celestial Countenance of the Princess whom he adored, he became as immoveable as a Statue of Marble; and having, from the very first Words she said, discovered the certainty of his Unhappiness, that Conviction of the Malevolence of his Destiny, wrought so much upon him, that immediately a deadly

shivering running all over his Body, the Sword fell out of his Hand, his Eyes closed, and his Strength leaving him of a sudden, he fell down in a Swoon upon the Deck. The incensed *Cleopatra*, had not lost her generosity, and therefore seeing him in that condition, though she was somewhat of opinion that that weakness might come upon him from some Wound he had received in the Fight, she gave those notice that were about him to have a care of him, since he had fought so well in their quarrel.

Having so done, she found a place to sit down where she was, and leaning her amiable Face on her two fair Hands, she burst out into a rivulet of Tears, and deplored the strange and extraordinary misfortune that happened to her, by such complaints, as no doubt would have moved any Soul with Compassion, unless it were those of *Artaxus* and *Zenodorus*. *Artemisa*, who sat by her, would have comforted her, but not being able to do it, she wept with her for company, and was not afraid to displease *Artaxus*, by participating in her Lamentations. When the fair Daughter of *Anthony* had with much ado dispersed those sobs which made some resistance against the passage of her Voice, turning upon *Artemisa* those fair Eyes, which, though drowned as they were in Tears, set all on Fire in the Ship, even to the Hearts of unmerciful Pirates; ‘ Ah Sister, said she
 ‘ to her, what fortune was ever comparable to
 ‘ mine? By what means think you am I fallen
 ‘ into the Hands of *Artaxus*, now the second
 ‘ time! That Man whose innocence you pleaded
 ‘ so much, and were so confident of; that Man
 ‘ from whom, inconstant as I had concluded him,
 ‘ I yet expected assistance; nay, that very Man
 ‘ who you saw, not many Days since, fighting
 ‘ so

' so valiantly in our Defence, by the same va-
 ' lour delivers us up himself, and that into his
 ' Hands from whom he had before rescued us,
 ' the King your Brother's. Had it not been for
 ' the assistance of his fatal Valour, we had been
 ' freed; and it was he alone that forced away,
 ' nay, haply killed those that fought for our Li-
 ' berty. After such an adventure as this, never
 ' dispute with me again the greatness of our mis-
 ' fortunes, and find me but one example in the
 ' World that may be parallel'd with this. I do
 ' not think it strange, that *Artaxus*, an impla-
 ' cable Enemy of our House, and one that by
 ' his former inhumanities had discovered the ma-
 ' lice he hath against us, should treat me with
 ' violence and injustice; but that he who had
 ' sometime loved me so dearly, whom to my con-
 ' fusion, I had loved beyond my own Life; who had
 ' suffered so much for my sake, and upon my ac-
 ' count, and had been the occasion that made
 ' me suffer so much my self; and to be short, that
 ' that only Person who should have sacrificed
 ' thousands of Lives for my Liberty, should come
 ' and expose all he had against my Friends and
 ' against my Rescuers, purposely to return me
 ' into the Chains and Power of *Artaxus*, and
 ' not into his own! Ah! Sister, this, this is what
 ' no ages ever produced any thing comparable to,
 ' and 'tis such a strange accident as I am not well
 ' able to comprehend, though my Eyes can but
 ' too well witness the truth of what I have seen.

While *Cleopatra* broke forth into these lamen-
 tations, and that *Artemisa*, astonished at the
 strangeness of the adventure, gave her the hear-
 ing, and wept with her without making any re-
 ply, *Megacles* and divers others were gotten about
Coriolanus, endeavouring to recover him again;
 some

some others were employed in casting the Carcasses over-board, and to dress those that were Wounded, whereof there was no great number. But before they went to visit them, having looked all about the Body of *Coriolanus*, they could not find any wound about him; and yet though they cast Water in his Face, and used several other remedies, all could not bring him to himself again. *Megacles*, who had the greatest respect of any for him, made it his business very earnestly to recover him; besides that, when they reflected on the assistance he had done all that were in the Vessel, all did accordingly conceive themselves obliged to relieve him. *Artaxus* knew not how he should entertain this strange emergency, and though his first motions were inclined to gratitude and acknowledgment, for the great services he had received from that valiant Person, yet those which immediately succeeded them began to raise a terrible disturbance within him. From the Words of *Cleopatra*, which fell from her in the Violence of her Grief, contrary to her ordinary Prudence, he concluded that that Man must needs be his Rival. But that grieved him not so much as to consider, that it was a Rival very precious in the affection of *Cleopatra*, and the History of the King of *Mauritania's* Love to that Princess being a thing known all over the World, from the gracefulness, from the valour, and from all the other demonstrations and characters of a great Soul, that were discoverable in that valiant Man, he was easily perswaded that it was *Coriolanus*, and consequently, he that of all the World should be most his Enemy, and whom he should accordingly be most jealous of in the love he had for *Cleopatra*. Yet could he not find in his Heart to hate him so suddenly, as well for the considerable
services

services he had received from him, as that from several circumstances it was very probable he was unfortunate in his affection, and that from the reproaches of infidelity which the Princess made him, he could infer no less, than that that Prince had forsaken her. In this confusion of imaginations he was at such a loss, that he knew not what resolution to take, casting his Eyes sometimes on the Prince that was still in a swoon, and sometimes on the afflicted Princess. Besides, it being not his opinion alone, that the Unknown was the very same Person he thought him, it went from one to another, that without question it was the valiant King of *Mauritania*. So that, coming at last to the Ears of *Cleopatra*, as incensed as she was against him, yet was she not a little troubled that she had by her discourse discovered him; and yet it being to no purpose to recal what is past; ‘ You are in the right, said she, it is the King of *Mauritania*, ‘tis a perfidious Man whom for a double infidelity I am obliged to hate above all mankind besides; but he is a Prince, how unconstant soever he may have proved to me, deserves your assistance for the service he hath but too unfortunately done you against me; and therefore since you have made some advantage of his treachery, you have as much reason to look after him as I have to abhor him.

To this effect was the discourse of this generous Princess; and though that in all appearance she seemed, not without very much reason, to be incensed against the unfortunate Son of *Juba*, and to have made a strong resolution not to admit him into her affections again, but to avoid him as much as she could, yet could she not wish his Death, nor endure the very thought that he should

should die for want of assistance. 'Twas for this reason that he aggravated his infidelity before *Artaxus*, purposely to make him the less odious in his sight, and to divert what after such a discovery he might well fear from the exasperated *Armenian*.

The Prince was not all this while come to himself, and while *Megacles* was very busy and took a great deal of pains about him, one of the *Armenians* being come near him, and viewing him with a countenance swelled with indignation; 'Instead of the assistance you afford this Man, 'said he, with so much care and tenderness, we should do well to run our Swords into his Breast. This is the very Man that killed our Companions not many Days since, when we carried away the Princesses; and besides the lineaments of his Face which I easily call to mind again, I have found about his Bed the Arms of my Brother whom he unmercifully killed in my presence.' This was the discourse of the Barbarian, who could not but discover the malicious design he had against the Prince's Life, when *Megacles* hearing it, and having Authority over him, gave him such a look, as upon which he immediately took occasion to be gone, with some threatening gestures, that sufficiently argued his resentment of it.

At last, upon the application of several remedies, the King of *Mauritania* opens his Eyes, and became sensible, and having gotten up, he scattered his scaring and extravagant looks on all those that were about him, and finding *Megacles* one of the nearest him, and one that made it most his Business to assist him; he looked on him a while in such a manner, as if he would express thereby, how sensible he was of his compassion and

and good offices, yet was displeased at him for them? 'Will you ever be, *said he to him*, the cruellest Enemy I have, by taking so much trouble upon you as you do for the preservation of my Life; and should you not rather have suffered me to die, since you are one of those that carried away *Cleopatra*? Charge me not, *said Megacles* to him, speaking very low, with a crime I have not committed, and confound not those who do things out of a consideration of the Duty they owe their Masters, with those that serve them in their most unjust and irregular Passions.' *Coriolanus* thought it not fit to make him any answer, and perceiving he had recovered his strength again, he gets up, and looking about for *Cleopatra*, he found her sitting in the same Place where she had continued ever since they had given over fighting. This second sight of her had almost put him into the same condition he had been in before, and reflecting on the disservice he had done her, by opposing her deliverance and liberty, the grief he conceived thereat was so great, that he found it no small difficulty to support it. And yet he thought, that as things stood, his only course was to muster up all his Courage, and to summon all his Virtue to his assistance, and after the short reflection of a few Minutes, thinking himself in a better condition, that he met with *Cleopatra* in that posture, than that he should have lost her for ever, he took the best heart he could, and with a slow pace, such as argued the smallness of his Confidence, he goes towards the place where *Cleopatra* was still set. She saw him coming towards her, and her indignation against *Coriolanus* being greater upon the recovery of himself, than her pity had been before, she could not endure he should come
near

near her, and giving a look sufficiently discovering her displeasure: ' Stay there, barbarous Man, ' *said she to him*, and come not more near a Woman whom thy continual treacheries expose to ' so many misfortunes! What canst thou hence- ' forward expect from me, and what further ' mischief canst thou imagine yet to do me, after thou hast bestowed me on the King of *Armenia*? That Prince, inhuman as he is, and ' though the greatest Enemy of our House, hath ' not betrayed me as thou hast, and I am much ' inclined to believe, that he would not give me ' to any other, as thou, with so much baseness ' dost. Leave me therefore quietly to him, since ' that it is on him that thou hast bestowed me, ' even with the hazard of thy own Life, and aggravate not my afflictions with thy abominable ' presence. This Heart which so unfortunately ' received for thee these impressions whereof it ' should have been insensible for any other, favoured thee, and argued on thy behalf, seeking ' out something, by way of justification for thee, ' while thou wert in Arms for *Artaxus* against ' *Gleopatra*. Do not therefore think it much to ' afford her that comfort which she may derive ' from thy eternal absence, since thou hast for ever ' deprived her of all hope of any other, and imagine not, that after I have cleared my thoughts ' of the image of an unconstant Man, they can ' every entertain that of *Artaxus*, for whom no ' doubt but thou art come to speak.

The dejected and almost desperate *Coriolanus*, leaning against one of the Masts, hearkened to this violent Discourse of *Gleopatra*, having not the Courage to make her any Answer, and the Privileges, attributing his silence to the confusion he might conceive at the horror of his Crime, was
the

the more enflamed into indignation; insomuch, that she could not forbear to discover it in further Reproaches. ' Tell me, cruel Man, *said she to him*, by what offence had I so far incensed thee, as to deserve the unworthy Treatment I receive at thy Hands; and, if I were no longer worthy the affection thou wert pleased sometimes to afford me, and which had wrought all the pleasure and felicity of my Life, by what Action, or by what Defect, am I become so odious to thee, as that thou must needs sacrifice my Liberty, Life, and Enjoyments, to the most inhuman of all Mankind; to him, whom of all Men I should look on as the most detestable? Or if this proceed not from any Hatred, which I know not how I should have deserved at thy Hands, upon what account of Friendship or Interest, couldst thou do *Artaxus* a service so disconsonant to the precedent actions of thy Life, and to that Virtue which thou hadst sometimes the Reputation to practise? Wert thou restored to the Throne of thy Predecessors by the means of any assistances from the King of *Armenia*, or wert thou so deeply engaged to him, that thou couldst not any way disengage thy self, but by presenting him with that which thou hast sometime preferred before the Empire of the Universe?

Thus did the disconsolate Daughter of *Anthony* discourse, while the King of *Armenia* and all those that were about him, gave so much ear to what she said, that they had not any of them the Power to interrupt her; and the Prince overwhelmed with Grief and Confusion at the apparent justice of her reproaches, suffered the torrent of them to waste it self, without offering to oppose it, and would not have presumed to open his Mouth

Mouth in his own justification, if the Princess had not given over speaking, to wipe the Tears that fell abundantly from her fair Eyes. The dejected Son of *Juba* took the advantage of that interval to rejoin to her discourse; but it was with no small difficulty that he made a shift to speak, so much were his expressions in a manner smothered by sighs. ‘ I am satisfied Princess,’ said he to her, that it is not without some Reason that I am so detestable in your sight, and since that by so many extraordinary Demonstrations, and by Misfortunes so far exceeding those of the common Rate, it may easily be perceived how odious I am in Heaven’s account, it is but just you should avoid the Eternal object of its indignation, and have no further Commerce with a Person so strangely destined to be miserable. I am guilty of the Crime you lay to my Charge, I cannot deny it, and in an accident so unfortunate, I cannot stand upon my Innocency. I have fought for your Enemies against you; I have with all the strength I was master of opposed your Liberty, and I have been the means of your coming into the Hands of a Man, whom you would have me look on as the King of *Armenia*. After the Commission of such a Crime, I cannot pretend any thing to innocency, and when their Effects have proved so deplorable, it were vain for me to plead the harmlessness of the intentions. But might it be once the pleasure of Heaven, Madam, that the former Treacheries you charge me withal, and for which I am undone, were so much within the reach of my knowledge, as this last which you reproach me with, I should not be as miserable as I am, since I should haply find somewhat to say for my self by way of Justification,

‘ fication in Relation to those, as I can for this
‘ last.

‘ How is that, wickedest of Men, *said the*
‘ *Princess, interrupting of him,* dost thou think
‘ to find any thing by way of Justification for a
‘ Crime thou hast committed in my Sight, or
‘ wouldst thou perswade me that I have not seen
‘ thee with thy Sword drawn fighting for my
‘ Enemies, against those that endeavoured my
‘ Deliverance? Wouldst thou dazzle my own
‘ Eyes in this, as thou wouldst those of all the
‘ World in thy former Treachery; or is it thy
‘ design to perswade me, that I am extravagant
‘ and out of my Wits? It is indeed but too true;
‘ replied *Coriolanus*, that you have seen me with
‘ my Sword drawn fighting for your Enemies,
‘ and I may presume to affirm, that I haply made
‘ their way to a Victory, which without my assi-
‘ stance it is likely they had not carried. It is
‘ not therefore my design to justify the Events,
‘ but only my own Intentions, which if considered
‘ alone, I dare affirm my self innocent, if there
‘ can be any innocency in an offence whereof the
‘ success hath proved so fatal to you. You may
‘ be pleased to remember, that there are not many
‘ Days past, since I fought in your defence against
‘ the same Enemies, whom I have this Day
‘ served, and there is but little likelihood I should,
‘ since that time have contracted any friendship
‘ with them to prejudice the Love I have for you.
For this Man, *said he,* looking on *Artaxus*;
whom you would have me take notice of as King
of *Armenia*, he knows how that it is but some
few Minutes since I first saw him, and whether
I discovered the least desire to be acquainted with
him. ‘ And for those others, *said he,* pointing to
‘ *Megacles* and his Companions, you may have haply
‘ learnt

' learnt from them, whether they had not recovered
 ' me out of the Waves into which I had cast my
 ' self, from the top of the Rock that covers us,
 ' through the despair which the loss of you had
 ' put me into. They can further tell you, what
 ' Trouble they had to make me admit of Life,
 ' and they know, whether it were out of any
 ' other motive than that of Gratitude, and a
 ' Sense of the Obligation I owed them for their
 ' assistances, that I took up Arms in their Quarrel
 ' when they were set upon. These Truths can-
 ' not be unknown to you ; all those that hear me
 ' are now become my Enemies, since they are
 ' those that did you Violence, and yet I appeal
 ' to them, whether I affirm any thing which is
 ' not true.

At those words he made a little stop, looking
 about him of all sides, and perceiving that *Ar-*
saxus, being much at a loss what to think of this
 Adventure, expected to see what would be the
 issue of it without speaking one Word, and that
 all those that stood about him were in the same
 Posture, and Suspense, continued his Discourse to
 this Effect. ' I know not, *continued he*, whether
 ' I wanted any Love towards you, when I cast
 ' my self headlong into the Sea; out of the Regret
 ' it was to me that I could not relieve you, when
 ' it hath been known, that in other considerable
 ' misfortunes, to which my Life hath been ex-
 ' posed, I have never been charged with want of
 ' Constancy to support them; but these very Ene-
 ' mies that hear me, know whether upon their
 ' earnest intreaties, I have prolonged my Life out
 ' of any other desire than that of making one
 ' attempt more for the service of that Person to
 ' whom the Life they prolonged was devoted.

As

As soon as *Cleopatra* began to find out some probability in the discourse of *Coriolanus*, she had heard him very attentively, and out of the desire she had that he were innocent, she favoured him in her Heart as much as she could; and looking on *Artemisa*, seemed as it were to ask her, whether she was not also in some sort convinced of the innocency of *Coriolanus*? *Artemisa* was very much inclined to that belief without any sollicitation, and it was only by reason of the presence of the King her Brother, that she would not speak openly in his justification.

In the mean time, *Coriolanus* deriving a little more Confidence from the silence of *Cleopatra*, as also from those discoveries which he perceived in her Countenance of the disposition she was in to be perswaded of his innocence, re-assumed the discourse with an action that argued a greater settledness of Mind. ‘ You see then, Madam, *said he* to her, what I can say for my self, to justify my intentions: But for the effects, since they have proved so fatal in Relation to your quiet, and that it is impossible to recal what is past, the reparation I am to make you, must be extraordinary. And therefore this very Hand that hath done the Mischief, must find out the Remedy for it, and this Sword, (*continued he, putting his Hand on the hilt of his Weapon, which he had taken into his own Hands when he got up*) this very Sword that hath put you into the Power of the King of *Armenia*, ought to bring you out of it, or take away his Life, were it to be done, not only in this Vessel, but even in the heart of his Kingdom. ’Tis with this Resolution that I cast my self at your Feet, *added he, coming near her*, ready to defend you against him to the last drop of my Blood, and

‘ and it may be in a condition yet to give him
‘ his Death in the midst of all his Men, if he
‘ does not resign up to me what is mine, and
‘ restore you to that Liberty against which I have
‘ so unfortunately fought.

Artaxus had hitherto with a great deal of Patience hearkned to all the discourse that had pass’d between *Coriolanus* and *Cleopatra*, and was content to hear the Princess charge him with Cruelty, and declare that he was odious in her sight; but at this last discourse of the Prince of *Mauritania*, he thought his Temerity and Confidence insupportable, and accordingly looked on him with a malicious and scornful Smile: ‘ *Coriolanus*, said
‘ *be to him*, I have passed by the first Affronts
‘ I have received from thy Presumption, out of a
‘ Consideration of the service thou hast done me,
‘ and I have given thee leave to speak against
‘ my Concernments with too much Liberty, because thou hast defended them with Abundance
‘ of Valour; but now I perceive thy Temerity
‘ knows no limits, so that it will be hard for
‘ me to observe those Bounds which I had proposed to myself upon the first Reflections I had
‘ made on the Assistance I have received from
‘ ~~me~~ and the Esteem I have conceived for thy
‘ Person.

‘ *Artaxus*, reply’d the valiant *Mauritanian*,
‘ looking on him very fiercely, there cannot be
‘ any such thing as a mutual Esteem between us,
‘ and if my Actions have raised any such in thee
‘ towards me, haply not without Reason, possibly
‘ they have the same Effect upon me. Besides, it cannot be expected we should be any longer Friends,
‘ not only because thou keepest *Cleopatra* as a
‘ Captive, but also because thou lovest her. For
‘ the Service thou hast received from me, thou
‘ art

' art soon disengaged as well by the Regret and
 ' Affliction it is to me that I have done it thee;
 ' as by the little Intention I should have had to
 ' do it, had I known thee to be him that car-
 ' ried away *Cleopatra*; and for the good Office
 ' which I received from thy People, when they
 ' took me out of the Water, I have sufficiently
 ' requited it, by exposing my Life for their De-
 ' fence. We are therefore upon equal Terms as
 ' to point of Obligation, we are equal as to that
 ' of Extraction, and if we are unequal as to For-
 ' tune, it is in the Power of Heaven, who pro-
 ' tects Justice against Oppression and Iniquity, to
 ' make our Forces and Conditions equal, and to
 ' put me once more into such a way as that I
 ' may be able to deliver *Cleopatra*. If it be the
 ' Pleasure of Fortune that I perish in the Design,
 ' expect not thou ever the more that she will be
 ' long at thy Disposal, nor indeed canst thou be
 ' ignorant, that the whole Empire is at this pre-
 ' sent in Arms against thee, and that, when thou
 ' hast brought the Princess into *Armenia*, thou
 ' wilt be soon followed thither by the most dread-
 ' ful Forces of the Universe, who will destroy
 ' all that lies before them by Fire and Sword up-
 ' on so just a Quarrel.

The *Armenian* King was silent all this while, as
 if his Astonishment was no less now at the Confi-
 dence of *Coriotanus*, than it had been not long be-
 fore at his Valour, and thereupon giving him a look
 wherein he sufficiently discovered his Indignation:

' Thou speakest to me, *said he to him*, with as
 ' little Respect, as thou wouldst haply do, if thou
 ' were in the Head of a hundred thousand Men;
 ' but there is, it may be, some flaw in thy Me-
 ' mory, and thou hast quite forgotten that thou
 ' art alone, and without Arms in my Ship, in
 ' the

the midst of all my Men, and that thou art
 already obliged to me for the Life which thou
 hast enjoyed upon my Courtesy ever since that
 Moment, wherein thou gavest me the first Oc-
 casion of Displeasure. From this very Indul-
 gence *Cleopatra* might infer so much as might
 oblige her to quit the Opinion she hath con-
 ceived of my Cruelty; and there are few Kings
 in the World, who having an absolute Po-
 wer, such as mine is, would have suffered so
 much from any Man, and not have cast him
 into the Sea. I shall cast myself into the Sea of
 my own Accord, *reply'd the Prince of Mauri-*
tania, when the Misfortunes of my Life prove
 so insupportable as to advise me to put a Period
 thereto; but thou wilt find, that, to cast me
 into the Sea against my will, is not an attempt so
 easy in the Execution as thou conceivest it.
 And though thou hast a great Number of Men
 about thee, yet am I confident that the most
 daring among them will bethink him more
 than once what he hath to do ere he attempt
 it; and though they should forget all Respect
 to the Royal Character which I bear, as well
 as thyself, they are better acquainted with the
 metal my Sword is made of, than to come
 over-confidently to o near the point of it.

Artaxus had his Hand ready on the hilt of his
 Sword, and by his own Example was going to
 oblige all his Men to fall upon the King of *Mau-*
ritania, who securing himself with a Buckler,
 expected them with an undaunted Courage, when
Zenodorus, having recovered himself of his Fall,
 and the Lethargy occasioned thereby, and being
 come up to him, told him, that the Wind was
 turned, and was very good for their Departure
 thence, and that it was their best Course to weigh
 Anchor

Anchor, and be gone from a Coast, where they must expect to be assaulted again if they stayed there any time. *Artaxus* over-joyed at that happy change of Weather, gave order to hoist up Sail, and that they should make what haste they could out of the River. But now was it that *Coriolanus* made them know what he was, and turning towards *Cleopatra*, who heard that order of *Artaxus*, as she would have the sentence of Death passed against her; ‘ I beseech you, Madam, *said he to her*, be pleased to receive this last Service from me without any repugnance, and be assured, by the Death which I am soon to suffer for your sake, what Correspondence there hath been between me and the King of *Armenia*. I do not suspect you guilty of any, *replied the disconsolate Princess*, and notwithstanding the inconstancy you have been guilty of towards me, I am better satisfied as well of the nobleness of your Blood, as of that of your Courage, than to make a hard judgment of you in things where there is any one circumstance that makes any way for your advantage. But how inconstant soever you may be, *added she*, rising from the Place where she sat, I am far from desiring your Death, and I shall never give way you should receive it in my Sight, if I can hinder it.

Coriolanus had not heard those last Words, and seeing two Men somewhat near him, doing something in order to the departure of the Vessel, he thrust away the nearest to him with such force, that he turned him over-board into the Sea, and with his Sword cleft the other's Head into two Pieces. Upon this Spectacle, *Artaxus* perceiving it was not safe to dally any longer, and repenting he had not fallen upon him sooner, cried out to

his Men to hasten to cut off that temerarious Person; and when he saw himself fortified by those that came about him, he advanced along with them with his Sword drawn towards the Prince of *Mauritania*. But *Cleopatra* came and stood before him, and, speaking to him much more mildly than ever she had done before: ‘ *Artaxus*,
 ‘ said she to him, if ever in thy Life thou wilt do
 ‘ an action which I may take kindly at thy
 ‘ Hands, attempt not the Life of *Coriolanus*, and
 ‘ remember the assistance thou hast received from
 ‘ him, without which I had been out of thy Power,
 ‘ and thou thy self haply out of the World. What
 ‘ you desire of me, Madam, replies the King of
 ‘ *Armenia*, is a thing out of my Power to grant,
 ‘ besides that *Coriolanus* himself, who, unworthily
 ‘ abusing the respect I have for you, sticks not to
 ‘ murder my Men before my Face, is not desirous of that Life which you so much beg for him. And yet I shall not take it away from him, that I may at length begin to do something that pleases you; and though he be my Rival, and that one so much the more to be feared, for that he is much in your Favour, yet shall I permit him to live, and give him leave to depart immediately, out of the Ship, and go his ways whither it shall please Fortune to dispose of him.

‘ If there be any Favour in this, replies the
 ‘ *Mauritanian*, it were done to thy self and not
 ‘ to me; nor indeed do I make the least doubt of
 ‘ it, but that thou wouldst be very glad I were
 ‘ once out of thy Ship; but thou art not guilty
 ‘ of so much Vanity, as to imagine I will go
 ‘ hence without the Princess *Cleopatra*, and
 ‘ therefore resolve immediately either [to restore
 ‘ her to Liberty, or give me my Death, and withal
 ‘ to

‘ to defend thy own Life, which I doubt not but
‘ I shall even in the midst of all thy Men, put
‘ once more into danger. Alas ! for Death, cries
‘ out *Artaxus*, being grown furious to the highest
‘ degree, thou shalt without much difficulty find
‘ it at my Hands, and here I now sacrifice thee
‘ to my Resentment, and my Love, both as a
‘ temerarious Enemy, and an insolent Rival.

With this Rhodomontade, having not the Patience to give any further ear either to his Words, or the Cries of *Cleopatra*, whom he caused to be taken away by force from between their Arms, he began to make towards the Prince, who having got to a place whence he could not be assaulted, but only before, covering his left Arm with a Buckler, and brandishing his dreadful Sword with the right, expecting him in such a posture, as spoke him a Person whom no danger could frighten. *Artaxus* was both valiant and daring ; but besides that, he was not absolutely recovered of his Wounds, and felt himself a little too weak to engage in a Combat. The great actions he had seen him do that Day, against the Enemy that would have rescued *Cleopatra*, made him look on that enterprize with some distrust, and accordingly was not much displeased to see the stoutest of his Men expose themselves before him to that danger. *Zenodorus*, followed by the rest of his Companions, and some of the *Armenians*, animated by him whose Brother the valiant Prince had killed some Days before, was the first that would venture to come on. *Megacles*, not able to divert this misfortune, would not however have any hand in the Crime, and holding his Arms a-cross at the other end of the Ship, did all that lay in his Power to perswade to stay with him such of the *Armenians* as had most affection

for him. *Aristus*, who was the first that offered at the King of *Mauritania*, was also the first that paid for his Confidence; for having made a blow at the Prince, and he putting it off with his Buckler, he received another from him by way of Exchange, which taking him in the Throat, cut off the passage of his Respiration. For the Blood, issuing out of his Wound in thick Clods, choked him within a few Minutes, and after he had staggered some paces backwards, spreading his Arms asunder, he fell down and breathed out his last at the King of *Armenia*'s Feet. Had *Cleopatra* delighted in revenge, and that a bloody Revenge, here she might with no small pleasure have looked on this Victim which the Prince sacrificed to her, since it was this Man that had seized her, and carried her in his Arms into the Ship.

This sudden dispatching of *Aristus* did a little cool the Courage of his Companions; but it withal animated them to revenge him; and the King, who had loved *Aristus* very dearly, being extremely grieved at his fall, cried out to his Men to take Heart, and would have been in the Head of them, had he been in his absolute Strength, and if some of his own, who would not have him to hazard his Life, had not stood in his way. But this they did partly out of a desire to please him, and the fear they were in at the sight of *Coriolanus*'s dreadful Sword, and partly out of a certain repugnance they felt in themselves to put to Death a valiant Prince, who not long before had so generously hazarded his Life for their safety. Those that were the most forward to second *Aristus*, met with a destiny, not much different from his, and he who was so violent to be revenged for his Brother's death, coming on a little too rashly,
lost

lost his Repentments with his Life, by a Thrust which, for want of Arms, found a way into his Belly, and which made him fall down into a Rivulet of his own Blood. The Death of these two Men made their Companions more circumspect, and more fearful of the length of *Coriolanus's* Sword. The valiant Prince looking on them with a certain Contempt, and frightening them the more by menacing gestures: ' It is not so
' easy a matter, *said he to them*, as you conceived
' it, to take away a Man's Life, who knows how
' to defend it; the advantage of Number and
' Arms does not always bring Victory with it;
' and if I die this Day, as it is possible I may,
' by your Hands, if the Gods have so disposed
' of me, I hope I shall not die unrevenge'd.

Having said these Words to them, he kept his former Posture, that is, stood close to the Ship's side, to avoid being set upon behind, and warding off the Blows which were made at him with his Buckler, he looked like Lightning on his Enemies; and when any one of them instigated either by shame or the cries of *Artaxus*, grew more daring than his Companions, he neglected not either time or occasion to make him repent his forwardness, and always directed his Sword so fortunately, and with such force and execution, that it ever proved either the Messenger of Death, or some cruel Wound. At last *Zenodorus*, to whom this kind of Engagement was more familiar than to any of the rest, being ashamed to fight with so much precaution against a single Person, and desirous to let the King of *Armenia* see how much he deserved the assistances he had promised him, after he had called his Companions about him, and reproached them with their Cowardise and Baseness, comes on before them, and, intend-

ing to direct his Stroke at the Prince's bare Head, *Coriolanus* warded it off with his Buckler. But, having many Adversaries to deal with, and they directing several Blows at him at the same time, he could not so well put off that of the Pirate, but that his Sword sliding down along the Buckler, fell upon his Shoulder, and gave him a slight Wound. *Zenodorus* perceiving the Prince to be in some disorder, would needs be at him again, and taking his Sword with both Hands, he lifted it up high in the Air, with a design and hope to cleave the Prince's Head asunder; but at the very same time the Son of *Juba*, exasperated at the Blow he had received, gave him a back-blow with such force, that the Edge of the Sword meeting with the Pirate at the Wrists, which were not covered with any Arms, cut them both off, so that both Hands and the Sword fell down at the Feet of those that were fighting. The unfortunate *Zenodorus*, seeing himself in that deplorable Condition, was loath to live any longer; whether that strange Misfortune raised in him an aversion for Life, or that he was perswaded that through his cruel Wounds it would have run out with Blood. So that having remained some little while as it were in an irresolution what to do, and sent forth a doleful exclamation towards Heaven, he of a sudden flies at the Prince, with a design to thrust him over-board into the Sea. And certainly he might have effected it, if the Prince perceiving he made towards him, had not stepped with so much agility, that the desperate Pirate not meeting with any thing to stay him, and thrusting forwards with the whole weight of his Body, fell over the Vessel into the Sea, where having no Hands to do him any Service in point of swimming, or to fasten on any thing, if need
were,

were, he was soon drowned, losing his Life after a little struggling; the last Word that fell from him being the Name of *Elisena*, it being a certain justice in the Gods, that he should expire in that Element upon which he had committed so many Crimes, and was grown so dreadful to all the World.

The misfortune of *Zenodorus* took off much of the Spirit and Eagerness of his Companions, which had been the most animated by his Example; but on the other side, it put *Artaxus* into so much rage and violence, that being not any longer able to forbear either out of fear or any other consideration, he came up to the most forward of his Men, resolved to perish himself, or to take away his Enemy's Life. 'What, cowardly Villains, cried he to his own Men, you are afraid and give back for a single Person, and you suffer the stoutest of your Companions to be killed before your Faces, and are not able to revenge them? O shame beyond expression, the stain whereof, neither all his Blood, nor all ours, is able to wash off. O *Zenodorus*, added he, since thou hast in my quarrel lost a Life, which thou hadst preserved among so many dangers, and among so many misfortunes, if I cannot make that satisfaction to thy *Manes* which I owe them, receive at least that Victim which I now sacrifice to thee.

With these Words he comes on full of Fury, when the most affectionate of his Men cast themselves before him, and kept the Prince so much in play, that there was little probability, with all his Valour, he should long defend a Life set upon by so great a number of Enemies, and that with so much eagerness and animosity.

Alas! how can we imagine the disconsolate *Cleopatra* was employed, while they were engaged

gaged in this Combat; and with what abundance of Tears did she bewail the loss of a Prince whom she saw perishing upon her account, and that a Prince who, notwithstanding the pretended infidelity laid to his charge, was dearer to her than her own Life? What endeavours did she not use to divert his Enemies from their inhuman Enterprize? But when she perceived that all her intreaties and solicitations proved ineffectual, as to the expectation she conceived from them, what Complaints, and what Regrets did she not importune Heaven with, since that, in her misfortune, her Lamentations and Tears were all she could afford, and indeed all that Fortune had left her? She embraced the comfortless *Artemisa*, whose tears were mingled with her's, and pressing her, with an action that spoke the height of Passion; ' Now Sister, *said she to her*, now
' may you see the Extremity of my cruel and
' unfortunate Destiny; now may you see the most
' extraordinary effects of Heaven's indignation,
' that ever fell upon any Wretch in this World.
' After the infidelity of *Coriolanus*, after the
' loss of my Liberty, and after the affliction it
' must needs be to me to see my self returned in-
' to Captivity by no other Hand than his whom
' I loved so much, all the misery I could further
' expect, was, to see the same Prince whom I
' loved so dearly, cruelly destroyed in my sight,
' and perishing in our Defence. If it must needs
' be the pleasure of the Gods that he should die
' in my presence, it had been supportable to me
' that he had done it while he was yet in his
' mistake, and fought for our Enemies, and that
' to the former infidelity I might not reproach
' him with this last, which he hath now suffi-
' ciently cleared himself of. But the Gods thought
' not

‘ not fit to leave me that Consolation in his loss,
‘ and would needs make his innocence appear as
‘ to this last Crime, whereof I might otherwise
‘ have accused him, as if it had been done pur-
‘ posely that my Grief for his Loss might be the
‘ more insupportable.

‘ But Sister, *said Artemisa to her*, whenever
‘ the importunity of her Tears made any interval
‘ in her Discourse, can you be still of Opinion,
‘ that this Man whom you see fighting with so
‘ miraculous a valour for your Deliverance; that
‘ he, that should cast himself headlong from the
‘ top of a Rock into the Sea, meerly because he
‘ would not survive your loss and indignation;
‘ and that hath refused before us the Life which
‘ *Artaxus* was content to leave him, purposely,
‘ that he might sacrifice it to your Service, can
‘ be a treacherous and inconstant Person? And
‘ will you not quit that Opinion upon so many
‘ apparent demonstrations of his fidelity and his
‘ affection? No doubt, Sister, but I should have
‘ other thoughts of him, replies *Cleopatra*, if in
‘ the discovery he made to me of his Treachery,
‘ he had not been so cruel as to deprive me of
‘ all matter of hope, and not leave me any Cir-
‘ cumstance whence I might argue any thing on
‘ his behalf. But, I beseech you, let us have no
‘ farther dispute about his innocence, since that
‘ if he be found innocent, I shall be so much
‘ the more unfortunate, and that it must needs be
‘ more insupportable to me to lose him innocent,
‘ than to see him die in his inconstancy. And
‘ yet Sister, though I see my grief must needs be
‘ the greater, yet I cannot forbear wishing him in-
‘ nocent; and therefore whatever he may be, whe-
‘ ther innocent or guilty, whether loved or hated
‘ by me, might it please the Gods that I could

‘ redeem his Life with the sacrificing of my own,
 ‘ and that those Barbarians that assault him, would
 ‘ turn their Swords against my Breast, so they
 ‘ would spare a Life which is so dear to me as
 ‘ his.

The consequence of these Words was a torrent of Tears, which when it had almost spent it self, she lifts up her Eyes towards Heaven, and re-assuming her Discourse; ‘ O ye just Powers of
 ‘ Heaven, *cried she*, are you then resolved to expose Virtue to Rage and Cruelty, and shall Heaven be turned into Brass only against my Adresses, when it is open to the Lamentations and Cries of other Wretches that call upon the
 ‘ Gods?

These Words were hardly understood by *Artemisa*, and *Megacles*, who desirous to have no hand in that unjust Combat, was coming into the Room where the Princesses were, to comfort them as well as he could; but there was such a horrid Noise in the Ship about one single Person, that there could not well be a greater, had there been a fight between divers Ships. That put *Cleopatra* in a manner out of all hope of ever seeing *Coriolanus* alive long, when casting her Eye towards the Sea, as she did every Minute almost to see whether there were any thing coming to their assistance, she discovered a Ship making all the Sail she could. That sight recruited her Heart with some hope again, especially when she perceived by degrees with *Artemisa* and *Megacles*, who also observed her Course, that the Ship tacked about, and came directly towards theirs, and was not at that time so far from it, but that it might come up time enough to relieve the Prince, if he would but stand it out as long as he could. To that end she thought fit to communicate that
 hope

hope [to him, and accordingly speaking to him as loud as she could, by reason of the noise and disorder: ' Take heart, *Coriolanus*, cried she to ' him, the Gods have sent you relief; husband ' your Strength so as to expect it, and do not cast ' your self away through despair, when it is yet ' in your power to hope.

These Words of *Cleopatra* wrought on him the effect she expected they should, and by a certain miracle multiplying the remaining fractions of Courage which were yet left in the Son of *Juba*, when his Strength was upon the point to forsake him, they obliged him to have a greater care of his Life than he had before. Five or Six of his Enemies were laid with their Bellies upwards at his Feet, and made, as it were, a kind of a Rampart against the rest, who, notwithstanding the cries of *Artaxus*, and their own great Resolution, were afraid to meddle with him, and thought it greater prudence to expect till weariness had made him incapable of fighting any longer, that they might accordingly kill him with less Danger. *Artaxus* was somewhat of the same opinion himself, out of a confidence he had that he could not escape him, and finding in himself, that his Strength, grown much less by reason of his Wounds, was not proportionable to his Fury, as he could have wished, he was content to remit somewhat of his Rage, and to have a little Patience with him.

But having at the exclamation of *Cleopatra* cast his Eye about him on the Sea, and seen the Ship making towards them, which he could not take for any other than an Enemy, the Violence of his Grief was inexpressible, insomuch, that retreating some few paces full of Confusion and Astonishment, he was for some Minutes at such a
loss,

loss, that he stood immoveable, and incapable of all resolution. The first imagination that came into his Mind, was, that he could not be in a condition to stand an Engagement with those that came against him, especially when the Men he had left, found it such a difficulty to take away the Life of a single Person: So that he was in a fear both of losing *Cleopatra*, without whom he did not much care for Life, and also to lose that very Life against which he had armed such powerful Enemies. Possessed with this fear, he looked all about him, and perceiving he was at no great distance from the Shore, he had some thought to quit the Ship, and accordingly to avoid a fight, which must needs prove disadvantageous to him upon the Sea. But this reflection was no sooner in his Mind, but he considered withal, that that flight into the Land, besides the dishonour of it, would prove fruitless, and that though he should with much ado get a-shore, yet could he not get *Cleopatra* out of the Vessel till he had dispatched *Coriolanus* out of the way. Nay all this granted as possible, and that he were delivered of that obstacle by the Death of the Prince, he conceived himself less safe upon the Land than he was upon the Sea, it being in a Country where all things were at the command of his Enemies, and where he was not likely to meet with any retiring place for himself, or any to conceal *Cleopatra*, whom he could not think of forsaking without Death.

These Difficulties, with many others, coming immediately into his Imagination, made him soon quit the Design he had at first framed to himself, and thereupon he took an absolute Resolution to fight it out, and to defend his beautiful Prize to the very last gasp. In this Resolution, looking up

to Heaven with Eyes sparkling with Indignation, and an Action expressing the very depth of Despair : ‘ Though Gods and Men, *cry’d he*, and
‘ all the Elements combine to ruine me, yet shall
‘ they not abate a Jot of my Courage, and if I
‘ must perish, implacable Destinies! you shall
‘ find I can do it without either Baseness or Remorse. With these Words, he returns to *Coriolanus*, as conceiving it absolutely necessary that he should be dispatched out of the way before the Enemy were come up ; and thinking it now past time to dally, and that he was to make all the haste he could with him, he comes up to him in such Manner, that the Prince, after he had warded off certain blows which the other had made at him, struck him over the Head with all the strength he had. The Goodness of the Head-piece saved him from Death ; but it was not able to hinder him from being stunned in such wise, that after he had staggered a while, he fell down within some few Paces of the Princess *Cleopatra*. *Megacles* ran immediately to help him, and *Artemisa*, out of the Excellency of her good Nature, remembering what she ow’d her own Blood, came to him, and took up the Vizor of his Head-Piece, to give him a greater Freedom of Breathing, and more Air.

While he continued in that Condition, *Cleopatra*, running to those that were still fighting against *Coriolanus*, and who possibly, notwithstanding his miraculous Resistance, would have dispatched him at last, comes up to them without any Fear, and lifting up her Voice that she might be better heard : ‘ Hold your Hands, *said she to them*,
‘ and if you expect any Favour from those whom
‘ you see coming to your assistance, make no further Attempt on the Life of a Prince, on whom
‘ your

' your own will, within these few Minutes, depend. 'Tis the only way you have left you to secure your Lives; for you are not to hope for any Mercy, if you betake you not to your own Prince, and by Compliance make yourself worthy the pardon which I promise you.' These Words proved effectual upon some part of those that heard them, and particularly upon the *Armenians*, who were most of them Persons of considerable Quality. These were content to do as the Princess would have them, and giving over fighting, went to see how their King did: But the Pirates, in whom the Death of their Leader, and the Despair of Pardon wrought a different Effect, were obstinate in the Design they had conceived to take away *Coriolanus's* Life; and though there were but one half of them left, yet despaired not of revenging the Death of *Zenodorus*.

The Prince perceiving himself eased, not only of the greatest part of his Enemies, but also of the most dangerous and most valiant, valued not much those that remained; and though he must needs be very much weakned, as well by the continual Action he had been in, as by some slight Wounds he had received, yet was he now in greater Hopes than ever, of gaining the Victory, and delivering *Cleopatra*. In the mean Time, *Artaxus*, who had only been stunned with the heavy Blow he had received, comes at length to himself, by the Assistance they had given him; but ere he had so far recovered himself as to know all that were about him, and become Master of his strength, that is, before he was in a Condition to discern what passed in the Ship, and to give out Orders about any thing, the other that was coming in to the Assistance of *Cleopatra*, and which had already been known to be one of *Alexandria*, was gotten

gotten so near, that they could hear them halloo that were within her, and in a manner discern their Faces.

Artaxus having got up, and taken his Sword again, looked about him of all sides, and perceiving that all his Hopes were vanished, he was convinced his final Ruine was at no great Distance. He sighed again for very Grief and Rage, as conceiving himself not to be in a Condition either to execute his Revenge, or keep *Cleopatra* in his Possession, and therefore was at such Loss and Irresolution, that he knew not what side to take. While in the Interim, the other Ship came on still with such speed and such hallooing, that it was out of all Question she was an Enemy, and indeed within a few Minutes after *Cleopatra* and *Artemisa* perceived, in the Head of those that were coming to their Assistance, Prince *Marcellus* and Prince *Alexander*, who, that they might be known to the Princesses, had raised up the Vizors of their Head-pieces. If their Joy was extraordinary, the Grief of *Artaxus*, who upon the first Sight knew *Alexander*, was no less violent. He blasphemed against Heaven, and railed at his evil Fortune, and that hateful Sight filled him no doubt, upon the first Apprehension thereof, with fatal Resolutions. ‘We must perish, *cry’d he*, but it is
‘but just we bury under our Ruines those that
‘should derive any Felicity from our Destruction.
‘And for thy Part, *Alexander, said he, loud*
‘*enough to be heard by him*, assure thyself thou
‘shall not laugh at the Defeat of *Artaxus*.’ With these Words he comes up to the two Princesses, and looking on them with Eyes red with Blood and Fire, he put them into a greater Fright than ever they had known before: ‘See here, *said he*,
‘these are either my Security, or my Victims:’
‘What

What shall escape my Love, shall never escape my Revenge; and if it be lost to me, it shall be lost to all the World besides.

As he uttered these Words, he took *Artemisa* in the left Hand, and with the right presenting the point of his inhuman Weapon to the fair Breast of *Cleopatra*, he directs his fatal Looks on *Alexander* and *Marcellus*, just at the instant that they were preparing all things to fasten the Grapling-Irons; and addressing his Speech to the Son of *Anthony*: ‘ Alexander, said he to him, hope not thou shalt have any thing to rejoice at in the Misfortune of thy Enemy, and think not to triumph over me so many several ways as thou hast, through the Malice of my Fortune, and the Perfidiousness of *Artemisa*. It was through the Baseness of this Princess that she ever came into thy Power, and the revenging Gods have been pleased that *Cleopatra* should fall into mine; but if my Sister hath been too susceptible of thy Love, thine hath been too ungrateful to entertain the Affection I had for her. Thou returnest again conducted by that Fortune which hath ever been in Hostility against me, with a Design, and haply in a Condition to force them both out of my Hands: But know, that thy hope hath deluded thee, and all thou art to expect from this Enterprize, is the Death of these two Princesses. Thou mayest save their Lives by directing thy Course some other way, and leaving me at Liberty to pursue mine: But if thou losest a single Minute in considering what Resolution thou shouldest take, thou shalt find me already resolved to sheathe this Sword in the Breasts of *Cleopatra* and *Artemisa*.

The King of *Armenia* had made this Discourse without the least Interrupting, while *Alexander*,
seeing

seeing him in that cruel Posture against the Princesses, had given Order to those that were preparing to fasten the Ship, to forbear, and stood in a Confusion, and absolutely at a Loss what to think of so terrible a Spectacle. Upon the first Sight of that Barbarian, and his inhuman Attempt, his Indignation would have broke out against him with all his Violence; but fearing, on the other side, by his Precipitation, to lose what was a thousand Times dearer to him than his own Life, his Love tied up his Hands, with Considerations as strong as the other, and kept him in an Irresolution full of Perplexity. Thence it was, that he not only forbore interrupting *Artaxus* while he spoke, but also when he had given over, was not able to make him any Reply, and only looked on him with much Confusion, and as if he had been in a Trance. *Marcellus* was also afraid for *Cleopatra*, whom he loved as dearly as he could a Sister, but his Soul being not upon this Occasion, capable of such a Violence of passion as was that of *Alexander*, he was guilty of a greater Freedom of Apprehension, and consequently was the less troubled at the Horrour of that Object. Hence was it, that he took Occasion to speak while the other was silent, and darting on *Artaxus*, a look expressing the Greatness of his Indignation: ‘Barbarous Wretch, *said he to him*, if the Sight of those Divine Beauties cannot stay thy Hands, consider what will become of thy own Life in that horrid Attempt, and doubt not thou shalt lose it by the most exquisite Torments that human Invention ever found out, if thou execute thy barbarous Resolution.

The *Armenian* smiled at this Discourse of *Marcellus*, and looking on him very scornfully: ‘Do not imagine, *said he to him*, that thou canst frighten

' frighten me with thy menaces, or that I stand
 ' in any Fear of Death myself, after I have given
 ' it to what I love beyond myself; but if thou
 ' with *Alexander* art desirous of the Safety of
 ' these Princesses, resolve immediately to do as I
 ' would have you, for Fear your Resolutions come
 ' too late. Ah! *says Alexander to him, assum-*
 ' *ing the Discourse at last,* will thy Cruelties
 ' never have any end, and wilt thou treat me
 ' with more Inhumanity upon the Sea of *Alex-*
 ' *andria*, than thou didst upon the Scaffold at
 ' *Artaxata?*' Thus did he speak to him, as much
 out of Tendernefs as Indignation, when the coura-
 geous *Cleopatra*, out of a Jealousy that that Soft-
 ness might prove prejudicial to her Liberty, and
 standing less in Fear of Death than of her Cap-
 tivity, and the importunate Love of the King of
Armenia, broke that silence which she had ob-
 served all the Time before, and looking on *Alex-*
ander with a Countenance that argued much
 more Confidence than his: ' Brother, *said she to*
 ' *him,* have a greater Reliance on the Gods than to
 ' forsake us, upon the Frights which *Artaxus*
 ' would put us into. He dare not put us to Death,
 ' but though we were to expect it, we think it
 ' much more supportable than the Life he pre-
 ' pares for us.

Artaxus was in a manner satisfied that these
 Words of *Cleopatra* would have that Effect on the
 Spirit of *Marcellus* and that of *Alexander*, as she
 expected they should, and fearing to be surprized,
 he lifted up his Arm as he drew near to *Cleopatra*
 (who was gotten some Paces from him) either
 to frighten them the more, or possibly to execute
 his bloody Resolution. But as happy Fortune
 would have it, at the very same Instant of Time,
 the valiant Son of *Juba*, who was fighting at the
 other

other end of the Ship against those that were left of the Pirates, had, notwithstanding their finding him so much Employment, (minding the Safety of *Cleopatra* much more than his own) partly taken Notice of what was past: Transported at the imminent Danger he saw her in, and perceiving it was not now a Time for him to be so mindful of his own Life, broke through those Enemies that stood in his way, and laying on the ground all that any way opposed him, he got up to the King of *Armenia* with so much speed, that before he was sensible of his coming, he gave him a Thrust with such a Force, that he laid him at his Feet, and tumbled him upon the Deck to one side of the Vessel. *Artaxus* made a shift to get up again, but ere he could do it, *Coriolanus* was gotten before *Cleopatra*, in a Condition to defend her, while in the mean time, *Alexander* and *Marcellus*, in taking their Advantage of this Interval, had caused their Ship to close with the other, and notwithstanding the Opposition of the *Armenians* and the Pirates, who joined with them with Abundance of Resolution, made their way through, and boarded the *Armenian*.

The Fight, as it was undertaken upon a barbarous Occasion, so was it managed with more Animosity than ordinary, and upon that Account was it that there was some Blood spilt, which upon another Occasion had haply, through the Clemency of the Chief, been spared. The *Egyptian* Soldiers that followed *Alexander* put all they met with in their way to the Sword; but that Prince and *Marcellus* scorning a Victory too easily gained, ran to *Cleopatra* and *Artemisa*, and if Love obliged the Son of *Anthony* to mind in the first Place what he most loved, Friendship had in a manner the same Effect upon the Son of *Octavia*.

Alex

Alexander, full of Fury and Indignation, ran towards *Artaxus*, whom Rage had put upon the last and most violent Attempts, and who must needs have expected the Execution of a just Revenge; but *Artemisa* stepped before him, and speaking to her dearest *Alexander* with her natural Goodness:

‘ *Alexander*, said she to him, put not to Death the King my Brother, and satisfy yourself with the Victory and Possession of *Artemisa*.’ *Alexander* let fall the point of his Sword at this Discourse, and looking on the Princess with an Action full of Affection and Respect: ‘ Madam, said he to her, had not you laid your Commands on me, I should have considered in the Person of *Artaxus*, both the Blood of *Artemisa*, and the Dignity of a King.’ Whereupon, turning to *Artaxus*, who, swelling with Rage and Confusion, and overpressed with Grief and Weariness, sat upon the Deck, whence darting his scattered Looks of all sides, his Thoughts ran upon what was most barbarous and horrid: ‘ King of *Armenia*, said he to him, thou shalt receive from us what thou hast never granted any one, and what indeed thou shouldst not expect, if thou call to mind that cruel Scaffold upon which my Head was once made a publick Spectacle. We leave thee thy Life, and absolute Liberty to dispose of thyself as thou plearest, and desire no other Advantage, than that of delivering *Artemisa* and *Cleopatra* out of thy cruel Hands. From this Difference of Carriage, thou mayest reflect on what there is between us, and from the ill Success of thy Enterprizes, infer what Horror and Vengeance the good and just Powers of Heaven have for thy Violences and Cruelties.

To this Effect was the Discourse of *Alexander* when the King of *Armenia*, looking on him with
Eyes

Eyes wherein the Rage which possessed him was visibly apparent: 'Be not so fond as to imagine, *said he to him*, that I will accept a Life from the Son of *Anthony*, the Cajoler of *Artemisa*, and the Brother of *Cleopatra*. Thy very Birth made me thy Enemy, thy Crime armed me against thee, and thy Sister, by the little Regard she had for my Love, hath deprived me of all the Desire I could have had for Life. Think not then that I will owe it to him who hath occasioned me so many Misfortunes, or survive the Hope I now lose both of being revenged of thee, and possessing *Cleopatra*.' With these words he rises with his Sword in his Hand from the Place where he was sat, and rowling his dreadful Eyes about him, gave all Notice as it were of the horrid Resolution he had taken. The two Princesses, who were best acquainted with his furious Humour, ran behind their Defenders, and the Princes set themselves before them in a Posture to oppose *Artaxus*, if he should attempt any thing. The cruel King having considered his Weakness, and the little Probability there was he should execute what his Resentments inspired him with, hearkned to the Temptation of his Evil Genius, after the Silence of a few Minutes: 'Implacable Fortune, *said he at last*, thou seest me ruined, but not vanquished; and though, by thy unjust Assistance thou hast made the Blood of *Anthony* to triumph over that of *Artabazus*, yet is it not to thee, but to my own Revenge and Love that I now offer this great Sacrifice.

Having uttered these Words, with a furious Action, he turned the point of his Sword against his Breast, and directing it to a certain Place where there was nothing of Arms to oppose its Passage, he fell upon it so of a sudden, that no

Man

Man had the Time to prevent him, and that so effectually, as to his Design, that the murdering Sword meeting with no Resistance, ran him quite through, and passing through those Parts which are most necessary for the Preservation of Life, deprived him of it in a Moment. Though that unfortunate King had drawn upon himself the Detestation of all those that were present at his Death; yet were there some among them, who could not but pity his Misfortune: And though *Alexander* were a Person that of all Men had the most just Ground to hate him, yet was he extremely troubled for him, even to the shedding of Tears at that deplorable Adventure. *Artemisa* ran immediately to her Brother with a Face overflowed with Tears, and bewailed his Loss with all the Lamentations, which an excess of good Nature could put into a Woman's Mouth. *Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Marcellus* thought themselves concerned in it, meerly out of a Consideration of Generosity, and not long after, they all jointly acknowledged the Justice of the Gods in that Example, and submitted to their Will in the Punishment of that cruel King. *Artemisa* was still about the Body of *Artaxus*, with *Megacles* and the rest of the *Armenians*, who had their Lives given them upon the Mediation of *Cleopatra*. *Cleopatra* returned her Thanks to *Marcellus* and Prince *Alexander* for their Assistance, and *Coriolanus*, not able to stand for Weariness, by Reason of the continual Action he had undergone for so long time, and the Weakness he was in, through pain Wounds he had received, was sat down, and looked on what passed as a Person distracted with different Reflections, when *Marcellus* and *Alexander*, casting their Eyes on him, knew him. His Astonishment was not not small at that Accident,

cident, for *Alexander*, having been acquainted by *Marcellus*, with the pretended Infidelity of *Coriolanus*, he was no less surprized than *Marcellus*, to find him with *Cleopatra*. Now, *Alexander* having ever loved the Person, and respected the Virtue of the Son of *Juba*, thought not the Ground he had to hate him so great as should oblige him to forget the Esteem he sometimes had had for him. But *Marcellus*, whose Resentment proceeded from a more violent Passion, could not absolutely moderate himself in that Emergency, and looking accordingly on the Princess *Cleopatra* with a Countenance wherein might be seen the lively Characters of his Astonishment: ‘ What Sister, ‘ *said he to her*, is the King of *Mauritania* ‘ among you? And is that Prince, who is guilty ‘ of so horrid an Infidelity both against you and ‘ me, so near *Cleopatra*, whom he had so un- ‘ gratefully forsaken? You may credit your own ‘ Eyes, *says Cleopatra to him*, and know with- ‘ al, that that very inconstant Man whom you ‘ find so near me, hath fought all this Day against ‘ *Artaxus* and all his Men, hath killed the great- ‘ est part of those you see laid along upon the ‘ Deck, overthrew *Artaxus* in your Presence at ‘ the very Instant that he was going to take away ‘ my Life, and hath done so much in my Assis- ‘ tance, that without it, yours had come too late, ‘ and I had been yet in the Hands and Power of ‘ the King of *Armenia*. I never questioned, *re- ‘ plies Marcellus*, but that *Coriolanus* was the ‘ most valiant Prince upon the Earth; but we may ‘ as little doubt, for your part and mine, but ‘ that of all Men he is the most unfaithful both ‘ to his Mistress and Friend.

Coriolanus, as it were, awakened by this Discourse, out of those Reflections wherein his Thoughts

Thoughts were employed before, and looking on *Marcellus* with a certain Discovery of his Repentment: ' *Marcellus, said he to him, now do I*
' perceive that thy Cruelty knows no Limits, and
' thou thinkest it nothing to crush a miserable
' Man with such Indignities as he could not have
' expected from a Prince that had some time been
' his Friend. It is a great Demonstration of my
' Fidelity, that I suffer these Affronts from thee
' with Patience; and not many Days since, when
' thou hadst an implacable Design against my
' Life, I presented my Breast to the Point of thy
' Sword with out the least Opposition, though it
' be not unknown to thee that I am able to defend
' it. If it be any Trouble to thee that thou didst
' not then take it from me, come now and
' destroy the pitiful Reminders that are left of
' it, and satiate thyself with my Blood without
' tormenting me continually with thy cruel Perse-
' cution. Acknowledge the difference there was
' between us in point of Friendship, since that,
' for an imaginary Perfidiousness, which thou
' wouldst have to be construed a real Infidelity,
' thou art bent against my Life with so much
' Inhumanity, and that by so many unworthy
' Actions of thine, (whence I cannot but too much
' infer thy Baseness) thou couldst never abate any
' thing of that Affection which my Heart hath
' conceived for thee, and does still preserve, in-
' deed, but with too too much Fidelity. Go,
' cruel Man, triumph over my Misfortune by thy
' Change, and prosecute, with *Cleopatra*, those
' Enjoyments which I am content to resign to
' thee. I must needs at last conclude from the
' Conformity which I perceive there is between
' her Sentiments and thine, that it is upon thy
' Account, and to enjoy thee, that she slight
' me,

me, as conceiving her Fortune will be much better with *Cesar's* Nephew, a Person destined for the Empire of the Universe, than with a beggarly dispossessed Prince, whom Fortune hath not left any thing but his Sword. And yet as contemptible and as wretched as I am, I would not resign the interest I have in her to *Tiberius*, while I had one drop of Blood left in my Veins, and I would wander over all the World, but I would find him, and take away his Life, did I but once imagine that *Cleopatra* were designed for him. But for thee, who didst sometime quit the pretensions thou hadst to her, to me, I find in my self a compliance for thee, suitable to so great an obligation; and if I cannot look on thy Fortune without dying, I will be so far from being any way thy hindrance, that I shall haply by my Death remove out of thy way the greatest obstacle which any other but thy self could have met with in such a Business.

This was the discourse of *Coriolanus*, and notwithstanding the cruel prejudice, whereby some that were concerned in it, were possessed, yet had it that influence upon their Spirits, that it was impossible for them to conceal the discoveries of their sympathy. *Marcellus*, who was a Person of an excellent good nature, could not dissemble it; and doing himself a certain violence to express what he felt within him: *Coriolanus*, said he to the Prince, how far soever I ought to be perswaded of thy infidelity, yet have I not so great an aversion for thee, but that I would spend the best part of my Blood, might it contribute any thing to thy Justification; and if thy proceeding had been such as to leave us any thing to doubt of, thou hadst found an

' advocate in my Heart, that would have main-
 ' tained thy innocence against all the World to
 ' to the last Minute of my Life. But, *Coriolanus*
 ' thou wert not pleased to afford us that Comfort
 ' and hast taken such a Course to have thy Crime
 ' noised through the whole *Roman* Empire, that
 ' unless we had been without the Limits of it,
 ' banished into the most remote parts of the
 ' Earth, it was impossible we should be ignorant
 ' thereof. Ask the most inconsiderable Person
 ' among the *Romans*, what the infidelity of *Corio-*
 ' *lanus* was, and by what means it broke forth;
 ' and then ask *Cæsar*, ask all the *Romans*, nay,
 ' *Cleopatra* her self, whether I have betrayed
 ' thee, or whether, from the Day that for thy
 ' sake I have disengaged my self from the affec-
 ' tion I had for her, I ever looked on her other-
 ' wise than as a Sister, or minded any Man's in-
 ' terests as to her, but thine? Do not therefore
 ' charge either her or me with any baseness, since
 ' there hath happened no change in our senti-
 ' ments, and that when we both accuse thee with
 ' a departure from thy former Thoughts, and
 ' the infidelity thou hast committed against us,
 ' infer not that I have quitted *Julia*, for *Cleo-*
 ' *patra*, or that *Cleopatra*, shunning *Coriolanus*
 ' as a Monster of Ingratitude, hath looked on the
 ' Empire, or *Marcellus*, or indeed any other
 ' Person, that thou canst any way reproach her
 ' with.

Coriolanus, being out of all patience at this
 Discourse, rises up of a sudden, and coming to
Marcellus in an excess of Passion; ' I am satis-
 ' fied, *said he to him*, that what thou sayest is
 ' true; but thou must either run me through
 ' this Heart with thy Sword, or expect to see me
 ' fall upon the point of my own, after the ex-
 ' ample

' ample of the King of *Armenia*, or let me un-
 ' derstand at last, what this infidelity is, which
 ' is so well known to all the World, and un-
 ' known only to the Person that hath committed
 ' it. I have nothing in particular to acquaint
 ' thee withal, replies *Marcellus*, but it was ever
 ' my Opinion, that was apparent to the Eyes of
 ' all the World, carrying Crime enough in it to
 ' deny the Thought of Innocence, and that thou
 ' needest not express thy self more plainly both
 ' to *Cleopatra* and *Marcellus*, than by sending
 ' Plenipotentiary Ambassadors to *Cesar*, with
 ' Credentials under the Great Seal of *Mauritania*,
 ' to demand of him the Princess *Julia* in Mar-
 ' riage, and thereupon to do him homage for thy
 ' Kingdom.-----Who? I! cries out the Prince,
 ' at this Discourse of *Marcellus*, have I sent Am-
 ' bassadors to *Cesar* to demand *Julia* of him,
 ' and to do him homage for my Dominions?
 ' 'Tis true *Coriolanus*, says the Princess *Cleopa-*
 ' *tra*, who had been silent all the time, 'tis true
 ' *Coriolanus*, you did send them, and if we had
 ' not seen them our selves with their Credential
 ' Letters in form, and with full power, we should
 ' hardly have been perswaded to a thing so im-
 ' probable. *Theocles*, one of the most eminent of
 ' your Subjects, was the chief Person of that Em-
 ' bassy, and became along with *Volusius* to *Rome*,
 ' at his return out of *Mauritania*. There was
 ' nothing omitted in that Affair, either as to
 ' Solemnity or Form; and if it wrought not the
 ' Effect you expected it should, it hath raised in
 ' the Heart of your Friend, and that very justly,
 ' the Resentment he hath discovered to you; and
 ' in that of the unfortunate *Cleopatra*, a grief
 ' which will bring her to her Grave.

Cleopatra having thus disburthened her thoughts by this Discourse, *Camilla*, whom the Vertue of that Prince had ever obliged to side with him, perceiving he was mute and immovable at these Reproaches, comes to him, and in a few Words acquainted him more at large, with the cause of his Misfortune, and the Truth how all things were managed between *Volusius* and his Ambassadors. The Son of *Juba* no less cast down at this Discourse than if he had been struck with a Thunder-bolt, stood still for a good space of Time, looking still about him as if it had been to seek for some either to witness his innocence, or make good the charge put in against him. At last, dispelling his astonishment, and fearing his silence might be thought an argument of his guilt, he comes nearer to *Cleopatra*, and setting one Knee to the Ground: ‘*Madam, said he to her, I*
‘*humbly crave your Pardon, for my having*
‘*charged you with any thing unjustly: I should*
‘*have known, that you are just in all things,*
‘*and thence have inferred that your charge could*
‘*not proceed but from a cause suitable thereto.*
‘*I might haply, not without reason, hope it*
‘*from your goodness and the friendship of Mar-*
‘*cellus, that you would have proved my Ad-*
‘*vocate to your self, and pleaded my cause against*
‘*the artifices and designs of my Enemies. And*
‘*this it was not hard for you to take notice of;*
‘*since there was little likelihood I should so much*
‘*court the alliance and friendship of Caesar when*
‘*I was possessed of the Throne of my Ancestors,*
‘*having slighted it in a Time when I had no*
‘*Favour nor Fortune to hope for, but from him*
‘*alone; or that I should voluntarily offer him the*
‘*homage of Kingdoms after I had conquered*
‘*them by open War, and the defeat of his Forces,*
‘*when*

when I had not long before refused them of
 him upon those very terms. But, in fine, since
 I have not been so fortunate as to find that pro-
 tection in you, and that you have really been
 perswaded that I had been guilty of a business so
 improbable as that, and if I may presume to
 say it, so disconsonant to the other actions of
 my Life, it concerns me to endeavour my own
 justification, and to satisfy both you, and all
 the World besides, of the impossibility there is
 I should be guilty of so base an infidelity. I
 must find out *Volustus* and *Theocles*, and I
 must find out *Tiberius*, who, no doubt, is the
 Author of this cruel Intrigue. I hope, through
 the assistance of the Gods, to make my innocence
 apparent to all, and am confident that within
 a short time I shall dispel all these mists of Plots
 and Prejudice. But, Madam, you may be
 pleased to remember, that when you banished
 me out of your Sight for ever, and pronounced
 that dreadful Sentence, which occasioned all my
 losses, I was Master of two great Kingdoms,
 which I came to present you with, and that
 through the despair you put me into, you de-
 prived me not only of the Power, but even of
 the design I had to go and maintain them, as no
 doubt I could have done against all the Forces
 of the Universe; through that misfortune is it
 now come to pass that I have nothing left me,
 as having lost, not only the Crowns I had con-
 quered, but also the Friendship of *Cæsar*, from
 whom I was to hope for all I could expect. So
 that when I shall return again into your Sight,
 in a condition innocent enough to hope a re-
 admission into your Favour, I have no Crown
 to offer you, nor indeed a Refuge in any Part
 of the Earth, it being not so easy for me to

‘ expect a second revolt of my Subjects, after I
‘ have by my negligence betrayed them to *Cæsar*’s
‘ severity, and the orders he hath setled in the
‘ Provinces since his last Conquest thereof. Thus,
‘ Madam, can I not cast my Eyes on you with
‘ any Confidence; nor indeed desire, you should
‘ fasten your self to the Fortunes of a miserable
‘ Person that hath not an Inch of Earth to offer
‘ you, and to entertain you in. However, I go
‘ my ways in order to my justification, so to sa-
‘ tisfy both my love and my duty, by both which
‘ I am equally obliged thereto: And when I
‘ shall have effected it, I shall either, out of a
‘ compliance with the will of the Gods, not
‘ disturb a better Fortune, which it is in their
‘ Power to send you, or, with my hopes, lose a
‘ Life which must needs be troublesome to you,
‘ and to me insupportable.

To this effect was the discourse of *Juba*’s Son,
and *Cleopatra* and *Marcellus* were so moved
thereat, as also at the reflection he caused them to
make upon the deplorable change of his Condi-
tion, that they could not forbear Tears, and all
other demonstrations of the tenderness, compassi-
on, and sympathy, which might be expected up-
on such an occasion. *Cleopatra*, the most con-
cerned of any to express her sentiments to the
Prince, looking on his Eyes wherein could not
be seen any thing of displeasure: ‘ Go *Coriolanus*,
‘ said she to him, go, and endeavour your justi-
‘ fication, I desire you should effect it, no less
‘ than you do your self. ’Tis possible you might
‘ be sufficiently justified in my apprehensions by
‘ the things you have done for my Deliverance,
‘ by the probability which I find in your Dis-
‘ course, and by the good Opinion I have of
‘ you, were it not requisite to make your innocence
‘ appa-

• apparent, that so it might be lawful for *Cleo-*
• *patra* to re-admit you with honour into her for-
• mer Favour and Affection. They are but just
• rewards of your fidelity, if you have continued
• in it, and the loss of your Kingdoms shall lose
• you nothing in my Heart, if yours have suffered
• no change. In the mean time, conceal your
• self in a Country where you are to fear all
• things, as being so near so powerful an Enemy ;
• and assure your self, that in the uncertainty I
• may be in of your fidelity, I am not so little
• concerned in the safety of your Life, but that I
• tremble when I reflect on the hazards whereto
• you expose it.

With these Words she reached forth her hand to raise him up, and the Prince imagined to himself so much kindness and obligation in what she had said, as also in all the other demonstrations of her affection, that for the time he had in a manner lost all remembrance of his misfortunes. He stood still and made no reply, not knowing how to express his resentments, when *Marcellus*, looking on him with Eyes red, by reason of the Tears he had shed : ‘ Prince, whom I once loved
• so dearly, *said he to him*, and whom I cannot
• yet hate, if you are innocent, I know not
• what reparations to make you ; but what con-
• dition soever you may be found in, I here pro-
• mise that I will never oppose you.

Having said thus much, they all went towards *Artemisa*, who was showering down her Tears upon the Body of her Brother, and after they had given her a little time to recover her self, they intreated her to pass into the other Vessel. *Artemisa* was content, and was handed in by her *Alexander*, who looking on her now as Queen of *Armenia*, by reason of the general Opinion
S 4 there

here was of the Death of *Ariobarzanes*, would have behaved himself with more respect towards her than he had done before, would she have permitted it. They ordered *Megacles* to carry the Body of *Artaxus* to *Alexandria*, that it might be embalmed, and transported thence into the Monument of his Fathers: And *Coriolanus*, who had a great esteem for *Megacles*, out of a consideration of his Virtue, would needs be carried ashore in his Ship. *Cleopatra*, *Marcellus*, *Alexander* and *Artemisa*, having once more taken their leaves of him, went into their own, and with all the joy and satisfaction, which they could derive from the Liberty of the two Princesses, set Sail towards *Alexandria*.





Hymen's Prælua : O R,

Love's Master-Piece.

PART X. BOOK I.

A R G U M E N T.

Artaban and Elisa, Princesses of the Parthians, take sanctuary in Alexandria. Agrippa, under whose Protection they had cast themselves, falls in Love with Elisa, but out of Considerations of Virtue and Generosity, forbears the Discoveries of his Affection. Candace and Elisa discourse of their Loves. Cæsario (generally known by the Name of Cleomedon) comes to Alexandria, upon intelligence that Queen Candace was there, with whom he hath a secret Interview in the Night-time. He entertains her and Elisa with a Continuation of his History. He gives Battle, with sixteen thousand Men, to Tiribasus, who had

one hundred thousand, is left for dead in the Field, but afterwards miraculously recovered by Eteocles, who was left in a Condition not much better. The next Day after the Battle, Eurinoe an Ethiopian Lady, coming into the Field to seek the Body of her beloved Teramenes, is brought also to that of Cleomedon, whom, as having killed him, and not long before a Brother of hers, she would have run through with a Dagger, but is prevented by Eteocles. Making a second attempt to do it, she finds something in his Countenance, which being taken with, she had Compassion on him, causing him and Eteocles to be carry'd to her Castle, where they were nobly entertained, and recovered of their Wounds. Eurinoe, having given Order for the Interment of her dear Teramenes, he miraculously recovers to Life, and is brought by Pelorus to a Sister's House of his, where he is secretly cured, and informed of all that passes at Eurinoe's. She falls in Love with Cleomedon, whom she much presses to promise her a mutual Affection; but he persisting in his former Resolutions of Virtue, and Constancy towards Candace, all proves ineffectual. Several Conferences they had together to that Purpose, most of which are over-heard by Teramenes, who thereupon conceives a great Esteem for Cleomedon. At last Teramenes is reconciled to Eurinoe, and by the Mediation of Cleomedon they are married before his Departure thence; and in requital of his good Offices, furnish him with all things necessary. He goes to Telemachus and Oristhenes, to whom he discovers himself, and acquaints them with the Design he had against Tiribasus.

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IN the mean time, the Queen of *Ethiopia*, and the Princess of the *Parthians* were gotten into *Alexandria*, and after that the two Princesses had been disposed into their several Lodgings, *Cornelius*, who had already taken order for the Entertainment of the King of the *Medes*, did the like for the Accommodation of *Artaban*. This latter, though he were not looked upon as a Person of a Royal Rank, as *Tygranes* was, yet was he treated with as much Respect as any of those that wore Diadems; and the great Reputation he had acquired, such as was already spread over the whole Earth, added to the Gracefulness of his Countenance, and that majestick Air which was so remarkable in his Person, made *Agrippa*, and the Prator of *Egypt*, consider him as a Man worthy of all the Reverence and Acknowledgment that might be due even to the *Cæsars*. Though by an extraordinary indulgence of good Fortune, he had come off without Wounds, having been engaged in so great a Fight as he was that Day, yet was he not so thoroughly recovered of those he had received before, but that the Action he had been in, had weakened him so much, as that he stood in need of some rest. *Elisa* could have wished he should take his Ease for a certain number of Days; but not able to perswade him to it, by reason of the Impossibility which he urged there was, he should forbear waiting on her for so long time, after he had so miraculously met with her again, she laid her Commands on him not to stir out of his Bed for that Night, and the best part of the next Day, though she did no small violence to herself, meerly out of the Tenderneſs she had for his

his Health. He obeyed her Commands with that respectful Submission, which, notwithstanding his Heat and Fierceness, he had ever observed towards her, and receiving the Lodgings appointed him, and the Officers whom *Cornelius* ordered to wait on him, with abundance of Satisfaction and Respects, he passed over that Night in his Bed with Reflections much different from those which he had had, for some that preceded it. Certain it is, that that great Soul, great even among those that could pretend most to Greatness, though it were not immoderately subject either to Grief or Joy, was at this Time sensible of both: For as it had, in the Loss of *Elisa*, made Tryal of the greatest Spight that a malicious Fortune could do him; so in the happy Recovery of her, he had met with the sweetest Satisfaction he could be capable of.

During these pleasant Entertainments of his Thoughts, reflecting on the many extraordinary Accidents that chequered his Life, and not a little delighted with the Consideration of those many Victories that had raised his Fame to so high a Pitch, and the noblest Demonstrations of his Affection to his Princess, he could hardly for sometime so much as think of the Misfortunes he had already run through, or the Opposition he might for the future meet withal, through either the Cruelty of *Pbraates*, or the troublesome Interview between him and the King of the *Medes*. All this signified very little with him, when it came into his Mind that he had found *Elisa* again; that, by many Discoveries, he found her not displeased that she had met him, that he was within the same Walls with her, and that in a Place, where she stood not in Fear of any thing from either the Authority or Tyranny of *Pbraates*. ‘O ye immortal Gods! said he at last, directing
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his Thoughts to Heaven with all possible Acknowledgment, O ye assistant Deities! who have ever delivered me out of those Abysses of Misfortunes, whereinto an implacably malicious Fortune, and the Ingratitude of Men have often forced me! I humbly acknowledge your Power in this miraculous Effect of your Goodness, and I repine no longer for what I have suffered, either from the Hands of ungrateful Men, or from the contrary Disposal of my Destiny, since you have been pleased at length to restore me my *Elisa*. I have not forgotten how much I am obliged to celebrate your divine Assistance, not only for a many Victories which have proved the Means to raise me to some Name and Rank in the World, but also for the extraordinary Protection which you thought fit to afford me, as well amidst the Swords of my Enemies, as the angry Waves. There is therefore much less Reason I should forget, that, at the point of despair, you restore my Princess, and with her those Felicities which are not subject either to the Inconstancy of Fortune, or the Ingratitude of Men.

From this Consideration his Thoughts were taken up on *Tygranes*, and he began to reflect on the Obstacles and Inconveniencies he might fear from him, and his unfortunate meeting with him; and certainly, such a Reflection, had it happened at some other time, might have moderated, if not disturbed, his Joy; but, as things stood now, it was not so considerable as to come into Balance against his present Happiness. Whereupon, calling to mind how that during the small time he had been felicitied with the Company of his *Elisa*, he had observed that her Affections were absolutely devoted to him, and that she had all Aversion that could be for *Tygranes*, he could
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not but raise his Thoughts to a certain Confidence, that all the Hindrance he might fear from that Rival would not be able to injure his Fortune. The Protection which *Agrippa* had put him in Hopes of, amounted to so much, as to win him into a Belief, that *Cesar* would not any way oppose him; and the Constancy he had perceived in *Elisa* towards him, though she were not naturally guilty of too much Forwardness, made him imagine, that though all the World should be against him, yet was his happiness so surely grounded on the Affection of his Princess, that nothing could shake it. Amidst these Imaginations, wherein it might be said he placed a certain Felicity, his greatest Disquiet was, that he wanted the Sight and Presence of his *Elisa* for some few Hours; and the Impatience he was in to see her again, made him look on that one Night, and a Piece of the next Day, as if it had been a Year; so trivial seemed to him the Consideration of his Rest in Comparison of that of his Love.

But if his Reflections troubled and interrupted his Sleep, that of the great *Agrippa* might be said to be subject to greater Distraction. For the Passion he had for *Elisa* having already arrived to its full of Strength, and being come to such a Height, as that all Force of his Understanding and Discourse was not able to oppose it, the Effects it had wrought in his Soul were accordingly so violent, that he could not expect any other Issue thereof but perpetual and inevitable Disquiet. And though it had been meerly out of the Consideration of his own Virtue, which would not suffer him to deny the doing of a good Action, when an Opportunity offered itself to do it, that he had protected *Artaban*, against the Arms and Power of *Tygranes*, and purely out of Generosity had
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taken his part rather than that of the King of the *Medes*, yet was it not in his Power to forbear looking on him as his Rival, and that not as a Rival out of Favour and slighted, as *Tygranes* was, but as one much esteemed by *Elisa*, and consequently as the only Person that had been so fortunate as to engage her Affections. He had, it seems, that very Day observed very evident Demonstrations of the mutual Respects that passed between them. And whereas, on the other side, the Revolutions which had happened in the Kingdom of the *Parthians*, and that of the *Medes*, by the Valour and Conduct of *Artaban*, were of such Consequence, as that they were known all over the World; in like manner, his Inclinations for *Elisa*, and the Ingratitude of *Phraates*, made no small noise among the *Romans*, and by that Means was come to the Ears of *Agrippa*; so that when he looked on *Artaban*, he must needs consider him as that Person, who of all Men was the most likely and most able to cross him in his Love, or rather as the only Man that could ruine all his Pretences.

This Consideration made him sigh for very Grief, and if his Virtue had not been so great, no Question but he had repented him for the Assistance he had given him: But, having withal a great and gallant Soul, and all his Resentments conformable to the Noble Fame he had acquired, he could not be troubled that he had done what he ought to have done, and thought it sufficient only to quarrel at the Crossness of his Fortune without being guilty of a wish that should any way derogate from his Virtue. Nay, he was not able to conceive any Aversion for such a Rival, and those excellent Qualities which might oblige him to fear *Artaban*, were no less powerful in obliging

obliging him to love him, as representing to him, that he might by the same Means deserve the Friendship of *Agrippa* as he had obtained the Love of *Elisa*. And yet all this hindered not but that he wished himself loved by *Elisa*, and all the great Virtue he was Master of, could not oppose in him a Desire so natural to those that love, nor prevail with him to quit *Elisa* to *Artaban*, though he were very much in her Favour, and not unworthy her Affections. He was satisfied that how earnest soever he might be to gain her Love, all his Endeavours would prove ineffectual; and yet his Passion exasperated by that Kind of Despair, seemed to grow more and more powerful, and to seat it self in his Soul with more Empire and Authority.

From this therefore he concluded, that it was impossible for him to give over loving *Elisa*, and thereupon resolved to do all that lay in his Power to force her Inclinations from *Artaban*, and to give a check to the Favour she was pleased to afford him. But, in regard that all his Thoughts were conformable to Honour and Generosity, and out of a Consideration that he could not, without Prejudice to both, disturb a noble Affection grounded on extraordinary Services, and that, between Persons that had cast themselves under his Protection, in a Place where he had all Power in his own Hands, and where, in all likelihood, he could not make use of his Authority, without a certain Kind of Tyranny, he sought but a Mean to reconcile his Love to his Virtue, and to manage the former without Prejudice to the latter.

Upon these Reflections he resolved to dispute the Business fairly with *Artaban*, without any Advantage to matter of Power, and to strive with him for the Heart of *Elisa*, by Desert and Services,

vices, and not make use of his Credit in the Empire, or the Authority of *Cæsar*. Being confirmed daily more and more in that Resolution, 'What Injury, *said he, do I do Artaban*, by being desirous to engage with him in a Combat, wherein all the Advantage is of his side? And what Quarrel can he justly have against me, when he shall with no other Force, than that of Love, assault a Heart already delivered up to his Disposal, and that a Heart favourably prepossessed for him with all that may make him happy, to my Prejudice. I am not engaged to him either upon any Account of Friendship, or Obligation, and therefore see no Reason that should persuade me tamely to sit down in my own Misery, out of a Fear of thwarting his Happiness. There are few Persons haply that have such a Command of their Inclinations, as to confine themselves to those Rules which I propose to myself, and it is in Love rather than Policy; and to gain the Possession of what a Man most affects, rather than to gain a Kingdom, that it is lawful to employ all Arms, and to make use of all manner of Forces. And yet to avoid the Reproach I might make to myself, of having abused my Fortune against Persons to whom it is contrary, I will by no means make use of *Augustus's* Favour, or the Power I have in the Empire, but shall be content to be unhappy while I live, if my Happiness cannot be effected by other ways than those.

Having so said, he recollected himself for some few Minutes, as if he were extremely well satisfied with the Resolution he had taken. But not long after, reflecting on the Difficulty of his Enterprize, and the little Hopes he had to bring it to any Effect: 'It is true, *continued he*, that
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' by this Course I should avoid that Remorse and
 ' those Scruples which might rise in my Mind,
 ' for oppressing by my Power, a Man whose Vir-
 ' tue is not inferior to my own: But, alas! If this
 ' be the way to quiet my Conscience, it is also
 ' the only Course I can take to crush my Hopes;
 ' that is, I undertake a Business whereof I cannot
 ' expect the Success should be fortunate. *Arta-*
 ' *ban* is already very much in the Affections of
 ' *Elisa*, and besides the eminent Services, where-
 ' by he hath deserved her Favour, he is otherwise
 ' worthy of it upon the Account of the great Ex-
 ' cellencies of his Person, as much as for the No-
 ' ble Effects of his Love. So that there is very
 ' little Probability, that a Soul engaged not only
 ' by a great Merit and very considerable Services,
 ' but also haply by a strong Inclination, can easi-
 ' ly be disengag'd by a new Affection, if I neglect
 ' my Advantages, (which alone may come into
 ' Comparison with those of my Rival) and meet-
 ' ly upon the Account of Merit deal with a Merit,
 ' which is so far from being inferior to my own,
 ' that it hath already wrought in the Soul of
 ' *Elisa*, all that I could hope, or rather all that
 ' I could desire.

This Reflection troubled and cast him down
 very much; but not long after, taking Encourage-
 ment from that little Shadow of Hope, which ever
 offers itself even to the most miserable: ' Why,
 ' *added he*, may it not be lawful for me to hope?
 ' there happen daily Revolutions no less strange
 ' than what I am about to undertake; and if a
 ' Man may be pardoned a little self-conceit, upon
 ' some certain Occasions, I may hope something
 ' beyond the ordinary Rate of Men. My Person
 ' is not unacceptable to those that see me, I have
 ' some Name among Men, my Rank is consi-
 ' derable

derable enough to work some Effect on the Inclination of *Elisa*, to the Prejudice of a Man, to whom Heaven, though it hath bestowed on him greater Advantages, hath denied some part of those which it was but requisite he should have to pretend to the Princess of the *Parthians*. Let us hope then, if we may presume to do it, or at least, let us not absolutely despair, since that Hope is a Virtue so much inclined to assist any one, that it hardly forsakes the most unfortunate that are, though in their greatest and last Extremities.

Thus were *Agrippa* and *Artaban* treated by Love, (who at this Time, in a City where the *Ptolomies* had reigned, was taken up with Nobler Employments than haply he had met with in all the Extent of his Empire) while Prince *Ariobarzanes* and Prince *Philadelph* were entertained by him with such Enjoyments as to all others were incomprehensible. These two Lovers, who, after so many Traverses of Fortune, and so many Tempests, saw themselves at the Feet of their amiable Princesses, as it were in a secure Haven; could not without some Difficulty apprehend the Greatness of their Felicity, when they reflected on their past Miseries, and may in some sort be said to have found that, in the Excess of their Joy, which they had avoided in their Afflictions and Dangers. All that Day was spent in Transports; such as the Prudence of their Princesses would have moderated, though ineffectually; and though those of *Ariobarzanes* should, proportionably to his Adventures, and the Accidents had happened to him, (which indeed had been of the most dangerous and extraordinary) have expressed in all Probability something more vehement than could be expected from those of *Philadelph*; yet was it

certain, that in the Soul of the Prince of *Cilicia*, there passed somewhat that argued a greater Tenderness and Sensibility of Affection. For, this Satisfaction having happened equally to both, that they had met with the Princesses they adored, and whom they sought out so earnestly, *Philadelph* had a his Advantage, that now he had by many infallible Demonstrations discovered himself to be admitted to a Happiness which he was not before assured of, and found that his amiable *Delia*, while they were in *Cilicia*, could never be persuaded to declare what Sentiments she had for him, made no Difficulty to afford him, even in the presence, and with the consent of her Brother, the greatest Proofs of Affection he could have desired, from a Virtue, such as was that of *Delia*. Above a hundred times that Day had he embraced her Knees, with Expressions of Love particular to his Passions; and the modest *Arfinoe*, mildly putting him back, could not but with Joy observe the Continuation of that Noble Affection, whereof he had given her so many obliging Demonstrations in *Cilicia*. The more he called to mind those pleasant Entertainments, the more it added to his Acknowledgments, insomuch, that the fair *Olympia*, whom *Ariobarzanes* had already acquainted with all Particulars of their History, conceiving an affection towards *Philadelph*, upon the account had been given her of his generous way of proceeding, took occasion to confirm *Arfinoe* more and more in the resentments she had thereof.

Yet was not this felicity of *Philadelph* without some disturbance; for the experience he had of the King of *Armenia*'s disposition, (which was such as admitted no reconciliation with his Enemies) put him, not without some ground, into a fear he might
refuse

refuse his Alliance, and out of the hatred he had to him for his House, raise him some new difficulties: *Arfinoe* her self was not absolutely free from that fear, and could not dissemble it to *Philadelph*, when he discovered his to her: But *Ariobarzanes* gave him the best consolations and assurances he could, by promising him, that he would further his interests, as much as lay in his Power, even though the King his Brother should oppose them, and that he would perish rather than than *Arfinoe* should be any other Man's than *Philadelph's*. Besides, when it came to the worst; they had this course to gain the consent of *Artaxus*, still left with them, which was to make use of the Authority of *Augustus*, who had such an influence upon the King of *Armenia*, that he could not deny him any thing, having some intentions to that very end, to cast themselves under the protection of *Augustus*, who had sometimes proffered it them; and making no doubt but that he would employ the utmost of his interest to effect their quiet, not only upon their own intreaty, but also upon the recommendation of *Agrippa*, who had promised to assist them with all the Power he had with the Emperor. The same mediation they thought would prove effectual with the King of *Cilicia*, who in all probability would gladly comply with the desires of *Cesar*, though, on that side, all that was to be done was to satisfy *Arfinoe*, in regard *Philadelph* was fully resolved not to be troubled at any obstacle, which through the means of the King his Father, might any ways delay his happiness.

As for *Ariobarzanes*, his trouble was much less, as being not obliged, as *Arfinoe* was, to be guided by the Will of his Brother, and knowing no reason he could alledge to disapprove the Alliance

Alliance of *Olympia*. However, he hoped he should not want *Cesar's* Authority, if it were requisite, and doubted not, but he should find him favourable in an occasion which of it self was sufficiently such. The consent of *Adallas* he stood not at all upon, as thinking it unnecessary, and, besides that he had already given it, he had, by the inconstancy of his proceedings, given them but too clear a dispensation from all ordinary proceedings. The greatest regret he now had, was, that he wanted a Crown to present *Olympia* withal, as *Adallas* had sometimes cast it in his Dish. For though that Princess seemed to be very well satisfied with his present Condition, and to prefer his Person before all the Empires of the World, yet had it been no small difficulty to him to digest the displeasure he conceived thereat, had there not been a certain hope left, that with the help of the same Sword which had defended *Tbrace* with so much Valour, he might possibly raise *Olympia* to the Dignity of her Ancestors. Besides, it must needs be some grief to him, to observe, in the Princess's Countenance, the alteration which her Sicknefs and Sufferings had wrought therein; but he doubted not but in an age, such as was that of *Olympia*, joy might recover what sadness had taken away; nay, he was further of Opinion, that the change which her Condition had received that very Day, had in that small space of time retrieved no small part of her Beauty.

These four, mutually loving, and mutually beloved Persons, having thus passed the Day together, understood at Night, and not long after the return of *Elisa* and *Candace*, some part of what had happened to them, and how that the Princess of the *Parthians* had almost been carried

ried away: But what they heard was with some uncertainty and confusion. And therefore since it was very late, and that they were assured the Princesses were safely arrived in the Palace, they forbore the visit they intended them till the next Day, as being only to express how much they concerned themselves in their adventure, and their desires to be acquainted with the Particulars thereof.

In the mean time, *Candace*, and the fair *Elisa* being retired to the Lodgings appointed them, after they had endured the Conversation of *Agrippa* and *Cornelius* for the space of an Hour, were no sooner left alone with the Women that attended them, but perceiving themselves delivered of the Company that had hindered them from entreating one another, when they had the greatest desire and opportunity to do it, they caused their Chamber door to be made fast, that they might discourse with greater Privacy and Liberty. After they had looked upon one the other, with Eyes wherein might be perceived some part of what they had to say, they embraced one another with as much earnestness, as if it had been a long time since they had met. Whereupon, sitting down together upon a Bed, *Candace* began first to speak, and pressing *Elisa's* hand between her own, with an action expressing the greatness of her Friendship; 'Well then, [my dearest Princess, *said she to her*, will you not for the future give Credit to my predictions, and was I not a true Prophetess when I promised you a happy change in your Fortune? Fairest Queen, *replied Elisa, returning her Caresses*, I should but poorly acknowledge the Happiness it was to me to meet with you, should I not have derived from it all the advantages I could expect; for I have
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not only found what I gave over for lost, according to your prediction, but have found it by your means, and through that inspiration which no doubt you had from Heaven, to take me along with you to that happy Walk. So that it seems then, replies *Candace*, I am not like to be henceforth the most satisfied of us two, and that you will return me some part of those Consolations which you have received from me, when I shall bewail *Cesar*, as you did *Artaban*. May it not please the Gods, replied *Elisa*, that you have the same occasion to do it? I had with these Eyes seen *Artaban* buried in the Waves, and you have seen *Cesar* living within these few Days, and know that he is not far from *Alexandria*. I know not certainly, replies *Candace* with a sigh, whether I must trust my Eyes or no, and through the experience I have of my own unhappiness, I begin to imagine that rencounter a pure illusion. But whatever it may have been, I am content for this Day to suspend the remembrance of all my misfortunes, to dispose my self the more absolutely to joy, out of a compliance with your good Fortune, wherein I think my self so much concerned, that I can hardly believe your apprehensions of it more lively than mine. This argues you as excellent in point of Goodness, replied *Elisa*, as you are in all those great perfections which make you so admirable a Person, and these I am so extremely sensible of, that-----

The END of the SIXTH VOLUME.

